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Beginning Miching Mallecho—By Ben Ames Williams

"CREAM OF WHEAT PREFERRED"

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

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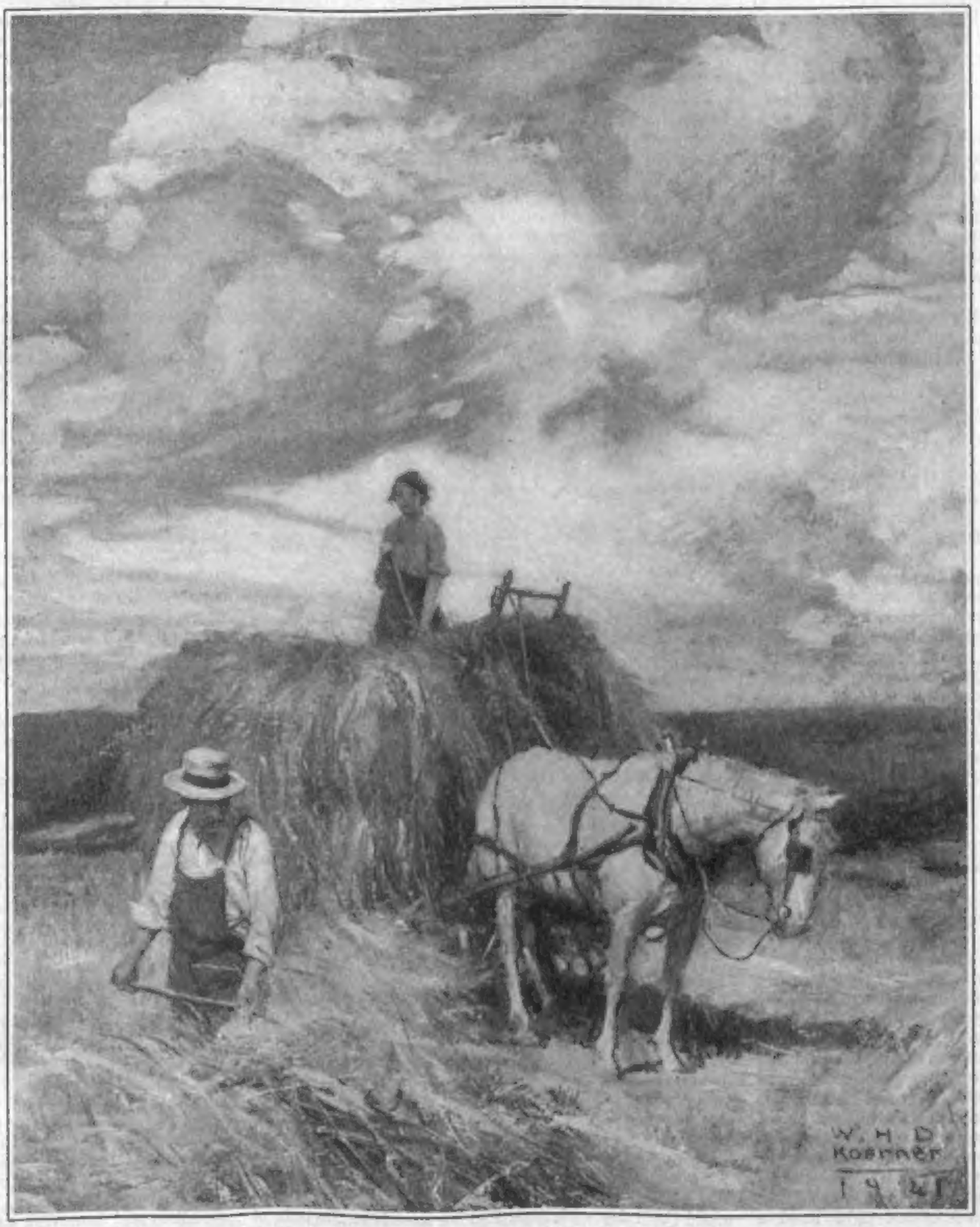
MICHING MALLECHO

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

JUDD'S solitary home was deep in the woods, half a mile from the Liberty Road and at the foot of a little meadow above Jasper Pond. He lived there with only his mare, Sue, for company; and because the ugly loneliness of the place was, even for Judd, not to be borne for long, he drove Sue to the village every day on pretext of getting the mail. But no mail ever came for him; there was no likelihood or possibility that any mail would ever come for Judd. He was not the sort of man who invites correspondence.

The village to which he drove was Fraternity, its dozen or so of neat white houses strung along the four roads that come together, two from the south and two from the north, to cross George's River at the bridge above the mill. Set in a curving valley among pleasant meadows broken here and there by clumps of alder or by solitary elms, this village has a singular and individual beauty. When you approach it from no matter what direction you see first the tall spire of the white church lifting above the trees; see then the ugly bulk of Will Bissell's store on the knoll above the mill; and as you draw nearer discover the little houses facing the roads and swelling into great hay-stuffed barns in the rear. Will's store is a huge, bald building, two or three stories high, with a vast cellar below the main floor. It is perhaps the only edifice in Fraternity which has no possible claim to beauty. Yet not on that account to be despised, for the post office is there, and this fact makes the store a sort of clubhouse where the men of the village come each evening for mail, for small purchases, for the interchange of rumor and of fact that knits such small communities together. Most things that happen in Fraternity are known at Will's store within a few hours of their occurrence. Many events that are history in the little town had their beginnings or their endings there. And this was so—though none perceived it at the time—in the stark sequence of incidents with which I have to deal.



Bert Brought His Horse, His Mower, His Rake, His Wagon; and He and Margaret Dale Did the Work Together

It was a matter of two or three miles from the lonely home of the man Judd to this village. From his farm a rocky and deeply rutted wood road that racked and tortured his disreputable buggy led out to the bridge and across, joining the main highway from Fraternity to Liberty. Turning into the main road on this particular day, his mare negotiated a twisting little climb over a rocky knoll, and then descended, the buggy rattling at her heels, to the beginning of a pleasant and reasonably level straightaway of a mile or so. Judd clucked to her, and she slipped into a swift and competent trot. She was a cleanly modeled little horse, willing and kind, and not without her measure of speed. Judd was gentle in his treatment of her. He had always a kindly turn for animals, and this was one of the strange and puzzling contradictions in the man. He watched the swift tattoo of her hoofs with some faint pleasure as she struck her gait; then let her go as she pleased, while his eyes searched to right and left along the way for what they might discover.

An alder swale where woodcock nested, and where a little later guns would be popping day by day, lay to the right of the road. To the left a rocky meadow, fit only for pasturing, extended in a gradual upward slope to the woods half a mile away. There was beauty all about, but Judd had no eyes for it. His attention was concentrated on a splotch of black and white against those woods. One of Joe Brine's cows, he knew, for Joe's pasture lay in that direction. The cow, he decided, had broken through Joe's fence and was astray. Judd grinned and clucked to Sue.

The alder swamp on the right gave way to a birch knoll, the white trunks of the birches broken here and there by the dark green of a low spruce or pine. Beyond the knoll he passed Gay Hunt's mill, and rounded Gay's house and crossed a final level space with meadowland on either side, the white spire of the church showing above the trees ahead of him. The spire sank behind the trees as he drew nearer, and the first houses of the village appeared on either side. There was a watering trough on the right, and Judd stopped to let Sue drink her fill. It was at this time late afternoon, toward sunset; but the air was soft and warm. While the mare dipped her muzzle Judd looked about with quickly shifting eyes. Beyond the house on his left there lay a pleasant meadow where the late grass was still green; beyond this meadow again the dark water of the George's backed up

by the dam above the mill into something like a peaceful pool; and there were two or three lyre-shaped elms on the farther border of the stream, with a sweep of more distant meadow visible between their graceful trunks. It was such a glimpse of pleasant countryside as you may catch in the Midlands of England. There was a sweet indolence and peace about it. You could not have discovered a more lovely prospect of its kind in all the world. Yet Judd's eyes flitted over it blindly. He was more interested in the old apple tree on the slope below the house. One great branch, heavily loaded with beautiful Kings, was bending low toward the ground; and Judd saw that unless it were propped up before many days were gone the weight of the fruit would break the limb from the trunk. The little man's somewhat somber countenance twisted with faint satisfaction at the prospect.

When Sue had her fill of water Judd drove on toward the store. It was the hour when most Fraternity folk were busy with their chores or were at supper. Judd encountered no one, saw no one save Joe Brine in his woodshed door, examining the edge of his ax. There was a smell of cooking in the air. He reached the store and drove around to one side to the hitching rail, and tied Sue there, pulling a ragged blanket over her. As he awkwardly alighted from the buggy it became apparent that Judd was lame, that he walked with a dragging right leg, as though it were longer and stiffer than the other. A man of slight stature, not more than an inch or so above five feet, he had scarce flesh enough to clothe his bones. You might have taken him for sixty; he was nearer forty. But there was much gray in his thin and sandy hair, and his habitual, scowling grin had distorted his countenance and lined it deeply as an old man's. His cheeks were dry and sunken, his eye was small and quick and sullen. A man to be disliked and shunned instinctively; a man—deservedly or no—without a friend.

Judd went in through the side door of the store. Will Bissell, as he had expected, was at home at supper; and Andy Wattles, Will's clerk, was alone behind the counter. Andy was making up sugar into two-pound packages and stowing them upon a low shelf whence they could more easily be handed down to purchasers. Sugar was hard to come by in Fraternity in those days; the war shortage still persisted. But a barrel of the stuff had been brought out from town that day.

Andy, busy at the scales, nodded to Judd, and Judd said acridly: "Will leave you alone here, does he? Guess he takes the money out o' the till before he goes."

Andy, whose blind loyalty to the interests of Will and of the store was well enough known, winced and grinned in a sheepish fashion. He was no more than a boy, except in stature; and he made no attempt to retort.

Judd said, "Thought you didn't have sugar."

"Come out to-day," Andy told him.

"I been wanting to stock up," Judd remarked. "Wrap me up about ten pounds."

Andy shook his head.

"We ain't selling only two pounds to anyone, only for putting up," he explained.

Judd did not protest. He had encountered in Andy before this a certain native stubbornness that was not easily overborne, and he accepted his defeat.

"All right; two pounds."

Will came in just then from supper, and said curtly, "Hello, Judd!"

Judd acknowledged the greeting as curtly as it was given. He cared no more for the storekeeper than the storekeeper cared for him. Then he went out and stowed his sugar in his buggy, and started downhill toward the bridge, planning to cross to Fraternity's other store, where it stood beside the church. But on the way, as the thing chanced, he encountered a man, and the man stopped to speak with him.

This man whom Judd encountered on the bridge was a stranger. Judd had never seen him before. He was shabby and he was disheveled. His uncut black hair hung from below his sweat-stained cap in straight, heavy locks. His coat was thickly impregnated with dust, and there were places upon it where this dust had been caught by ancient grease spots, thus rendered conspicuous upon the dark fabric of the garment. The man looked not unlike a tramp, and he carried in his right hand a handkerchief-wrapped bundle of belongings, a bundle such as tramps sometimes carry; yet there was that about him which made him seem more than common hobo. It may have been his long hair; it may have been his eyes, alert and fiery, black and watchful. His cheeks were sallow, and it was not hard to guess that some hot blood of Southern Europe flowed in his veins. Judd watched him coming, watched him in the furtive fashion habitual to country folk. If the man had made no sign Judd would have passed him by.

But the man hesitated, nodding in a friendly way, and said, "Good evening, sir."

His words were precise, his enunciation more exact than Judd's own; yet some indefinable quality in his voice confirmed the guess that he was of alien blood.

In response to the man's greeting Judd nodded, but without speaking. He was infinitely curious to know what the man was about; and when the stranger stopped and leaned weakly against the railing of the bridge Judd also stopped, waiting for further word. The man's face was twisted. There was a suggestion of pallor under the dusty olive of his skin, and he stood on one foot and lifted the other and touched it gently with his hand, saying to Judd apologetically, "My feet are tired."

Judd, ordinarily ready of speech, was silenced by his own curiosity. He said, "Huh!" The ejaculation meant nothing, committed him to nothing, asked nothing.

"I have walked all this day and all of the day before," the foreigner explained; and when Judd still held silent the man seemed to surrender to his pain, and sat down abruptly on a bit of turf at one end of the bridge and began to take off his broken shoes. The laces were knotted. He fumbled at the knot with swift, graceful fingers that were curiously out of keeping with his shabby appearance. Judd was unimpressed by this incongruity, if he remarked it at all. He watched the man, moving a little to one side; and the foreigner perceived this scrutiny, and stopped in the act of drawing off his shoe, and looked up apologetically.

"But I would not wish to give offense to you, sir," he explained.

Judd's countenance remained blank, and the stranger moved his shoulders with a faint gesture of resignation. Then he proceeded to remove his shoes, forgot Judd completely in examining his bruised and blistered feet. The thin socks which he had worn, unsuitable for walking, were no more than skeletons of socks now. He drew them off, cast them to one side, and then took a handkerchief from his pocket and climbed down to the water's edge and bathed his feet in the cool water there, while Judd leaned upon the bridge rail above his head and watched him. The man washed his feet very tenderly,

He Was a Man to be Disliked and Shunned Instinctively; a Man—Deservedly or No—Without a Friend

wiped them dry with little sucking sounds at the pain of each touch. Then he produced from his small bundle fresh socks, and with the utmost care worked them into position, finally replacing the broken old shoes. Judd, watching him, grinned with faint amusement once or twice. The situation touched his sense of humor. The helplessness of this stranger in a strange land appealed to him as an opportunity not to be despised.

When the man had climbed back to level ground and faced him, Judd asked casually: "Whur you from, mister? City?"

The foreigner smiled, extended his hands in a little gesture that was eloquent.

"I have been walking," he said noncommittally—"walking about this beautiful countryside of yours. It is very lovely, I think; and the names of the villages are so very beautiful. I have heard of Liberty and of Friendship and of Freedom and Fraternity. This is the village called Fraternity; is it not so?"

Judd looked swiftly one way and another. There were men in sight by this time, moving here and there in the coming dusk; but no one was near. He shook his head with complete gravity.

"Huh-uh," he replied. "You must ha' got the wrong road. That's twenty miles north, Fraternity is. This here's Skunk's Misery. Anyways, they call it that."

The man smiled uncertainly.

"You are making jokes on me," he suggested. "It is very funny, I think, too. A very funny name for such a pretty town. Sometimes you call it the Skunk's Misery, and sometimes you call it Fraternity. Is it so?"

Judd spat into the stream with an assumption of indifference.

"Sometimes they do call it plain Misery. Guess that's all," he replied. "Looking for Fraternity, was you? Foreigner, ain't you?"

"I am Italian," said the man, with a curious dignity in spite of his shabby garments. "But no, I am not looking for Fraternity. I am not looking for anything." There was a faint excess of zeal in his protest. "It is only that I would see something of these hills that are so beautiful. Do you see? I walk about, and I ask questions because I wish to know where I am come to. That is all."

"Fraternity's near twenty miles north o' here," Judd said again. "Up through Freedom and on."

"Through Freedom?" the man asked in a curiously hushed voice. He seemed to have forgotten his suspicion of Judd's honesty. "Through Freedom first, then?"

"Yeah," Judd told him. "If you're figuring to go that way."

The man looked toward where a moon near full was lifting above the trees along the river's bank, and he said: "It will be bright to-night, and the light of the moon is very pleasant. Will you tell me the way?"

"Why, sure!" Judd promised. "But you'll soon be sick of walking, with them feet. You'd best put up at Old Man Varney's for the night."

"Where is the place of this Old Man Varney? A hotel then?"

Judd shook his head. He was enjoying himself thoroughly, but he had to hold silence for a moment now as Luke Hills came along on his way to the store. He said a good evening to Luke, and Luke nodded to them both, and when the other was out of hearing Judd answered the foreigner's inquiry.

"No hotel," he explained. "Just a farm. He'll be glad to have you though." He pointed up the road away from the river. "You swing that way and take the first right," he explained. "It's a kind of a short cut. 'Bout three miles on you'll come to a gate across the road; but you want to git over that gate and go straight ahead. Road's bad for a mile or so. Ain't used much. All right for walking. Then you come out by Old Man Varney's and it's better f'om then on. Cuts off about four miles for you."

"A straight road from there to Fraternity?"

"Well," Judd qualified, "you'll strike Freedom first. Ask somebody there, and they'll tell you how to go on. Better sleep in Old Man Varney's barn to-night though. 'Bout a mile beyond the gate. Ask him. He likes to have folks stop in."

"Freedom!" repeated the little man with the long hair in a curiously hushed voice. "So!" And then, to Judd, courteously, "I am your debtor, sir."

"That's all right," Judd assured him.

The stranger touched his cap in a gesture that held an indescribable nobility—the salute of one gentleman to another. Judd grinned, and the other swung away and took the road Judd had pointed out to him. His steps were firm—he ignored the torture of his wounded feet. His head was high, as though he saw before him a long-attempted goal.

Judd, watching him go, began to giggle in a curiously soundless and unmoving way that seemed to increase his apparent deformity. It suggested a deformity of soul as well as of body. He half folded his arms as though he were hugging himself, and his face twisted and he licked at his lips with mirth. The situation which appealed to him as humorous was contained in the fact that he had directed the stranger some fifteen or twenty miles out of his way, along a road that would land him after five or six miles

of walking in the midst of a swampy patch of woodland where the road beneath his feet would utterly disappear, a morass which would entangle him for hours. If he won through before dawn he would—if he took Judd's advice—apply for lodging to Old Man Varney; and Old Man Varney was so irascible that he was known to thrash his thirty-year-old son on least occasion. He was not likely to give a welcome to tramps.

Because he had been able to mislead in this fashion an inoffensive and a weary man, Judd was vastly pleased with himself. So he giggled.

He had no prevision of his next encounter with this little man with the long hair. If he could have foreseen that next encounter he would not have lent his lips to laughter now.

II

FRATERNITY is full of old tales and legends. There are certain events which are described and discussed over and over in the nightly gatherings at Will Bissell's store. Some of them are to the ordinary mind of little import; but there are others through which a hot flame of passion or a specter of tragedy moves in a way to grip the imagination and excite the mind; stories of great fish taken from the clear brooks that are everywhere about the village; stories of swarming flights of woodcock when the guns banged all day in the alder swamps. How Jed Riley shot a two-hundred-pound buck which was running away from where he stood, with an ancient .45–90 in such cunning fashion that the heavy slug ripped the buck's spine from tail halfway to shoulder joints; how old Tom Vance, forty years ago, came upon a bull moose bayed by his dogs and had only bird shot for his gun; and how he blinded the great beast with small shot, and then killed it with the muzzle of his gun pressed against its skull. The grim tale of Proutt, the dog breaker; and the luck of Nick Westley that brought him through that affair with Proutt alive; and how Charley Hay's horse came jogging home at dusk one evening with Charley limp upon the seat and a bullet through his throat. The inwardness of that affair was never brought out to the light of day.

There are dozens of these tales, each acquiring through the polishing of many tongues a legendary and an epic quality. They are the epics of this small community, in very fact; and full as significant to them as ever the tale of Troy was to ancient Hellas. And this business of Judd and of the Saladines and of the murder in the Castle down the Ridge south of town is taking its due place among the others. There was mystery enough, and romance enough, about the killing itself; but Fraternity folk have perceived the curious part played by Judd and by some higher power in the whole affair, and it is this which chiefly interests them now. The drama of Judd's punishment appeals to them; they perceive its irony. And there is even, as might be supposed, an undercurrent of sympathy for Judd in all their talk of the ugly tragedy.

That Fraternity folk should feel any sympathy for Judd is in itself remarkable enough; he had forfeited all right to such consideration so many years ago. Judd was one of those men whose souls are abnormal. He was so utterly warped and twisted from ordinary human impulses and reactions that there was a fascination in his very wrongness. It is probably fair to assume that human beings start life as seedlings do, with a yearning upward toward the sun that tends to make them straight and fine in body and soul; but just as seedlings are crushed by careless feet or starved by infertile soil or choked and shouldered by their stouter brethren, so is the life of man distorted by his contact with the world. It was so with Judd. He had been born as other babies are born, had kicked and crowed in the arms of as proud a mother, as fond a father. But as he grew older life had dealt harshly with him.

He was, as has been said, lame. Judd himself was fiercely sensitive on this point, and no one spoke of it to him. But the older men of the town remembered how it had come about, and drew some understanding of the man himself from that remembering.

His father's horse had kicked him, when he was a child, upon the joint of his knee. There were no fit doctors in Fraternity in those days, and the bones were allowed to knit in haphazard fashion.

Judd had walked with dragging foot thereafter, and it seemed at times that since that day he had dragged not his foot alone but his soul in the dust.

Just Before It Became Sufficiently Light to Shoot Next Morning, Someone With a Lantern Tramped Noisily Through the Old Road

The kindliest thing you could say about this man was that he was a mischief-maker. Someone has said that we have each a singular capacity for enduring the misfortunes of others. It is true that there are occasions when beneath a condoling surface we do hide a distinct satisfaction in the mishaps of our acquaintances. This human attribute was magnified in Judd; it was a passion with him. He chuckled when Chet McAusland's cows broke through a gap in the wire that topped his tumbling stone wall, and ravaged his garden patch. The July frost that nipped low-lying gardens in 1918 pleased him as much as if he had himself arranged it; and when Will Bissell's old sow, through her habit of leaning across the wall of her pen, killed her unborn pigs and was near dying herself, Judd hid his delight behind a pretended sympathy that deceived no one at all.

It was natural enough that when misfortunes failed to occur on their own account Judd sometimes arranged them. He had been suspected—though never caught in the act itself—of springing mink traps along the George's River, and even of removing or releasing the captured animals, according to whether they were dead or alive. He was known to have broken pasture fences or lowered pasture bars more than once. One evening in the store Chet McAusland reported that he had located an orchard where deer came in the night to munch apples and to ruminate till dawn.

"I aim to be there to-morrow morning before day," Chet declared, "and I miss my guess if I don't get a deer."

But just before it became sufficiently light to shoot next morning, when Chet had been lying for an hour in an abandoned cellar beside the orchard, someone with a lantern tramped noisily through the old road that approached the place, and Chet heard the whistle of startled deer and the crash of their flight. The man with the lantern was Judd.

"Come to see if you'd had any luck," he explained hypocritically to Chet's recriminations. "Now ain't that a shame!"

He had, besides, a capacity for seeing the evil side of any incident; for attributing to every action the worst of motives; for distorting the kindliest deeds. There were married folk in Fraternity whom Judd had more than once brought to the point of rupture; there were brothers he had alienated; there were fathers whom he had roused against their own sons. If the man had played to an audience, if he had seemed to desire that his victims should be the butt of a general laughter, you might have called him a practical joker; but he did not. He moved secretly, never boasted of his exploits, nursed his ugly satisfaction. His crimes were never of any great moment. He plagued the village and all its people in many little ways, but none on which a man might lay his finger. He was, in short, from mere acid humor, a maker of many mischiefs, a contriver of small mishaps, an itching in the life of the community.

There was no friend of his in the village or in all the countryside about; yet by the same token there were no open enemies. For one thing, he was feared. There had been occasions when his anger was aroused against some man, and ill fortune had followed that man thereafter. So men avoided giving him offense, for when he struck there could be no retaliation. He enjoyed a singular immunity—the immunity of the weak and helpless. You could not beat him with fists; he was so small, so crippled, so pitiably frail. A stout blow would have broken him to bits. You could not hurt him in his pride; he seemed to have none. You could not strike at his purse, for it was always empty. His possessions were the irreducible minimum. A house to shelter him, sufficient land to supply his small needs and pasture for his mare—this much and no more. He had no kith or kin. He bore, so far as any knew, affection for no living man or woman or child. It was impossible to strike back at such a man without vitiating one's own manhood. Ridicule might have stung him; but his wits were sufficiently nimble to turn each shaft back upon the sender, to avert it from himself. Ostracism, that most terrible of human punishments, might have broken him and driven him to mend his ways; but men and women who live in sparsely peopled places know too well the terrors of loneliness to inflict them deliberately upon one of their own kind. If you hate your neighbor in the city you avoid him—see him not at all. But in the country you may hate and despise the man across the road and still live upon outwardly friendly terms with him and all his house; else existence itself were not endurable. In lonely places man must cling to man.

So lived Judd, a mean and sawdry figure who had done some injury, great or small, to almost every man in Fraternity; yet against whom there could be no human retaliation. Fraternity tolerated him, endured him, because it could not do otherwise. He was a festering sore in the community, a source of many disorders, yet beyond the power of man to heal. He was, in short, one of those human problems only God can solve.

It was this man who held the center of the stage in the drama that began in Fraternity with the coming of that stranger whom Judd had misdirected; a drama which moved with increasing celerity from that hour on.

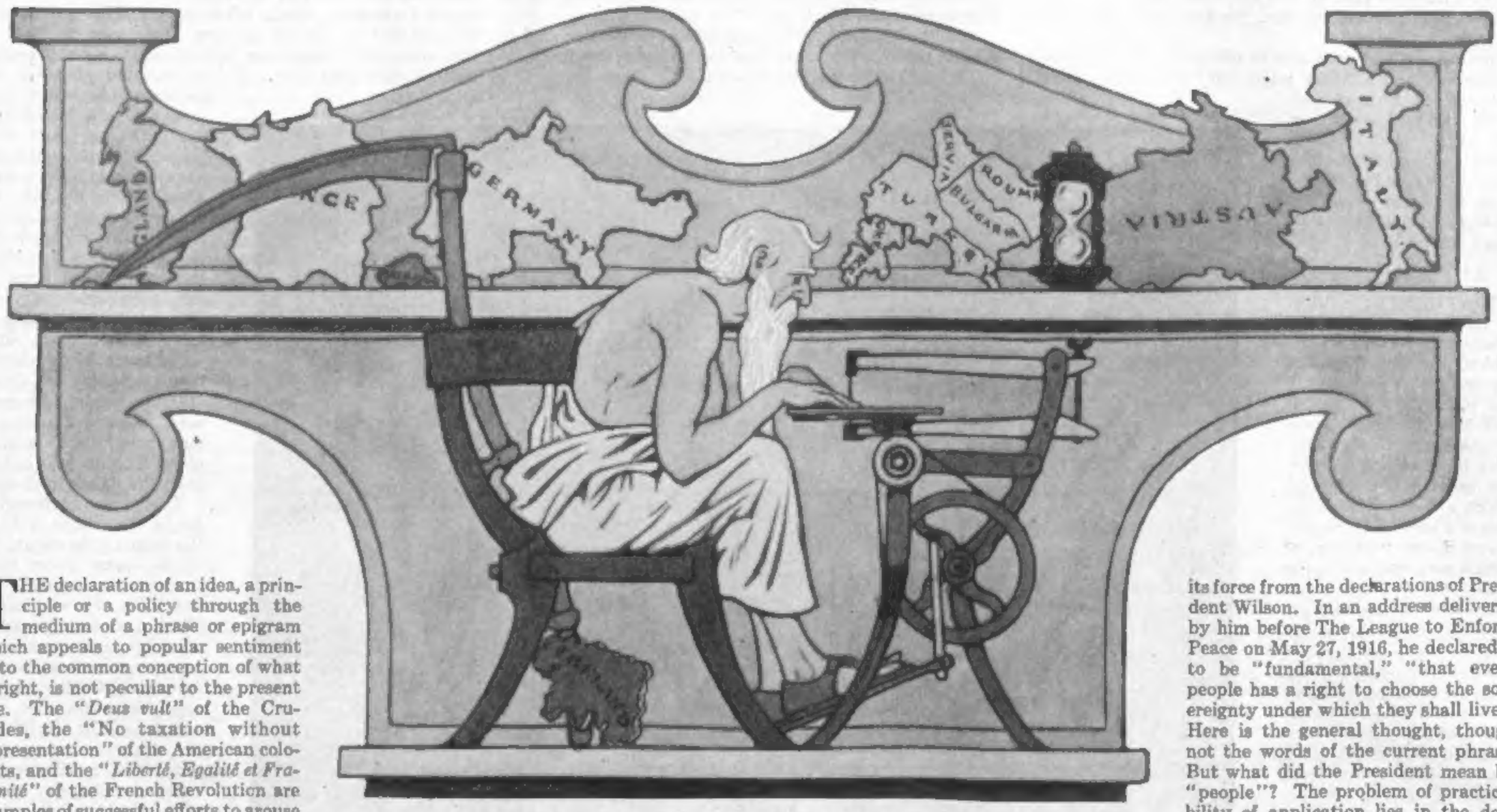
Judd, having watched the little man with the long hair out of sight, chuckled once again, and then turned back up the hill to Will's store.

III

WHEN Judd came up to the store Luke Hills and Zeke Pitkin were sitting on the high flight of steps in front. Dusk was thickening about them, but the stage with the mail would not arrive for half an hour or more. Will Bissell

(Continued on Page 105)

SELF-DETERMINATION



By Robert Lansing

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE declaration of an idea, a principle or a policy through the medium of a phrase or epigram which appeals to popular sentiment or to the common conception of what is right, is not peculiar to the present age. The "*Deus vult*" of the Crusades, the "No taxation without representation" of the American colonists, and the "*Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité*" of the French Revolution are examples of successful efforts to arouse enthusiasm for a cause or to implant a truth in men's minds by means of a trite saying or a crisp maxim which conveys a great thought. In American history many a political campaign has centered about a catch phrase, as in the case of the Republican cry in 1900 of the "Full dinner pail" and the Democratic slogan of 1916, "He kept us out of war." No one can deny that phrases such as these have exerted a decided influence on the course of events, regardless of the truth or falsity of the idea which they convey.

Since the power of a phrase to mold public opinion, or at least to win a temporary popular support for the thought conveyed, has been frequently shown, the responsibility for coining or giving currency to a saying of the sort and proclaiming it to be the full expression of a truth should cause a man whose public position or whose popular reputation for superior wisdom impresses his utterances with a special authority, to hesitate in giving publicity to a phrase until he has considered carefully the possible interpretations that may be given to it and the possible uses to which it may be put by the interpreters.

Phrase making and phrase using are inherent qualities of some minds. They appear to be the natural if not the most effective way of declaring a principle or an idea. They appeal to the popular taste for condensed thought expressed in an attractive or unusual way. The phrase or epigram may thus be useful in impressing a truth which the average man would ignore if presented in other form. On the other hand, a phrase may set in motion a distorted conception of the truth, a false idea of rights or an impracticable theory of action, leading to evil consequences.

The Dangers of Phrase Making

THE man who adopts this method of giving expression to his thoughts should recognize its dangers as well as its advantages. He cannot too carefully measure the truth of his words by practical as well as by theoretical standards. Before uttering them he ought to be firmly convinced that they will not be misunderstood. If a phrase is open to the danger of inaccurate definition or of wrongful application it ought never to be given currency, however certain it is to gain popular approval and applause. The trouble is that the epigrammatist is tempted by his own mental alertness to speak before putting his words to the acid test of analysis and rational deduction. If the practice has become habitual he seldom can resist the temptation. But in surrendering to it he runs a risk, for he is using a two-edged tool which may cut either way.

In the moral, social and political fields of philosophy phrases are customary. They are frequently used with effect. They doubtless serve a good purpose in emphasizing the central thought of a theory or system on less expert minds than those which produce them. But in the field of statecraft, which has to do with facts and the formulation of practical policies relating to national and international affairs, the practice of phrase making may become a real danger to the welfare of a nation or of society in general. To build a policy on an epigram or a maxim is a perilous thing to do unless the idea or principle which it expresses has been subjected to every rational test and is not even remotely liable to misinterpretation or unintentional misapplication.

Unfortunately it too often happens that the truth which a phrase is intended to proclaim is sacrificed to euphony or to brevity or to the unusual, since these are of the essence of the popularity of phrases. A thought cleverly expressed may touch the popular fancy and gain favor, though logic and reason may prove it false in principle or unwise or impossible of practical application. It is to be regretted that a phrase which sounds true may live in the popular thought even though it has been proved to be untrue or impracticable by the test of experience. History furnishes many examples of the continued influence of discredited phrases.

It is evident that in advocating a policy, a doctrine or a principle proclaimed in a brief phrase without regard to its practicability an accepted leader of political thought may give impulse to popular movements which result in evil to society by impressing on the minds of men ideas which, though right in the abstract, are impossible of universal or even of general application to existing conditions. The author's motives and thoughts may be the highest, while the phrase which he produces may be found to be utterly wrong when an attempt is made to translate it into action.

A phrase of this nature is "self-determination." None has been more conspicuous in recent times of the endeavor to express in epigrammatic form a great political principle which, though generally recognized as morally right, presents difficulties of application to actual conditions which should have received careful consideration before it was declared to be a truth fundamental to just political relations.

There appears to be some doubt as to the authorship of the phrase. It is commonly attributed to Mr. Wilson, but that may be due to the fact that he gave it currency and advocated it as a principle which should be applied in the settlement of political allegiance and of sovereignty over territory. Whoever coined it, "self-determination" gained its force from the declarations of President Wilson. In an address delivered by him before The League to Enforce Peace on May 27, 1916, he declared it to be "fundamental," "that every people has a right to choose the sovereignty under which they shall live." Here is the general thought, though not the words of the current phrase. But what did the President mean by "people"? The problem of practicability of application lies in the definition of that word. Without such definition the whole question becomes debatable. The utterance which gave currency to the phrase "self-determination" was made by President Wilson in an address to a joint session of the two Houses of Congress on February 11, 1918. In that address he said: "'Self-determination' is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action, which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril." Just preceding this he had declared: "Peoples are not to be handed about from one sovereignty to another by an international conference or an understanding between rivals and antagonists." Mr. Wilson indorsing the phrase "self-determination" as an imperative principle in the settlement of political allegiance made it in this address one of the bases of peace supplemental to his famous Fourteen Points, which he had announced on January eighth of the same year.

General Smuts' Plan

THE phrase, thus solemnly clothed with an authoritative character, emphatically affirmed by the President as a basic principle of human liberty and accepted as true by the principal governments of the world in arranging the armistice of November 11, 1918, did not lessen the uncertainty of the previous declaration. It was, however, received generally with favor, although there were undoubtedly some who, in giving thought to the specific questions arising in the approaching readjustment of territories by the terms of peace with the Central Powers, saw in this unqualified and unexplained assertion of right the germs of future controversy and discord, not only in the settlements to be negotiated at Paris but also in the situations caused by the political and social unrest prevailing in many lands as a direct or indirect consequence of the World War.

Gen. J. C. Smuts, in his pamphlet entitled The League of Nations, A Practical Suggestion, which was published a few days after the American Commission to Negotiate Peace arrived in Paris on December 14, 1918, adopted the phrase, in considering the system of mandates, as a fundamental principle which should "guide the League in its territorial policy as the general heir or successor of the defunct empires"—that is, of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey. He said: "They [the principles] have been summed up for the last two years in the general formula of 'No annexations, and the self-determination of nations.'" General Smuts' only variation from the President's idea is to use "nations" instead of "peoples," though doubtless he intended to make no change.

Mr. Wilson, as is generally known, was deeply impressed with the Smuts plan, and in the President's first printed

draft of the covenant Article 3—later Article 7 of the draft laid by him before the Commission on the League of Nations and finally Article 10 of the Treaty of Versailles—reads as follows:

ARTICLE 3

The Contracting Powers unite in guaranteeing to each other political independence and territorial integrity; but it is understood between them that such territorial readjustments, if any, as may in the future become necessary by reason of changes in present racial conditions and aspirations or present social and political relationships, *pursuant to the principle of self-determination*, and also such territorial readjustments as may in the judgment of three-fourths of the Delegates be demanded by the welfare and manifest interest of *the peoples* concerned, may be effected if agreeable to those *peoples*; and that territorial changes may in equity involve material compensation. The Contracting Powers accept without reservation the principle that the Peace of the world is superior in importance to every question of Political jurisdiction or boundary.

The italics are not in the original document but are used here to show that President Wilson clung to the phrase "self-determination" as expressing a right principle of territorial adjustments, not confining it to the subject of mandates, as General Smuts appeared to do in his suggested plan.

Between January 10, 1919, when the President's plan was first printed, and February third, when the Commission on the League of Nations met, this article was revised and the modifying clause containing the phrase "self-determination" disappeared, and Article 7 of the revision reads:

ARTICLE 7

The High Contracting Parties undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all States members of the League.

To complete the history of this article containing the mutual guaranty, upon which the President absolutely insisted, Article 10 of the Treaty is given:

ARTICLE 10

The Members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression, the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

The Unnamed Unit

WHY was the modifying clause dropped out of Mr. Wilson's first draft before it became the basis of negotiation in the Commission on the League of Nations? It is an interesting question, but one that I cannot answer from actual knowledge. There prevailed a general belief that the elimination was due chiefly to the opposition of the statesmen who represented the British Empire in contradistinction to those who represented the self-governing British Dominions. It was asserted, and I have no reason to doubt the correctness of the assertion, that this opposition was caused by an unwillingness to recognize as a right the principle of self-determination in arranging possible future changes of sovereignty over territories.

I am equally ignorant of the arguments used to induce President Wilson to abandon the phrase and strike it from his article of guaranty, but whatever were the reasons advanced by his foreign colleagues, they were successful in freeing the covenant of the phrase.

It is to be regretted that the influence which was able to persuade the President to eliminate from his proposed guaranty the modifying clause containing a formal acceptance of the principle of self-determination was not exerted or else was not potent enough to obtain from him an open disavowal of the principle as a right standard for the determination of sovereign authority. Without such a disavowal it remained as one of the general bases upon which a just peace should be negotiated. It remained a precept of the international creed which Mr. Wilson proclaimed while the war was in progress. He has never disavowed or even modified it.

Self-determination is as right in theory as the more famous phrase "the consent of the governed," which has for three centuries been repeatedly declared to be sound by political philosophers and has been generally accepted as just by civilized peoples, but which has been for three centuries commonly ignored by statesmen because the right could not be practically applied without imperiling national safety, always the paramount consideration in international and national affairs. The two phrases mean substantially the same thing and have to an extent been used interchangeably by those who advocate as a standard of right the idea which they both convey. Self-determination was not a new thought. It was a restatement of the old one. There was, however, a new sound to "self-determination," a novelty of expression in the words if not in the thought, which drew public attention to them. In this lay their effectiveness.

Under the present political organization of the world, based as it is on the idea of nationality, the new phrase is as unsusceptible of universal application as the old one was found to be. Fixity of national boundaries and of national allegiance, together with political stability, would disappear if this principle were uniformly applied. Impelled by new social conditions, by economic interests, by racial prejudices and by the various forces which affect society, change and uncertainty would result from an attempt to follow the principle in every case to which it is possible to apply it. Such an attempt would be folly. It is apparent, therefore, that the assumption that self-determination is a right inherent to mankind is a menace to peace in the world, because it excites false hopes and produces political unrest that may develop into open resistance to established authority.

The views here expressed were those that I held in the early days of the peace conference. They constitute one of several subjects as to which there was "divergence of judgment" between President Wilson and myself in connection with the negotiations at Paris, a divergence of judgment which the President emphasized in the correspondence of February, 1920, as a principal reason for desiring my resignation as Secretary of State.

Among the notes which I made from day to day during the progress of the negotiations there is one dated December 20, 1918—that is, one week after the American commission landed in France, and before I had seen the President's draft of a guaranty—in which I recorded my thoughts concerning certain phrases or sayings of the President which he had declared to be bases of peace and which seemed to me to contain the seeds of future trouble. In regard to "self-determination" I wrote:

"When the President talks of 'self-determination' what unit has he in mind? Does he mean a race, a territorial area or a community? Without a definite unit which is practical, application of this principle is dangerous to peace and stability."

A Phrase Loaded With Dynamite

TEN days later—December thirtieth—the frequent repetition of the phrase in the press and by members of certain groups and unofficial delegations who were in Paris seeking to obtain hearings before the conference, caused me to write the following:

"The more I think about the President's declaration as to the right of 'self-determination' the more convinced I am of the danger of putting such ideas into the minds of certain races. It is bound to be the basis of impossible demands on the Peace Congress and create trouble in many lands.

"What effect will it have on the Irish, the Indians, the Egyptians and the nationalists among the Boers? Will it not breed discontent, disorder and rebellion? Will not the Mohammedans of Syria and Palestine and possibly of Morocco and Tripoli rely on it? How can it be harmonized with Zionism, to which the President is practically committed? The phrase is simply loaded with dynamite. It will raise hopes which can never be realized. It will, I fear, cost thousands of lives. In the end it is bound to be discredited, to be called the dream of an idealist who failed to realize the danger until too late to check those who attempt to put the principle in force. What a calamity the phrase was ever uttered! What misery it will cause!"

Over two years have passed since the foregoing notes were written. During those years the impracticability of the invariable or even of the general application of the principle has been fully demonstrated. Mr. Wilson resurrected "the consent of the governed," regardless of the fact that history denied its value as a practical guide in modern political relations. He proclaimed it in the phrase "self-determination," declaring it to be not "a mere phrase" but "an imperative principle of action." He made it one of the bases of peace. And yet, in the negotiations at Paris and in the formulation of the foreign policy of the United States, he has by his acts denied the existence of the right other than as the expression of a moral precept, as something to be desired but generally unattainable in the lives of nations. In the actual conduct of affairs, in the practical and concrete relations between individuals and governments, it doubtless exercises and should exercise a measure of influence, but it is not a controlling influence.

In the Treaty of Versailles with Germany the readjustment of the German boundaries, by which the sovereignty over millions of persons of German blood was transferred to the new states of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, and the practical cession to the Empire of Japan of the port of Kiao-chau and control over the economic life of the province of Shan-tung, China's so-called "Holy Land," against the vigorous and justified protest of the Chinese Government and against the known will of the inhabitants of the province, numbering over thirty millions, are striking examples of the abandonment of the principle.

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A Prohibition Drunkard's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THERE is probably no woman living to whom it has not been said at one time or another, "Never marry a drunkard to reform him." The theory being, of course, that if he did not reform in order to win his right to marriage he would surely fail to do so after the prize was won. Also, that possession of the woman he loved, the sharing with her of a home and children, and the standing which the successful fulfilling of the obligations these entail gives in all healthy communities, was the uttermost prize life had to offer him. If he did not give up drinking for such a cause his case was hopeless.

However, all down the ages we women have more frequently than not disregarded the timeworn warning, trusting to the influence of our love to work a very material miracle, or perhaps just blindly and willfully deceiving ourselves about the probability of such a man being changed by marriage for no sounder reason than because, forsooth, when he was sober he was "such a dear fellow—quite another man, really," and we wanted him.

At least, thus thought our grandmothers, but with my generation a new attitude toward this problem had crept into the generic mind of women, along with the hundred and one other moral questions which, it was foretold, new forms of legislation, promulgated by women in the interests of women and at length actually backed by their voting power, were to solve. The latest of these laws, and the most far-reaching, is, of course, the Eighteenth Amendment.

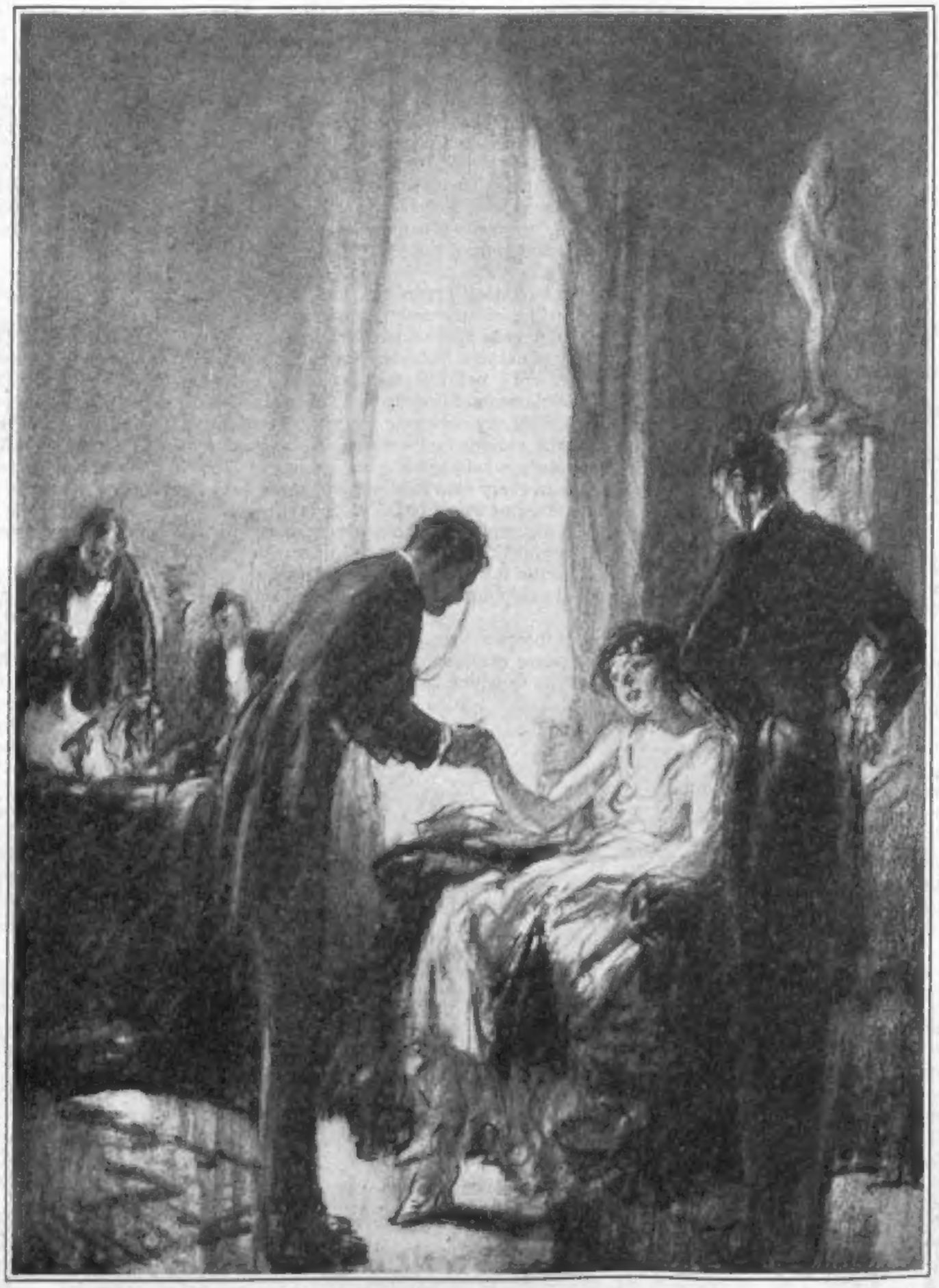
Personal Problems

LONG before national prohibition had become a subject for serious discussion, much less a Federal law, however, modern women had stopped being sentimental about the reform of drunken fiancés. They knew too much about drinking to permit of their taking unnecessary chances. Instead of moaning about what a pity it was, and that perhaps God would help dear Bill to get strength, and rather fancying themselves in the rôle of succoring angel, they went to the family doctor and asked a lot of straightforward questions. Sometimes it was pretty embarrassing for the doctor, and I suspect that the first girls who violated the sacred tradition that nice women were completely ignorant of the functions of the human body had a hard time getting their questions answered in as straightforward and truthful a spirit as they asked them. Doctors, being mostly males, were at first by no means apart from the masculine fraternity who invented this taboo on vital knowledge, and it made the getting of information pretty difficult for our mothers.

But for us, when the question was whether or not to marry a drunkard, help was as a rule eventually forthcoming. Slowly but surely we found out just why we shouldn't marry men who drank habitually and how much we might really expect from them in the matter of reform—to wit, nothing!

"Nobody can stop him but himself," had become a formula familiar to feminine ears when almost out of a clear sky our several states ratified a law that promised to refute this statement of the doctor's. I refer, of course, to the Eighteenth Amendment. And about one year before it became a fact, I met Fred, my husband.

Fred was traveling for a silk concern at the time. A conservative firm, it was, and he had been with it for more than twelve years. I might have had sense enough at once to note it as strange that a man who had been so long in the employ of the company had remained in practically a



I Was Introduced to a Charming Man Who Was a Little Drunk, and I Took It for Granted and Didn't Mind!

stationary position—in other words, that he had got so far but no farther. But I was so charmed by him that my perception was dulled. His work was apparently satisfactory to his employers, but not more than satisfactory, although his intelligence would have led one to suppose him fitted for a high executive position, and when I first knew him I thought that the company had not been quite fair to him, not realizing then that this static condition in a business relationship means one of two things—mediocrity or something wrong with the man. It didn't take me long to find out that in Fred's case it was the latter. Indeed, I ought to have suspected this far sooner than I actually did, because when I was introduced to him he was slightly intoxicated.

But I didn't object—he had been drinking, and I did not object! Looking back at that time from the higher level of my new habit of thought, this fact seems to me startlingly impossible, yet it is true. I was introduced to a charming man who was a little drunk, and I took it for granted and didn't mind! I even thought it rather funny. Some day this sort of acquiescence on the part of women is going to seem as incredible to an ensuing generation as our ancestresses' delight in the spectacle of the early Roman games appears to us; at least that is my belief. But when I met Fred I was myself drinking a cocktail. I had a second with him and my hostess before going in to dinner. All my life I had drunk in moderation, and even as a child in Italy, which was my parents' home, red wine was always put in the water which we children drank, as a typhoid preventive. I am American born and a citizeness, but both on our visits abroad and in our home life here the custom of moderate drinking was maintained.

So, you see, I knew the use of alcohol and also, of course, inevitably, something of its abuse. More, I was not an immature girl when I met my husband, but a widow with two children and a prosperous small day school by means of which I supported them. But I was young enough to fall in love, and I promptly did. Our courtship began instantaneously at that gay dinner party, progressed rapidly, and then very nearly capsized as abruptly as it had started. One day I answered the telephone, to hear Fred's voice, depressed and confused, pleading with me to see him.

From Bad to Worse

"I WAS very drunk last night," said he, "and I am frightened for myself. I need your spiritual help terribly."

Oh, age-old appeal to woman's deepest vanity—the belief that she can help a man who cannot help himself! The old impulse, born of a long line of women who had responded to that cry uselessly, flamed up in me, and I told him to come to my home. He looked terribly, and his repentance seemed sincere. He told me that he had been drinking too much lately. He was going to stop. Well, cut down on it a lot, anyhow. I felt that I must help him if I could and I gave him all the moral strength that was in me. But I left the interview with a disturbed mind, and with reason. I believed Fred's promises to cut it out the first time this happened, and the second, which occurred some three months later. But at the third demand for my help I began to realize that his appeal was nothing more nor less than the self-indulgence and self-deceit of the habitual drunkard.

I was sick at heart, for by this time I loved Fred dearly and had promised to marry him. I did not know what I was to do. My pledged word meant a great deal to me, of course, but I began to feel that it had been obtained under false pretenses. Fred had never confessed, and did not now confess to being a drunkard, and I realized with a pang of fear that this very self-deceit was his most alarming symptom. If he had frankly admitted a weakness which he himself perceived and was genuinely afraid of he would have been able to stop it at once. I did not need a doctor to tell me this. It was his continual palliation of his fault by finding elaborate reasons for its occurrence which aroused my fear of marrying him above my desire to do so and enabled me to strive for a clear understanding of what lay ahead of us.

"It was those last two drinks," he would explain moodily. "If only I had let them alone I would have been all right. I simply must not take such a lot before eating. It's a bad thing. Liquor never did anybody any good, anyhow."

And so forth. The things he said were always the same, and soon began to sound like stock phrases to my ears. But although "liquor never did anybody any good," there always came a time when he said instead, "Well, a little drink or two before dinner never hurt anyone!" And he would have them, and the whole nasty, vicious circle would begin again, starting in a mild, rather charming hilarity, and ending in a sodden day after—a day, of course, lost from business.

How much Fred drank on the road it was then impossible for me to know. He never told all the truth about it,

He didn't know the truth, because of his habit of self-deceit. Apparently it was not enough to lose him his job. But it was keeping him from getting a better job, although this fact was also one which he was unwilling to face. Like most drunkards, he believed that the world was blind to his behavior and felt confident that his employers did not know of his lapses.

Now before I go any further I want to make it plain that the man whom I, an experienced woman, had fallen in love with and pledged myself to in marriage was far from being either a weakling or a worthless person. Aside from drinking, he had no bad habits. He smoked moderately and occasionally sat in a low-limited poker game. But he was neither a gambler nor a wastrel, and his moral character was impeccable.

That to me he was charming in manner and appearance goes without the saying. He was no exceptional drunkard either. He drank neither more nor less than thousands of other men whose sprees were regarded, by those who had no immediate dependence upon them and no intimate relationship with them, as an excellent subject for jokes and good stories.

"Ha-ha! I wish you could have seen Fred trying to lead the orchestra the other night!" or "Fred nearly murdered that taxi driver when he wouldn't take some tobacco-store coupons for his fare. Wanted to jail him for contempt of tobacco! Ho-ho! It was a scream!"

You surely know the type of story. Well, to some people they may have seemed very funny, but it did not take me long to decide that the hero of them was not the man to help me bring up my boys, nor yet to share the intimacies of my own daily life. It was too much to risk. I dared not expose myself to having my love-life soiled or perhaps even brutalized—and yet I loved him. When he was himself he fulfilled all my ideals. A great business success did not mean very much to me—at least I did not require it of him. But a great spiritual success in life I must and would have. If Fred could be got to stop drinking he could give this spiritual life to me. I had my choice of breaking off our engagement or of curing him. I determined to find out if he could be cured.

Prohibition From a New Angle

IT WAS at this point that I had my first encounter on the subject with my doctor. But despite his reluctance to inform me on some more intimate points, and in spite, too, of his curious hesitation about betraying a member of his own sex, although one unknown to him at that time, I finally got a clear statement of the fundamental things I had come to inquire about.

"There is no cure for drunkenness," said the doctor. "Never believe there is, no matter what you are told to the contrary. There is no specific for strengthening the will. Drugs will not do it, because when they are left off he will drink again. No sanitarium on earth can do it, because its influence will not extend beyond its own walls, and once he leaves it, his own will to leave liquor alone is the only cure. And if he has been so weak in the first instance that a sanitarium has been necessary, what are his chances when he is thrown back on his own will again?"

"Then there is nothing that can be done for him?" said I.

"We can make his body clean and wholesome," replied the doctor. "But that is not enough. There is no antidote for liquor that is not more harmful in the end than the alcohol itself, and all that a doctor can do for any drunkard is to give him the added will power which comes from a thorough purging. We can clean him up and feed him lots of wholesome food and send him out a strong, well man. Then it is up to him. And let me tell you, Mrs. B, that if it is true that he has been drinking for years and has the type of remorse which you describe he is nothing more nor less than a dipsomaniac, or will eventually become one. My strong advice to you is not to marry him."

"But he has all the other virtues!" I cried. "This one weakness is his only real shortcoming. Surely there is some way of saving him, and of permitting us to marry. I don't want to be cheated of my happiness, and I don't want to go back on Fred. He needs help, and I want to get it for him; but he needs something stronger than anything which I alone can give."

"No use in giving him anything!" The doctor was firm about that. "Taking away is what he needs."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Prohibition!" said the doctor. "In his case and in the cases of millions of others it is the only hope. We have found a morality which can be legislated into the people."

I left that doctor's office a good deal puzzled and a great deal interested. Up to this time the word "prohibition" had meant nothing to me. Mention of it had called to mind feeble, timeworn jokes and caricatures of solemn and unpleasant-looking men in stovepipe hats and ill-fitting black coats, who always got the worst end of the story and were the butt of whatever ridicule was going.

The psychology of such publicity as had been given to the idea of prohibition was a very subtle one. Unconsciously I had been taught all my life to regard the prohibitionists and their campaign as something jay, ridiculous and remote. I did not even give them credit for the strong-mindedness which, along with short hair and thick ankles, was supposed to be the leading characteristic of the women's-rights ladies of my youth. The prohibitionists were presented in the press as weak fools with a silly propaganda, supported solely by sour old maids and deacons in small country villages, and so I had discounted them utterly. They were a joke—a very tame joke, more flavorless than their favorite beverage; a depressed crew who never smiled, and went about with white ribbands tied to the most improbable portions of their old-fashioned clothing. In short, they were an almost mythical race of feeble-minded cranks.

Those are harsh words, but I think they express no exaggeration of the way the general public regarded prohibitionists three years ago. At least, it was my own opinion of them when I thought of them at all, and I was just an average, respectable professional woman—and a schoolma'am to boot! Once in a while, when the subject of prohibition came up for half-serious discussion, as it was more and more frequently doing in conversation, I would express my approval of it, and say that I would vote for it if given the opportunity, never supposing that there was any likelihood of such a thing coming to pass, however.

Like most people, then, I had an attitude of indifference towards the question, tempered by a mild approval. But the whole subject was unreal. And then suddenly I personally was hit by the need for prohibition—I who had given faint patronizing praise to the idea because "it would be such a splendid thing for the lower classes!" All at once the success of prohibition was of vital importance to me. Drunkenness had ceased to be a subject for mirth, and so had its sworn enemies, the erstwhile absurd protagonists of total abstinence, who became ministering angels in my eyes. The evil thing which they had been battling had attacked me, and at once I perceived the big ideal behind their often grotesque campaign. But more than that, I saw my own personal happiness in their hands. I wanted them to win—desperately. I wanted them to save Fred, since he could not save himself. And when prohibition became a Federal law no woman in the country was happier than I was, although there were many who rejoiced—and, to be fair, a good many men, too, who faced my identical problem in their wives or other female relations.

Survivals of an Ancient Custom

OF COURSE, I first of all rejoiced for the clean future of my boys. It was a wonderful relief to think that my children had one less great temptation ahead of them. I am no prude, and I believe in youth having a well-rounded experience; but I was glad to think that experiences colored by alcohol would not be among them—the more so since I had known Fred. But to be perfectly honest, almost my greatest happiness lay in the fact that I was now justified in marrying the man of my mature choice. I was no longer afraid. I had the law and the public morale on my side. The miracle of which the doctor had spoken had been worked, and the strength of will which Fred lacked in this one thing had been enacted into a law which he must obey. Three weeks after the first of that January Fred and I were married.

One of the most remarkable things about women is the way in which their faith survives their experience. Fred got drunk the night we were married. A friend provided champagne and we accepted it. My objections died upon my lips. After all, the thing couldn't go on, I thought, and I did not want to begin our life together with a protest. It would only be a matter of weeks before the getting of a drink would be impossible. And besides, Fred did not get very drunk—just a little gay. Since then I have often thought of the ancient bridal custom of getting the groom drunk both the night before his wedding and then again after the ceremony, and of the numberless nice young women who have accepted their initiation into the most important relationship in life at the hands of men who were—"So funny—all ginned up!" Not to all women has this happened, thank God, but to so very, very many!

Looking back, I do not now see how I condoned it, although, indeed, I hardly did

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"He's Got a Cellarful, and We Can Get Anything We Want From Him"

THE DREAM TREE

By LOUISE DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANE

A HORSE-CHESTNUT tree stood at the southwest corner of the lawn. You loved it. You saw it every morning when you waked up—wide, waving branches, high as your bedroom window; the slender trunk, with the slant that you liked, the big, beautiful velvet leaves. You climbed into it on sunny afternoons, with a book that you did not read. You sat under it on the grass until bedtime, on summer nights, and looked at the stars. Main Street would be just before you, with all the street lamps lit, two lines of them, marching straight down to the shops and the ice-cream parlor and Post Office Square. Behind you, across the little empty lawn, was the house, with one light in a window upstairs, and a dim, red-shaded lamp in the library below. And above you and all around you, shutting you in alone and safe and still, was the dark of the tree.

It was a beautiful tree, twelve years old too, and your twin, transplanted the year you were born. Nobody else knew what its right name was, but you knew. You had always known. There was a song in the Children's Garland of Verse—not a real song, for it had only words and no tune, but you could make a tune, a sleepy tune, like a very old cradle rocking:

Sleep, baby, sleep.
Thy father guards the sheep.
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree—
Down falls a little dream on thee—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

That was the song, and the song was about this tree.

You would not shake the tree and make the dreams come down too fast; you never looked at Christmas presents before Christmas. But high in the tree was a smooth and shiny place that you could never quite reach. It was close above when you looked up, but it was always just ahead when you climbed. That was the heart of the tree, and it was there that the dreams were—all the dreams.

All the dreams. They were up there now in the dark. How many? A dream for every leaf? You could not count them. You did not want to. You put your head against the trunk and closed your eyes. Little-girl dreams that you could not dream much longer, big-girl dreams, and those other dreams that you would dream some day, when you were that other thing which you were not yet—a woman. You would not shake the tree, but the dreams would fall some day, one by one, like leaves. You could not stop them. They were all your dreams.

"Half past eight, Sally Belle," mother called to you from the house.

Mother did not know why you loved this tree. Nobody guessed. They would laugh. And you did not think of it much. But down in one little place in your heart you never quite forgot. You always knew. Now, in the dark, you put your face against the smooth cool trunk of your tree and kissed it. The tree was a dream tree.

"Happy, Baby? Will You Save Me a Dance? People Don't Dance With Their Fathers?"

Pig Plummer was coming across the lawn from his house next door. He was whistling The Georgia Camp Meeting. Pig had a beautiful whistle, high and clear. His white sweater looked very white in the dark, and in the dark you could not see what a fat little boy he was. Pig came every night after supper. He knew she was there, but Sally Belle held her breath and sat very still under her tree. Pig stopped on the other side of the hedge and looked down at her, and poked his head forward in the way that he always did.

"Sally Belle. Sally Belle Smith," he said; then, "I spy!"

"Don't always call me that."

"What?"

"Smith. It sounds silly."

"It's your name," said Pig firmly. "Can I come over?"

"I don't care."

"I don't have to come."

"Nobody asked you."

"I've got something to tell you."

"I've got something to tell you," replied Sally Belle calmly, not interested.

"Yes you have!"

"Well, I have. Come on, if you're coming." Pig came. He pushed through the hedge and sat beside her, leaning against her tree.

"I've got something to tell you," he began again.

"Oh, don't talk. I don't feel like talking. Not—not to-night."

"If I can't talk can I whistle?"

"I don't care."

This was the way you always talked to Pig. You said little things that sounded like quarreling, but were not quite; the same things over and over. Pig had always lived next door. His father kept a grocery store, but it was the big one, next to the post office in the square, and his mother had two girls, a cook and a second girl. Sally Belle's mother did her own work, but her father was Judge Smith. Pig used to chase her and pull her hair when they were children, but they were in grammar school now. They were seniors and would be in high school next year. Pig sat behind her in school and carried her books when she asked him to. When he was not trying to be funny she liked Pig, and she really had something to tell him; something wonderful. She had known it all day, since breakfast, and she had told nobody yet.

Sally Belle hugged her knees tight with both arms. She was wearing her plaid winter school dress and her mother's old golf cape, but her legs felt long and very cold. It was a pleasant shivery cold. This was May, and to-morrow would be the first day of June. It would be Saturday, and it would be something else. Sally Belle half closed her eyes and looked through her lashes all up and down the street. This made the lights mist and dance. The street was beautiful to-night. The Palace Hotel, just opposite, looked like a real palace, splendid and dim and big. Up the street the Sewalls' porch lantern glowed like a blazing fire. Down in the square the band was beginning to play. It was playing The Blue Danube Waltz. The Franklinville High School Concert and Ball was to-morrow, and Sally Belle was going.

"Penny for your thoughts," Pig said.

"My thoughts are my own."

"Feeling pretty good to-night? Anybody left you money?"

"When they do I'll give you half, Pig."

"Thank you for nothing!"

But Pig was pleased. Pig liked her and she liked Pig. He would be pleased about the ball. Last year she and Pig had watched the people going into Odd Fellows Hall. The year before, she was in bed when the ball began, but she could hear the music.

The ball! There was nothing like it in Franklinville or the world. In winter Franklinville was little and cold, with double windows and storm doors and bankings and snow and arctics and winter flannels—all wool, and they scratched; but in summer it was full of pleasant things, picnics and muslin dresses and hammocks and flowers, and they all began with the ball. After it, summer was there. The graduating class gave the ball, but everybody went. Both the Franklinville dressmakers made clothes for it for weeks ahead. Dresses were sent for from Franklin Center, from Boston. Carr's Greenhouse sold out, and sent away for flowers.

Sally Belle was going alone. Her father would escort her, and call for her after some late work at the office. The Sewalls would keep an eye on her. Mr. Sewall was her father's partner, Lillian Sewall was her best friend, and Jud Sewall was in the graduating class, and floor manager at the ball. It was enough to go like this; it was enough just to go. To get inside those closed doors, where anything might happen—to be there, at the ball.

"Sally Belle."

"That's my name."

"Don't you want to see what I've got to show you?"

"No. . . . You can whistle, Pig Plummer, but don't sing." Low, muttering sounds, not entirely unlike The Georgia Camp Meeting, were proceeding from Pig.

"My throat's my own," he protested faintly, then was silent again.

He felt quite nice and warm beside her, and it was colder now. By this time supper was over even at the Sewalls', where they had it at seven and called it dinner. Jud was harnessing up to take the oldest Carr girl buggy riding; there were lights in the Sewalls' barn. Now three girls, then two more, walked slowly past on their way to the post office and trilled to Sally Belle. The street was waking up, as it always did after supper.

And now, passing so quickly that Sally Belle scarcely saw them, though she stared after them hard, came six girls on bicycles.

They swung grandly round the corner of High Street and swept down Main Street, over the river and up the hill, out of sight. They passed in a wide-spread, even row. They wore white things that showed in the dark. One girl laughed as they passed. They were six, but they looked like more; girls and girls in the dark; a white army of girls.

"Freaks," muttered Pig jealously.

"Freak yourself," replied Sally Belle promptly, but the six needed no defense. They were the Happy Thought Club.

Sally Belle knew them all. They were not two years older than she was. The others were in first-year high school and Madgie Carr was in grammar, in Sally Belle's own class. But they were not like Sally Belle. They were not little girls. They were in society. They were society. Sally Belle was asked to some parties, and went; but no party was ever given without the six. It could not be. And they stayed until the end, and boys walked home with them. They curled their hair and wore high-heeled slippers and played drive whist. They called her the twelve-year-old kid. And they had, every one of them, even little Madgie Carr, a thing that Sally Belle wanted—wanted more than the ball, more than anything else in the world.

There was a thing you did, called going together.

That was what Sally Belle wanted. You went with a boy. He was your fellow then, and you were his girl. When you were old you got engaged and married. Engaged girls marked towels and napkins and had to be kissed. They never had any fun. Being engaged was stupid, but going together was beautiful. You had fun then; all the fun there was. You were not an odd girl. You were not left out. You could go to straw rides and barge rides, where there had to be even numbers. You could belong to a crowd. You had somebody to walk home with you, pay for your ticket at shows, send you valentines, candy at Christmas. You were—well—going together.

Sally Belle did not know how this beautiful thing began. When you got engaged the man proposed to you. When you went with a boy, what happened first? Did the boy walk up to you after a party and take your arm, and say, "Please may I see you home?" Or ring the front door bell and call on you? Her friends just opened the door and said her name. Who would the boy be? All the boys were going with somebody else, or were little boys, like Pig. Would it be an older boy? A boy in long pants? A boy from away? She did not know much about it. You could not ask questions. That was not fair. You had to wait and see. She would have long to wait. She was only the twelve-year-old kid. But when it came it would be the beginning of everything. It would open the doors of the world.

A boy from away. That would be very romantic. That would be best. He would come to town on the late train. It was due now, at the Falls. He would come on a night like this, and she would be sitting here. He would drive down from the station in the hotel hack, and look out of the window and see her, and say ——

"I don't have to sit here. Not all night."

"You don't have to sit here at all, Pig."

"My room is as good as my company," Pig suggested bitterly.

His voice sounded funny and high. He was really angry, poor Pig. Sally Belle felt sorry for him. Where would he go nights after the new boy came? Where would he go to-morrow night? He would not have anywhere to go. He would miss her, but he would be pleased. He was her best friend, except Lillian. He would be pleased about the ball.

"Pig, I'm sorry. I'll talk now."

"Who to?"

"You. Pig, I have got something to tell you. Something nice. You can't come here to-morrow night."

"Can't, hah? Who says I can't?"

"I do."

"The ground's free."

"I won't be here."

"Maybe I don't want to come. Maybe I've got a date to-morrow—a date with a girl."

"Don't be silly. I won't be here, because—because, Pig"—Sally Belle drew a long, lovely breath, and then said it—"Pig, I'm going. I'm going to the graduation ball."

"To—the—what?"

"The ball."

"Yes you are!" said Pig weakly.

That was all he said. He leaned forward and put his elbows on his knees and dropped his head in his hands and sat very still. Sally Belle watched him calmly. He was surprised, of course. When her mother told her, at breakfast, she could not finish her cakes. But in a minute he would tell her how pleased he was. She wanted him to tell her.

"Lost your tongue?" she said softly.

He had slouched forward into a kind of heap. He was not whistling now. He was not moving at all. She pulled at his sleeve, but he pushed her hand away.

"Pig"

"Well, what's eating you?" he said without lifting his head.

"Pig, don't you feel good?"

"Sure."

"Did—didn't you hear what I told you?"

"I've got ears."

"Pig, aren't you glad?"

"Much you care."

"Why, I do care, Pig. I do."

"If you don't I can live."

"Pig, don't be mean to-night. Be nice to me."

"Oh, you!"

Pig got up and stood looking down at her. He stood with his feet wide apart and rocked back and forth in the way that she did not like, and poked his head forward. Suddenly Sally Belle could not see his face. There were tears in her eyes—hot tears. She winked them away. Pig was teasing her, trying to hurt her. He was not her best friend. He was not her friend at all.

"You're crying!"

"I am not!"

"You are. You always do. Cry-baby!"

"I hate you!"

They were both on their feet now, staring through the dark as if they could see each other plain. Sally Belle's hands clenched. She would never forgive Pig—never.

"Cry-baby! You can't go to the ball, a kid like you. They won't let you in. Who you going with?"

"That's my business."

"With a girl? With some other kid girl?"

"Not with a girl."

"A boy?"

"That's telling."

"What boy?" Pig's voice sounded thick, as if he were going to cry himself, only boys did not cry. "No boy would go to a dance with a kid like you. No boy would dance with you. I wouldn't."

"You won't get the chance."

"I don't want it. I've got a date to-morrow night."

"Who with?"

"Not a kid like you."

"Don't you call me that! Don't you dare!"

"Kid! Twelve-year-old kid!"

"You're fat," said Sally Belle wildly. "Fat—fat—fat!"

"Kid!"

"Harold Plummer, you go home!"

Pig turned without another word and walked away from her. He did not walk very straight. When he stepped through the hedge a long branch flew up and hit his face. He broke it off and began to whistle very loud. He crossed his lawn and walked off down the street. You could hear the sound of his whistling die away:

A meeting took place
Of the co-o-lored race—
Way down—in Georgia ——

"I don't care," said Sally Belle out loud; "I—I—I don't care."

She did care. She cared very much. There was a lump in her throat and her eyes felt hot and her knees felt weak and trembly. Pig had spoiled the ball. He had spoiled everything. She hated him. She stood still and looked after him and tried not to cry. Then she dropped down on the grass and cuddled her cape tight round her and hid her face in it. After all, this was only a quarrel, a quarrel with Pig, and she had them every day. Pig was gone, and she was all safe and quiet, under her tree. The band in the square had stopped playing. The street was very still. She was all alone in the street, all alone in the world. She wanted to be. And the ball was coming nearer, nearer every minute. And that other thing, the big and beautiful

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You Sat Under It on the Grass Until Bedtime, on Summer Nights, and Looked at the Stars

Fighting the Chinese Famine

The Amount of Relief Being Given Does Not Cover More Than About Two Per Cent of the Actual Need

Selling a Dead Donkey to a Restaurant for Two Dollars, Mexican

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

YESTERDAY we went out in the gray regions of Western Chi-li. The guide, philosopher and indispensable friend of our little party is Dr. George D. Wilder, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, who has worked in China for twenty-six years. He speaks Chinese fluently and has always been an interested and painstaking student of Chinese character, customs and beliefs. We have a complete outfit which might have been designed for an arctic expedition, and includes a stove to cook with and enough bully beef and canned beans to see us through. Then there's Mrs. Whang, my own reed to lean on, who claims to be seventy-four years old, knows everything but says little to me because she speaks no English. And last, but of very great importance, are two American marines, who carry concealed weapons. American marines do everything, it would seem. They are now engaged in guarding and expediting Chinese famine relief in various quarters.

Epidemic Typhus Threatened

I LEFT Peking on the coldest gray dawn that ever dawned for me, for a miserable town off to northward of Paotingfu, near which the branch railway runs on its way to the western Ming tombs. Doctor Wilder had made a door-to-door investigation in this town a few days before, and decided that people in it were likely to freeze to death before starvation could claim them as victims, so we took with us some large bundles of padded cotton suits, about half of which were for the babies. The tiny coat and pants, which are about as cute as anything ever made for a baby, cost about fifty cents, while suits for adults have gone up to the almost prohibitive price of a dollar and a half each. This means that a dollar in Chinese money will clothe a baby, and three dollars a mother and father. This is rather expensive when you consider that two dollars Chinese will buy sufficient food for an adult to keep him going for a month.

I had a long walk across the great winter-wheat section, and noticed that the wheat had sprouted and then withered up into endless rows of brown, crispy tufts. As far as one's eye could reach across the plain there was not a single gleam of green to be seen. It was a brown-and-yellow world under a yellow sun which shone through a thin veil of yellow dust. I must not forget the locusts. In this section they talk more about the locusts than about the endless drought. Last year there was promise of a partial crop. At least there were stunted stalks of kaoliang, blades of millet and wheat to be gathered; but suddenly the locusts came and stripped the land bare as the palm of a hand. As a Chinese Christian minister engaged in famine-relief work observed, "to complete our record of sorrow we should have been afflicted with boils and a pestilence." He added: "The pestilence is pretty sure to come. Our conditions are perfect for epidemic typhus, and we are not likely to be able to escape."

When we got up inside the low mud wall of the town we found ourselves in a narrow, very dirty street in which the relief committee had taken a part of the inn for headquarters and had installed a volunteer working staff of young Chinese theological students under an American director to look after the distribution of supplies. Nobody knew we were coming, so there was no special exhibit arranged for our benefit; but we were fortunate in arriving just in time to see the first issue of free grain in progress. A preliminary survey had been made of this and the surrounding villages within a radius of about ten miles, and tickets had been given to the completely destitute, which entitled them to twelve pounds of millet for each adult and five pounds for each child on a given date. In addition each adult received the Chinese equivalent of fifteen cents and each child got seven cents. This was to cover all necessities for a period of two weeks.

'Grain Going East to the Famine Area

Doling Out Sacks of Millet

THE distribution was a very orderly process. Space had been roped off in the courtyard of the inn and we found a horde of the most pitiful-looking people behind ropes, standing quietly and waiting to have their names called. Distribution had been going on since early morning, so the larger part of the crowd was already disposed of; but there were still several hundred patiently biding their time. Many of them had walked as much as ten miles and would walk back again with their few pounds of grain on their backs. Each had a ticket which had to be compared with the record on the committee's books, and each had to sign a receipt by leaving his finger print in red ink against his name on the margin of this record, after which he was sent into the inner court, which was piled high with sacks of millet, where half a dozen young Chinese students were busily engaged in measuring out the grain in amounts called for by the tickets. The trouble was that in the preliminary survey a number of undeniable eligibles had been overlooked, and in the thinning crowd there were a good many such, punctuating the prevailing peace with occasional loud wails of distress and pleas for mercy. These were gathered together eventually and their cases investigated through the head men in their villages, and we had the satisfaction before the distribution was over of seeing them all taken care of. This was American philanthropy, all of it, and if there is money enough to do it the process will be repeated in this *shen* and hundreds of others like it throughout the famine areas until the harvest comes. Otherwise the prophesied mortality running into the millions surely will be realized.

April and May are likely to be the worst months unless relief is adequate.

Children of Famine Refugees

We found a man who could take us to the houses of the people for whom we had brought clothing, and as he started off with the huge blue bundles on his back we followed him, with a crowd at our heels chattering like magpies.

In the first hovel we entered we found a woman and five children. The father had gone away to look for work and food. The woman's body was just covered, and that's all. She had gone out in her thin rags and claimed her allotment of grain at the relief headquarters, and was beaming gratitude, but her children were literally unclothed. A young girl had on a single unbelievably ragged garment of thin cotton, and the boys shared among them some scraps of something, but the baby, about a year old, was naked as God made her. Out of habit they all huddled together on cold *khang* and the baby was curled up in the corner under a bit of rag which looked like something that had been thrown away after being used to mop up a coal cellar. She was quiet as a mouse. Chinese babies seldom cry. But when we stood her on her wabbly legs to put her into a little suit she was shaking as with an ague.

A Touch of Real China

WHEN we got her all covered up you should have seen her pat herself. It was evident she was wondering what on earth had happened to her, but it was worth something to see the look of suffering fade out of her baby eyes. If she had not had such a runny nose and so many visible nits in her hair I should have picked her up and tucked her away under a big, wool-lined leather coat just to give her an idea of what real warmth feels like. She was like an adorable Chinese doll with a cold in the head.

We dressed that family and left them, baby and all, hammering heads against the ground and calling down blessings upon us. But I was not at all satisfied with what we had done for them. They had sold all their bedding. Their hovel was completely bare. They had no fuel to make a fire under their *khang* and I failed to see how they could keep from freezing to death, anyhow.

Crowds followed us through the narrow rutted streets, kicking up clouds of filthy dust, and we accumulated a train of unsightly beggars who groveled at our feet and crawled on their knees, imploring us to cover the nakedness which they took pains to expose to our view. We were looking for certain women and children, and marched stolidly on our way.

In the next hut we found a woman and baby; not such an adorable baby, but a baby just the same. The woman had a single, thin cotton garment hanging in rags, while the baby was wrapped up in odds and ends. This woman also had received her grain, but her terrible abode was like an ice house. An older child had frozen to death two nights before, and had to be buried uncoffined. The woman was wailing in miserable grief, accompanied by hardly less wretched neighbors in such a chorus as one might expect to find three floors below street level in Hades. The husband, father of this family, also had gone to a far place to find work and food.

We went on from house to house, followed by an ever-increasing and increasingly hideous mob. We clothed thirty-eight people in all, but it would be mere repetition to describe them, though there was one odd case I think I must mention.

In a single bare small room off a little covered courtyard we found a family consisting of father, mother, three children and an aged grandmother. The first thing they told us with great pride was that grandmother was eighty-three. Our own observation was that everybody but grandma had been overlooked by the ragman in his morning rounds. Grandma was thickly upholstered; and out in the courtyard, carefully protected from the weather, stood her coffin. It was a splendid coffin, ample as to size, beautifully stained a rich mahogany color. In the talk we had with this family grandma joined in and was listened to most respectfully, but when came our wondering about the coffin she assumed a fine dignity and laid her hand lovingly upon it as much as to say: "This magnificence is all mine and my splendidly filial son will starve to death and permit his entire family to starve to death or freeze before he will deprive me of it."

Which was true. He was asked why he didn't sell the coffin. Many coffins were needed; such coffins were scarce and he could get a price for it that would keep the family in comfort throughout the distressful times. But, no. He might steal or commit murder, but he could not be guilty of such an unfilial crime as selling his mother's coffin. That was a little touch of real China.

Sixty Per Cent Utterly Destitute

NEXT door I wandered without guidance into a mud-floored, bare, cold, awful hovel and found a middle-aged emaciated woman crouched all alone against the wall She turned her eyes up at the unusual sight I must have been, with neither curiosity, resentment nor appeal. It was a look of lethargy and it was plain to be seen that she was a victim of starvation and didn't have much farther to go. She had a little basket partly filled with dried elm leaves and nothing more. She had been eating these, or trying to. She had some of them soaked up in a little bowl of water, and a more sickening mess I never looked at. I called Doctor Wilder and he questioned her very gently. She returned gentle answers. She had heard grain was to be given the very poor, but had no ticket and was too weak to make the effort to get one.

We did what we could at the moment, and left money enough to see her through, but I was sure she never could win through. She would die and someone would find the silver dollars under the coat where she eagerly thrust them, and wonder.

This town is typical of hundreds. Sixty per cent and more of its population are utterly destitute. It is a terrible situation, and it seems to me to be up to us to do what we can to help make an end of it.

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Waiting Their Turn to Have Porridge Doled Out to Them. Above—Licking the Pail Clean

WHO'S WHO?

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"My Name's Green," He Fairly Barked Out. "It's a Coincidence, But I Happen to be Named Casper W. Green"

THE Countess of Dorne stood at the leaded window in her great hall at Yselwilde and gazed over the perfect picture of spring. Something like a sigh fluttered the silken whiteness of her fair young bosom as a slender, graceful hand toyed thoughtfully with the garlands of her brilliant hair. Her eyes were all adream. Could it be that Cyprian Fitzgerald, of no pretensions to noble blood, had aspired to love her? Could it be ——"

Casper Wing Green, the eminent novelist, scowled up from the page he had been typing. Something told him that the ill-fated Chapter XXIII, broken off at this very place so many times before, was again to suffer from the impertinent intrusion of life.

He was aware of a presence in his workroom door; a small, assertive presence in a white coat. When the mists of imagination had cleared away Casper Wing Green recognized his Japanese valet, hissing and chirping as his little hand held out an envelope of pale strawberry pink.

"What is it now?" growled the still rather popular novelist, pushing his portable typewriter across the blotter.

"Retter for you, prease," hissed the little man.

"Letter! What are you bringing it in here for?" Ordinarily a kindly man, Casper was furious.

"So sorry," chirped Hondo, and he held his ground. "You say bring all retters to you. I bring. Shank you."

"Don't stand there like a stick! Give it to me!"

Hondo hissed his way forward until his offended master had snatched away the silly pink envelope and waved the servant out of his presence with a grunted order to close the door.

"Of all the picayunish trifles!" complained Casper as he turned his letter over and made no move to open it.

It was addressed in a slanting, coquettish hand, and had been forwarded from his publishers. There had been a time when such a tribute, drifting in by the morning mail, would have brought a little glow into the author's unhandsome features. Heigh-ho! It had been some twenty years ago when notes like this lost their appeal for him. And if truth were told, Platonic approaches on feminine stationery had grown scarcer as the eminent Mr. Green had lost in hair what he had gained in waistband. Even his skillful press agent had begun to refer to him as a solid man of middle age.

Why then this strawberry-colored interruption to that damnable, unfinished Chapter XXIII?

Casper threw the letter aside and went on with his work. He was growing stale—that was the trouble. The high-falutings of aristocratic romance, which had once fired his inspiration, had become debased into a daily routine.

"Could it be that Cyprian Fitzgerald, of no pretensions to noble blood, had aspired to love her? Could it be ——"

Casper turned again from his writing machine. But there was no impatience now in the gesture with which he forsook the blighted paragraph to reach out and pick up the pink envelope. A gleam of hope had lighted his broad face and he almost smiled. "To be sure!" he agreed with himself, studying the frivolous, slanting hand in which his illustrious name had been written.

Here, he felt, might be an answer to his advertisement, repeated at intervals during the past two months. His lost cigarette case—that gleaming bauble had become such a part of his habit-ridden bachelor life. He had prized it for its sentimental value. Paid items in the Times, Sun and Telegram had said that much, not failing to mention its gold and platinum stripes and the black sapphire on its clasp; not neglecting, for the matter of that, to describe in full its darling inscription—"To Casper Wing Green in Admiration of Men of Mercy from the Midnight Club."

What a banquet that had been, and what a milepost in a literary career! How he had stammered and grown faint with delight when the toastmaster had held out to him that jeweled square, which he had sworn to carry always, a concrete evidence of success! That had been several years before, but Casper had kept his pledge until that drizzly morning in the Grand Central Station when he patted an empty pocket and reported hastily to the Lost-Article Department.

Quite forgivable, then, was the gleam which lit his owlish spectacles as Casper's fat forefinger split the pink envelope revealing a letter of the same exotic hue. He was surprised and somewhat relieved that no odor of second-grade perfume smote his nose, although the paper was of that class which flourishes in the show cases of middle-grade drugstores in middle-grade towns.

"*Dear Boy*" the note began, and this was sufficiently startling to bring light into his somewhat colorless eyes—"Rosamonde tells me that you came back to Patchogue last Wednesday morning—and I was not there! Oh, why didn't you let me know you were coming? I had a day off to visit my mother in Port Jefferson. But, oh, if I had known! Do not think me indifferent, dear boy! Association with your fine mind seems to have changed everything for me. Often at night I reach out to my little bookshelf just to touch one of your wonderful books.

"And just to think, I have known you—and you have been so good to a poor, ignorant girl like me!

"Often and often, since last I saw you, Casper, I have thought over what you asked me. Don't think me cold, dear boy. It is only the thought that you are so far above me that makes me pause. Perhaps you wish to marry me now, but what of the future when you are older and the world is at your feet? But it is at your feet already. To think of all you have done at your age!

"Casper, forgive me! I am afraid to think that I have offended you. I know that the great world has a claim upon your time. But give just a little of it to your

"BARBARA."

"My gracious!" said the eminent novelist, who was mild in his oaths as in all his personal tastes. With the pink note still clinging between his fingers, he bounced up from his desk and into the living room of his handsome bachelor quarters. Standing in a window which looked over Park Avenue, showing miserly green in the spring rain, he read the impassioned letter over twice, and clicked his tongue in puzzlement and disapproval.

Patchogue! He knew nothing of the town. He had toured through it rapidly two years ago on his way to golf in Bellport.

"Barbara!" he grunted, and rubbed the shoddy stationery as if in its texture lay concealed a solution to the mystery. At the bottom of the page rambled a line which he had persistently overlooked in the excess of his displeasure.

"If not at drug store will be at boarding house."

Casper Wing Green, already driven to distraction by that stubborn paragraph, was profoundly irritated. Yet so ramified is the psychology of genius that it is not unsafe to say that he enjoyed a certain sweetness at the thought that someone with the pretty name of Barbara had fevered days and sleepless nights in the adoration of his name. Because his life was ripening into September, the thought of spring invited him, deny it as he might.

But not for long this soft reaction. He crumpled the letter into a pocket of his dressing gown, and bringing a morocco slipper soundingly to the floor he vowed that no charlatan should go from port to port making love in his name. Old Green was dexterous enough in plot to add the sum of two and two. An impostor had found his cigarette case. An impostor was using it as a means of identification. An impostor had appropriated unto himself the honors of Casper Wing Green, eminent novelist, and was no doubt gilding the lilies and adorning the tales of that same celebrity.

Now if there was any love in Casper's heart it was for the name which he had made famous and burnished with renown through many years of honest effort. Of real love he knew little or nothing. Sufficient to him had it been to instill a literary passion into the fair young bosoms of aristocratic heroines who, like the Countess of Dorne, stood at leaded windows in Tudor halls yearning for such commoners as Cyprian Fitzgerald. And even the Cyprians were not so very common. In his fictional fancies Casper had seldom bothered with ladies of lesser degree than countesses or the daughters of coal barons.

Back in the Pliocene of his life he had been in love with a very fleshly idol. It had been a disagreeable experience, taken altogether, and it had interfered with his work for nearly a year. She was an editor's daughter, with bold brown eyes and a skin like a tea rose, and after she had settled his case by deciding to marry a man in the leather business Casper had knuckled down to his trade, which was to manufacture romance for a waiting world. Because he was a shy man, he rather painstakingly avoided marriageable women. There was Maizie Maclaren, of course, and she should have counted, as she was less than a week past thirty-five, and she was something his superior in the world of fashion and of thought.

Maizie had become habitual with Casper. That they should announce their engagement some pleasant afternoon—first to one another, then to the world—was a program so sane in itself that it languished for the lack of that madness which is love. But Maizie was to him always there, like the law of gravitation or the North Star. For five years now he had devoted two evenings in the week—Tuesdays and Fridays—to her companionship. As for his remaining leisure, there was always his club, where he could gamble discreetly; or he could dine with his married sister in West Seventy-second Street and endure the frilly young things whom Nancy furnished for his entertainment, object matrimony. His mind seldom traveled far from his desk. The making of heroines was his day's work. Taken all in all, he was a contented man, engaged in the most humdrum of occupations.

But this morning, upon the brink of adventure, Casper Wing Green became spendthrift with his emotions, and even permitted himself another sigh as he pulled a corner

of the pink stationery out of his dressing-gown pocket, then poked it shamefacedly back.

The day's work was spoiled for him. It was always like that when women were concerned. Would the world ever allow him to finish that paragraph? One stubborn resolve was uppermost in his mind. The spurious Casper Wing Green, operating among credulous maidens of Long Island, must be caught and punished. For the sake of his reputation he could not permit this to go on.

"Hondo!" he bellowed through the echoing apartment.

The little Japanese came hissing out of obscurity and stood attentive to his master's will.

"Pack my bag. Put in my brown suit. No dress clothes."

"Yiss, sair."

"Call the car for eleven."

"Yiss, sair. You be back for runch?"

"Lunch? No, I'm going out of town. I'll telephone."

Hondo backed away and left the famous novelist to complete his decision. There on his desk he must leave the Countess of Dorne stranded against her leaden window. Why were these picayunish trifles always stepping in to break the thread of romance which his mind was so industriously weaving?

And yet he would go to Patchogue. He would trace the snake to his hole, beard the lion in his den. Nothing human or divine could stop him now. For Casper Wing Green—in common with interior decorators, corporation lawyers, laundrymen, congressmen, stevedores and head waiters—could be temperamental upon occasion.

II

CASPER WING GREEN had rattled to Patchogue on the stammering schedule of the Long Island Railroad. At first he had considered motoring the distance—traveling in the grand manner, as a famous novelist should. He had abandoned that plan for the red-plush democracy of a day coach, where he shared his seat with a weary shopper and something less than fifty bundles. For he had concluded, and rightly, that his mission should be a secret one, its object to search out and punish the felon who had robbed him of his name.

But he was no sooner stranded in the small seaside town and reviewing the glories of a main street with its variety of ice-cream parlors, ten-cent stores and motion-picture theaters than his native shyness overtook him and whispered in his ear, "Go back, you fool! Go back to work!"

A fresh spring breeze, flavorous of dying sea food, was blowing in from the shore. It was Saturday afternoon, and farmers were driving through in their little, short cars. Longer cars were frequent, too, representing members of the summer colony who remained through the winter. Casper, laboring with a heavy hand bag as he pondered his next move, had a foolish feeling that eyes were turned upon him from every passing limousine or sedan. At any moment one of these prosperous monsters might be pulling up to the curb and a familiar voice be shouting heartily, "Hello, Casper! Where are you week-ending at this time of year?"

Such is the penalty of fame! Casper had come to regard himself as an important man in the public eye. Indeed, a faith in his celebrity had grown in his soul to the proportions of a religious conviction. Didn't the Evening Sun mention his every appearance at public dinners and first nights? Hadn't his name in large red letters been spread over billboards announcing the motion-picture version of his crowning achievement, Men of Mercy? How then could he go incognito through Patchogue, except behind a false beard and blue goggles? Patchogue, which is less than sixty miles from Fifth Avenue!

However, he managed to pass from end to end of Patchogue's main street quite unnoticed by the crowd. The gas-driven chariots of the mighty whiffled by, and a celebrated author trudged dreamily along, obscure and unsuspected.

To identify the responsive Barbara he had but two plain facts. She worked in a drug store and dined in a boarding house. In Patchogue he encountered many drug stores, ranging in importance from microscopic specimens with fly-blown window displays to pharmaceutical department stores boastfully flaunting a variety of reprint novels, rubber goods, honey-and-tar compound, electrical supplies and dinner cards. Before one of these he paused, because in the window he beheld that which never fails to attract the author's eye—a display of his own books. Seven of his most successful novels, in popular reprint edition, centered the group between a pyramid of celery tonic and an Eiffel Tower of Castile soap.

After a momentary hesitation, Casper entered the place and looked nervously round him. As a writer of romantic fiction drug stores had always affected him disagreeably as sordid daubs upon the picture. Imagine the Countess of Dorne entering Leffman's Pharmacy—the place was so labeled in high gilt letters—for the purpose of supplying her Tudor manse with nail brushes or soda mints!

Leffman's was a presentable imitation of New York's enterprise, and it was doing a heavy Saturday business. Behind a long marble counter a beetle-browed Greek, his apron spattered with chocolate and strawberry sirup, exhibited a sort of frenzied dexterity as he skiddled foaming beakers across the polished slab. An acrobatic clerk was making merry with the stock between patent-medicine shelves and prescription desk. An angular lady of forty chewed gum peevishly as she made change inside the cashier's cage.

Broadway's spirit of unrest seemed to energize the place. Surely here was no haunt for a heartbroken maiden, yearning for her lover unreturned and pouring forth her woe on light pink stationery.

Light pink stationery! The thought caused Casper's owlish spectacles to focus themselves upon a pinkish glow which emanated from a row of show cases across the room. How he came to associate that glow with the girl only a psychoanalyst can say—and say wrong, no doubt. Acting upon a subconscious impulse, the author strode over to the brilliant stationery display and made a close inspection. The same envelopes, the same paper which had carried the message from Barbara!

"Something to-day?" asked a smooth contralto slightly above his head, for Casper had been stooping for a closer view.

He arose and encountered a pair of eyes—pretty eyes, and brown—gazing at him across the counter. She was a slender girl with an ivory tint to her skin and hair that was a little less yellow than red. In the flash poor Casper had a memory of the editor's daughter who had taken a year of his valuable time before deciding to marry into the leather business. But the girl behind the show case was slighter and softer. There was nothing of boldness in her kind brown eyes.

"Oh," murmured Casper the shy, dropping his hand bag to stare impolitely.

"There's a forty-nine-cent sale on to-day," she coaxed, and her voice was pleasant to hear. "Are you interested?"

"Well, yes," admitted the genius. "I was looking at those pink envelopes."

"They're lovely," she admitted, and he got the glint of her hair, so feminine and softly parted as she stooped to take a box from the case. "Do you want it for a lady or gentleman?"

"Oh"—Casper stood idiotic—"for a lady," he managed to explain.

"It's regarded as very stylish."

Casper brought his spectacles into play and studied the pink contents of the box. Possibly there was paper like this in every small drug store in every small town. But did he imagine it, or was there a certain flimsy character to the envelopes which proclaimed them to be of the very breed of the one which had borne to him a woeful lament?

"I'm not quite sure what she wants," he demurred, making a poor show of deception.

"No?" The brown-eyed girl turned her small head a little to one side ere she supplied the recommendation, "I use this kind myself."

This announcement fell like a blow upon the amateur sleuth. There was no doubt in his mind now. He had stumbled upon his prey; and stumbling, had not the slightest notion what to do about it.

"You like it?" she asked.

The question, so frankly mercantile, managed to carry a world of pathos. It caused him to look more closely and to see dark rings, just faintly visible, under those melting eyes. He had a feeling that she would cry if he scorned pink paper in favor of baby blue. As she stood there holding the cover of the box she suggested a butterfly about to light upon a flower, and yet there was no hint of pose about her.

"It's wonderful!" protested Casper. "I'll take it."

Had she offered him the Eiffel Tower of Castile soap in the window his answer would have been the same. Not that the young woman had made any impression upon him. Not that. But the unconventionality of that contact had disarmed him, laden as he was with the burden of his discovery. He was in a condition of nonresistance. Psychoanalysis again, perhaps.

Casper's dollar bill went into the little wooden box and hurtled away on an overhead trolley; and while the fair young saleslady was interrupted in her task to wait on a pimply youth at the cigar counter he made up his mind to act, and act at once.

"Fifty, seventy-five, one dollar. Thank you."

There was pathos still in her smile as she counted him out

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"Then You Knew, and You Didn't Tell Me. You Didn't Tell—Oh, Why?"

LITTLE EVA ASCENDS

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

ROY sat up to glare at his mother and gasped, "You mean we ain't goin' to play nothin' but Uncle Tom in this nex' town?" He saw her nod, then threw himself back into the cindery plush of his seat. Mrs. Cullen drew her mauve silk jacket across her bust and began to button it slowly.

"Your mamma's dead right, Roy," said the gaunt young woman who played Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin and Prudence in Camille. "You can't show Camille in a burg like this here. It ain't safe."

Mrs. Cullen nodded. "And just two nights, dearie. Now I'll let out your dress, soon as we get to the hotel and ——"

"Listen," said Roy in desperate anger, "I been playin' Little Eva for four whole, solid years, except summers, and here it's first of July! You said we was goin' home first of June, and we didn't. Well, I ain't goin' to play Little Eva in this nex' town nor any other old town. So there!"

He stepped over the younger actress and stalked down the half empty car to the rear platform, seething. This was the end of the lazy local train. Roy slung his legs from the planks and stared at the race of brilliant rails on either side of his shabby tan shoes. The train progressed up an unknown valley of Connecticut. The Blanche Cullen Stock Company had never traveled in the East before in Roy's time as a member. He knew Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. This dive across into New England was thrilling. Connecticut looked flat on the map but was proving hilly.

The strange world was all gray, though, with the knowledge that he must play Little Eva to-night. Roy fanned his black head with his hat, spat viciously on Connecticut and wanted to snivel. A fellow going on sixteen playing Little Eva! Roy ground his teeth, hurt a molar that needed filling, and thumbed his nose at a youth sitting on a badly piled haycart at a crossing. The youth merely flapped a brown arm after the train.

Roy now despised Connecticut as a state wherein people didn't know how to load hay or resent insults. Then his big brother John slid down beside him and began to roll a cigarette. "What you cryin' for, kid?"

"Ain't," said Roy haughtily; then wailed, "Looka here! If I got to play Little Eva in this nex' town ——"

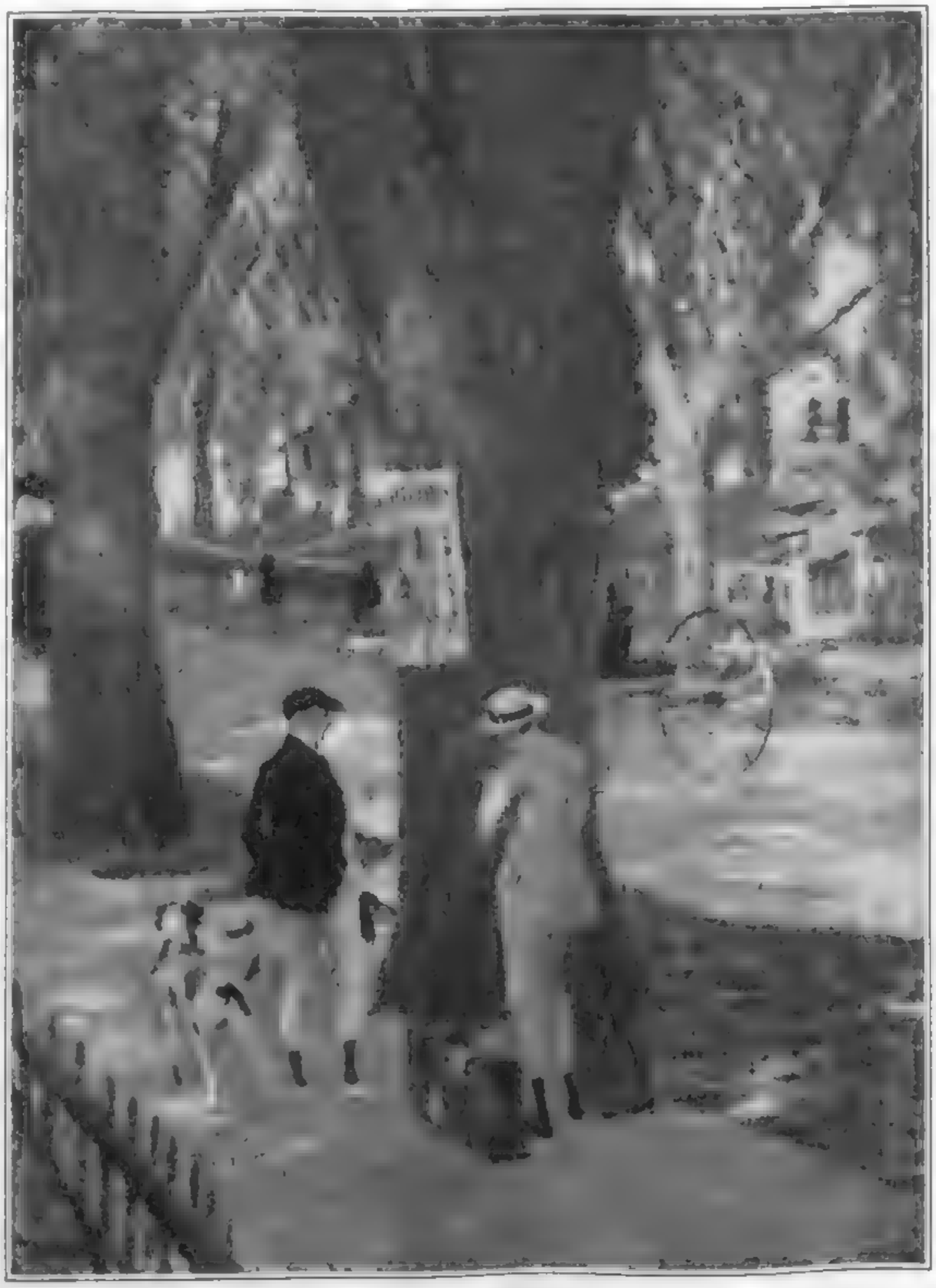
John grunted, "You got to, just like I got to play Uncle Tom. No use gettin' mad about it, neither. And cheer up, Bud. We'll be back at the farm by the first of August."

Roy shrieked, "August! We was goin' home first of June. Then July! And now it's the first of August! We'll end up, Uncletommin' all over God's earth until snow flies and it's time to start in again!"

John lit a match on his thumbnail, exhaled the first smoke of his cigarette and simply said, "Mamma needs the money, kid."

"Whaffor? We made good money all winter. Said so herself. It don't cost us nothin' to live at grandpapa's. What's she need all this money for?"

He felt that John had no answer. The big lad was silent, sat flexing his heavy arms in their sheath of checked coat, too tight, like his purple silk shirt, which constrained a chest burdened with muscle. The boys lived with their Grandfather Cullen on his farm outside Crispville, Illinois. Roy thought of the general queerness that made John an actor when John was so plainly a farmer. Mrs. Cullen had taken the boys into the company four years ago after a bad season. Well, there had been four good seasons.



Semple, Connecticut, Appeared as a Single Street of Brick Shops and White Houses Spread Along the Bottom of a Narrow Valley

Roy snarled, "Looks like she was makin' a mighty good thing out of us, Johnny! Started us actin' to save money. She don't pay us a cent."

"Mustn't talk that way about mamma, kid," John muttered. He took off his hat and rubbed his cropped head. Then he drawled, "Guess I'll have a talk with her when we get to the hotel. Hey, we're pullin' in."

Semple, Connecticut, appeared as a single street of brick shops and white houses spread along the bottom of a narrow valley. On the crests, right and left, shone the pale walls of barns, faded pink, cream and gray. But monstrous elms hid the hills as the boys walked along the brick sidewalk. John carried both suitcases and Roy led Susie and Shafter, the Dalmatian bloodhounds, past the posters of the Blanche Cullen Stock Company. The Connecticut dogs looked at Susie and Shafter without approval. The people of Semple looked at the Cullen brothers curiously from doorsteps and hitching rails. The five other males of the company had piled with the four females into the Semple House omnibus. John and Roy were ordered to walk.

They tramped to the wooden portico of the hotel and beheld Mrs. Cullen bullying the clerk about rooms. John marveled at his mother's economy. His rather slow, steady brain worked on the problem of Roy, who was clearly in fine rebellion as he stood twitching his cap to and fro above the heads of the sleepy dogs, letting his feet move in a sort of dance step, with sulky glances at Mrs. Cullen. Well, this was hard on the kid. Roy should be at home, enjoying the summer about Crispville. John sighed.

"I'll trouble you to let me speak with the proprytor," said Mrs. Cullen, one palm on the mauve effulgence of her bosom.

"Mr. Wilson's out to his farm," the clerk wearily whined, thumbing the leaves of the ledger on the curving desk. Then he went on, "No, there he's comin' in. You can speak to him."

A cheap motor in high polish drew up at the portico. A burly man, straw-hatted, got out and came strolling over the oilcloth of the lobby. Mrs. Cullen addressed him in her heaving contralto:

"I've seen a heap of piracy in hotels in my time, sir! But let me tell you straight from the shoulder that—that two dollars and fifty cents a day in—in a town this size ——"

Her resolution flickered down into a mutter. John stared at her, then at the smiling Mr. Wilson, who fanned his broad tanned face with his hat and said, "I'm willin' to make a rate of two twenty-five for the troupe, Mrs. Cullen."

"Well," she said, "that's better. Yes, that's more like it—like it. We'll go to our rooms, then"

The proprietor nodded to a lank boy in a gray flannel shirt, "Help the ladies with their bags, Elmer," and strolled on behind the desk. John thought him an admirable person, somehow. He had curly black hair patched with gray about the ears, and he stood reading the names of the company on the register. John stared back at him from the creaking, brass-edged stairs. Mr. Wilson looked up and nodded amiably. This nod pleased John, who was more used to airs of rank suspicion from hotel keepers. He hummed, poured a basin of water for the dogs in his bedroom and beamed at Roy.

"That feller took all the wind out of mamma before she got started," Roy sniffed. "She jest faded out. . . . Come in."

The manager of the stock company put his tired face through the doorway and moaned, "We're goin' to have a big house to-night, kids. Place is pret' near sold out. Where's your ma?"

"In her room—two doors up," said John. "Say, Murphy, where's the theater?"

"Right across," the man yawned and shut the door.

John stared through the elms at the brown-painted brick of the opera house. It was drearily familiar with its arched entrance and shabby white doors visible inside. It was like the opera house in Crispville save that the sheltering trees were locusts in Crispville. All small towns were alike. The audience to-night would be like all the other audiences. He sighed and walked up the corridor to his mother's room. Mrs. Cullen was dismissing her manager, as she unpinned the hat from her honestly yellow hair, and when the man went out she turned to John with a hard "What's the matter with you now?"

"Nothin', mamma," he timidly declared. "I wanted to talk about Bud. He's pretty tired of actin'. Kind of used up. Little Eva, specially. Bud's awful big to be playin' a girl. He ——"

"He's got a yellow streak all up his back," said Mrs. Cullen. "Been bawlin' me out to you 'cause he can't stay home and raise Ned on the farm 'stead of helpin' us earn bread and butter doin' a little work."

John shuffled his thin soles on the matting. He said, "Dunno's that's just so, mamma. Truth is—there's people that don't like actin'."

"Your grandpapa let me go on the stage when I was sixteen years of age. I ain't ever regretted it and don't expect to. We'll be home first of August, and that ought to satisfy Roy. You two act like there was somethin' to be ashamed of in ——"

John broke in, "Now, mamma, don't get excited. We ain't ashamed of ——"

"I tell you," she said, slapping a hairbrush on the maple dresser, "if business is good until August, you two won't have to go out no more. You can stay home in Crispville and be hicks as much as you want. It's funny we should be talkin' like this, here." The heaving voice halted. Mrs. Cullen stared at herself in the mirror. Then she went on: "The bank in Crispville says they'll sell me the op'ra house. I wrote 'em first of June. They want six thousand down and'll take a mortgage on the rest. You boys oughto be grateful I'm gettin' a good piece of property that you'll own after I'm dead and gone. The op'ra house pays in seven and eight hundred, most years. I can run the company in and out of there two or three times a season. If we clean up a couple hundred more between this and August I'll have nine thousand and some in the bank. Means I can take over the op'ra house and have plenty to start on next fall. It's funny you boys should turn on your own mother like this! And right here too."

"We ain't turned on you, mamma," John protested, then was pushed on to say, "You like actin'. Roy and me don't. I'd sooner milk twenty cows than be Uncle Tom one night. I'm near eighteen and Bud's near sixteen and ——"

His mother's handsome powderless face turned pink above the mauve jacket. She cried, "That's right! Well, you better go talk to your father! You and him are a lot alike! A lot of truth in this stuff of boys takin' after their mothers! I guess you and him'll get along fine! You better go talk about it! I put in three mortal years in New Haven listenin' to him talk against actin'. Go talk to him!"

John wondered if this was a statement that she wished him dead, like his father, killed in Cuba. He rolled a cigarette and diplomatically turned the talk.

"That's so. Bud and me were born in this state, weren't we? New Haven. How far off's that, mamma?"

"About a hundred —— Say, are you blind?"

"Don't get so excited. I didn't go to get you ——"

Mrs. Cullen raised both arms to the ceiling. Her voice stormed, "If this ain't enough to drive a dog mad! Let alone near givin' me heart failure! Walkin' square into Grant Wilson, and his own son not knowin' him!"

John stood dangling his tobacco bag from one thumb and gaped at his mother, who loosed her hair and began to brush it in feverish jerks. This was July, 1910. His father had been killed fighting the Spaniards in July, 1898. John often forgot that his own name was Wilson. He sat down on the bed and fumbled with a match.

"But he's dead, mamma."

"Looks dead, don't he? He had an old uncle up round here. I'd ought of remembered that. No, he looks alive and kickin' to me."

"Y-you mean he pretended he was dead an' ——"

"I mean nothin'! A woman's got a right to her career, ain't she? If settin' round a three-by-four house in New Haven and havin' to listen how the cashier bawled out the payin' teller was any kind of a life! Old Mrs. Sinclair always did tell me I'd regret if I married outside the profesh'n! As for tellin' your grandpapa that Grant was killed in Cuba when I fetched you kids home, I can't see that it hurt anyone. Grant never had no fatherly feelin' anyway, and had your hair cut when you wasn't but two and a half."

"And this Mr. Wilson downstairs is my ——"

"He is. How you could stand and look at Roy and then him and not see it!" Mrs. Cullen's storm was spent. She chuckled in her jolly fashion and said, "Now, I'd ought of had a premonition when Murphy routed us through here. And did I? Nothin' doin'! Walked square into him. And I must say he took it calm's a doormat. As a matter'v fact, he's a nice feller. I expect he's come into some property off his uncle."

Her blue eyes rounded. She smiled comfortably and shook her head. John stopped thinking of his sudden father, and thought of her. She was immutable. She had come home summer after summer to the farm by Crispville, yawned through the hot months in a dressing gown, reading novels on the veranda, always genial. John liked her, inescapably. He rubbed his nose and grinned, "How'd you happen to marry him, mamma?"

"Oh, there's a heap of truth in that love-on-first-sight stuff, Johnny! The Sinclair Stock Comp'ny played New Haven for a week. Funny. I was Little Eva. Well, he was payin' teller in a bank and old Mrs. Sinclair—she was English—took me round there. She was sendin' some money to her brother in Bradford, England. We got talkin'. He was real handsome. Roy favors him, more."

"And didn't he ever try to find you?"

"I guess so. Oh, prob'ly! He'd never met your grandpa. Your grandpa and me were havin' kind of a fight when I married. I was callin' myself Blanche Saint George and your grandpa didn't like that. We wasn't writin' letters. Dunno that your papa'd know exactly where to look for me, when he came back from Cuba. If you'd look at it from his side," she pronounced with a generous air, "I didn't treat him nice. But I left a letter on the sideboard to say I'd raise you and Roy respectable, which I have, ain't I?"

John nodded, helpless before the bland comfort of this speech. Mrs. Cullen braided her hair superbly about her small head and yawned, "But don't tell Roy. Murphy says we got a good house to-night. The kid upsets so easy. And I want a nap. If your papa talks to you, better be nice to him. He's kind of sweet. Used to make his own breakfast."

"Golly, mamma," said John, "if he was nice to you and all, what did ——"

Mrs. Cullen smiled. "Oh, you men! You all act like as though a woman with a career ahead of her was —— I wonder if he thinks I run off with some man! Well, you know I didn't." The smile returned after the second of thought.

The boy had often a feeling that he was older than his mother, that she was nothing but a lovable, large child. Her career filled her life. She had probably discarded his father just as last month she had expelled a man from the

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"I Mean Nothin'! A Woman's Got a Right to Her Career, Ain't She? Old Mrs. Sinclair Always Did Tell Me I'd Regret if I Married Outside the Profesh'n!"

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

The Presumption of Innocence—By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the prisoner,
The fatherless, the friendless and the widow,
Who daily owe the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heaven, and pull a blessing on thee.
—*Jane Shaw, Act 1, Scene 2, Line 173.*

THE cold gray eyes of the pink-faced man with the filbert-shaped head swept the row of female applicants lined up in the intelligence office and came to a rest approvingly upon Clarinda's, as if to say, "You'll do!" Then he nodded to himself and one could almost hear him add the words, "Yes, my girl, you'll do very well indeed!"

"Do you want a place as parlor maid, miss?" he asked, with a curious insistence upon the final letter, suggestive of the foreigner's unsuccessful attempt to handle his sibilants after the English fashion.

Max Kahler's practiced eye had picked her out unerringly, in spite of her poorly fitting threadbare skirt and jacket, from the crowd of nondescript cooks, kitchen maids and laundresses, noting her lithe boyish build, her small head and her well-thrown-back young shoulders. She looked amiable, intelligent, and like a worker, but—what from his point of view was even more important—she was intensely feminine; and Mr. Kahler was a feminist, an expert in women from every point of view.

"Yes," stiffly answered Clarinda, resenting his obvious appraisal of her physical qualifications.

"So!" he laughed good-naturedly. "Then you must answer questions. I am not one who bites! This is your first experience, eh?"

His uncanny perspicacity increased Clarinda's instinctive dislike for this broad-shouldered, ruddy young man—at a time when most young men, irrespective of their size or strength, were overseas. Yet she was there for a purpose. It was foolish of her to allow a superficial personal prejudice to stand in the way of her securing a position which would keep the roof over her mother's head.

That was what she was there for, whether she liked it or not. She must be a good sport and play her end of the game, just as Jimmy Cary was playing his out on the other side. She had thought it all over with the greatest deliberation before she had reached her determination, and though none of the Murchies had ever been in domestic service—they had been native farmer stock when Vermont was part of the New Hampshire Grants—it had seemed the best way to keep things going until Jimmy should come back and marry her. The war had wrought havoc with the Murchies as with everybody else in Hartley, Vermont, a quarry town, practically gone broke with the cessation in building. Then her father, worn out with worry, had fallen a victim to a sudden and acute illness, leaving her mother and herself with nothing but a trifling annuity from his life insurance. Clarinda could find nothing to do in Hartley or even in Rutland. For the first time in their lives they felt the pinch of actual hunger. A family heirloom in the shape of a pie-crust table brought thirty-five dollars and they lived on it for three months. Emily, the cow, yielded seventy more, which carried them over until spring. But with the coming of autumn their condition became desperate. Clarinda, learning of the scarcity of help in the cities, and pocketing her pride, made up her mind to seek employment in New York.

"I didn't mean to be rude," she replied more graciously. "It's true I've never been in service, but I'm used to housework. I can cook, sew—do almost anything."

"From where do you come?" he asked curiously.

"Hartley, Vermont."

"Married?" Clarinda grew hot.

"I don't see how that is any business of yours!"

"I Will Get Even With You for That!" Snorted the Suitor. "Wait! You Shall See!"

Max Kahler smiled down at the flushed indignant face. It was clear she did not know anything about domestic service.

"Employers always want to know that. Some of them will not engage married women—or men. Mine will not."

Clarinda tossed her head.

"I'm not married," she stated haughtily.

"Good!" answered Kahler. "Mr. Winterbottom will not have them in the house. He thinks"—and the butler sniggered—"they take his things to their homes. It may be so. Well, for myself, I don't like married girls so much either. How is fifty a month?"

"Fifty—dollars?" It was the first practical demonstration to Clarinda that the stories regarding the fantastic wages being paid to domestics were true.

"Sure! What else would it be?" he grinned significantly. "And maybe later on you'd get a raise. If you're good to me I can be good to you!"

She thought he gave her knee an imperceptible pressure. Fifty dollars a month! Lizzie Furfey, the waitress at the Eagle Hotel back at Hartley, got only thirty, and did all the chamber work.

"Well?" he urged insinuatingly. "You and I would work nice together. It's nothing. You'd have every other Sunday and every other evening out," he coaxed.

Clarinda hated him more than ever. Could she stand being in the same house with such a man? But fifty dollars a month! She hesitated, drawing away from him.

"Well?" he repeated impatiently, his glance roving to a blue-eyed Swedish doll near by. "If you can't make up your mind—if you're so choosy ——"

"I'll come!" hastily yielded Clarinda with a slight sinking of the heart. Thus by a trifling and unimportant coincidence the near-pauper country girl entered the service of the multimillionaire, Cyrus Winterbottom, who had himself been born within sound of the blasts from the quarry where her father had earned his living. For what we call fate will sometimes take two men of equally sturdy qualities and born at approximately the same time, within a mile of each other, and fling one of them to fortune and the other to the poorhouse with as little apparent reason as it sends one drop of water to the Atlantic and its brother to the Gulf.

Of course Cyrus Winterbottom was unaware that Clarinda Murchie was on his pay roll. His time was far too valuable to be given to the personalities of those in his service or their reason for being there. He left all such trifles to Mr. Jonas, his secretary; to Mrs. Widdicomb, the housekeeper; or to Max Kahler, the pink butler, who was, in fact, the only actual servant of his whose name he knew. Indeed, occasionally a maid or a footman, who could not be hurried off to the public hospital in time to prevent it, had died in his house and been carried out without his even hearing of it. Doubtless had the incident been brought to his attention at the time he would have been very sorry and perhaps directed that a check be sent to the family of the deceased; but you can't blame a man for not feeling sympathy for people he never heard of, which after all is merely another way of saying that what one doesn't know can't hurt him! That, essentially, is what this story is about.

Cyrus Winterbottom lived high up—but not too high up—on Fifth Avenue; that is, he resided on the southerly side of that concrete elevation which has its social apex opposite the reservoir. His house was, it is true, sufficiently lofty so that he could, had he wished, have looked from the top-story servants' windows down upon the squalor of not-far-distant tenements. But he did not wish to do so and, of course, he never visited the rooms occupied by his employees. However barren Mr. Winterbottom's nature may have been, there was nothing barren about the edifice in which he dwelt. It rose ostentatiously skyward, a flamboyant example of rococo architecture, flaunting tier on tier of nymphs, satyrs, dryads and others of the mythological hierarchy, toward a supposedly Christian heaven. We are told that it took six hundred thousand men forty-three years to build the Tower of Babel. Proportionate to its size, the Castle Winterbottom had required more, for though the magnate's residence was only eight and a half stories in height, the Tower of Babel, as the reader will doubtless recall, was of such an altitude that if a workman thoughtlessly dropped a brick from its topmost ramp, said brick did not reach the earth till three hundred and sixty-five days later.

People were fond of speculating why the aged millionaire wanted such a habitation, for he had never married and had no relatives of whose existence anybody was aware. Few had seen the inside of his house, and he rarely invited anybody to a meal, preferring to live in state like a solitary prince, surrounded by high-salaried and obsequious functionaries. Yet he had been born upon a small Vermont farm and had lived a squalid, hand-to-mouth existence throughout the first fifteen years of his life.

Then accidentally he had become possessed of the idea which eventually had made him a millionaire—that there was money in beet sugar. His neighbors laughed at him, and said he was loony on beets. He was; but beets had made him rich. From beet sugar he had become interested in cane sugar—a speculator in options, a cornerer of world markets. Then came the muckraking era, and Cyrus Winterbottom, having throughout the first sixty-eight years of his life sought sweetness, now sought light.

Calling to his aid the best minds that salaries, carefully adjusted to those of the average college professor, would tempt from slightly less lucrative positions, he embarked upon a systematic campaign of giving back the tax—or a perceptible fraction of it—that his craft had levied upon mankind.

Yet he never escaped the shadow of the farm. Always there remained with him the subconscious recollection of the hunger he had suffered as a child. Every day, clad in his wadded silk dressing gown, he summoned his housekeeper and ascertained the current price of sugar, eggs, milk and beef. He knew exactly how many miles his chauffeur daily coaxed out of every gallon of gasoline. He was a close and uncompromising buyer, discounting all his bills, and he prided himself on paying less for everything than the rest of the public. He held that any sort of waste was sin, necessarily indicating moral laxity in the pauper

Being, like many men of his kind, an egotist, and because he believed that he had made his fortune by saving his pennies, he prided himself upon it, gloried in it. And, being unrestrained, thrift became with him—as with some other old men and women—almost a mania. The words "Never mind the change!" had never crossed his lips, for their utterance would have profaned the most sacred tenet of his faith.

Such was the man to whom Clarinda Murchie now owed her livelihood, and whose personal character and idiosyncrasies—though perhaps without his knowledge or realization—played an important part in the life of everyone in his employment. *Tel maître, tel valet*—like master, like man. So there was a touch of Winterbottom in every one of the Winterbottom servants.

Not that there was more than a touch, or that he was responsible for all that they were and did. Certainly not! But the tone of the house was the Winterbottom tone—cold, inflexible, Spartan. So much goods for so much money. At any rate that was the basis of Mr. Max Kahler's philosophy. His theory of life was to get all that was coming to him or jolly well know why. And he managed things so that pretty nearly everything did come to him—except Clarinda, a fact that first intrigued, then piqued, then annoyed, and finally infuriated him. He told himself with some chagrin that that was what he got for going outside the regular run and falling for one of those smart-Aleck Yankee girls who was too good for her place—and for him.

That she did regard herself as too good for him Clarinda took no pains to conceal. She was polite but aloof. Having nothing in common with the other domestics, who did as little work as they could and evade the all-seeing eye of Mrs. Widdicomb, and surrounded by a babel of Swedish, French and cockney, Clarinda was one apart, an object of suspicion and dislike. This normally should have made her an easy mark for an expert like Mr. Kahler, but she rejected firmly all his overtures toward intimacy or even friendship. He had never run up against such a girl. She wouldn't even go to the movies with him, though for five months he tried every sort of subtle approach and cajolery.

But even if Clarinda's heart had not been in the Toul sector she would have been in no mood for flirting. Her mother, left alone on the farm, forced to do all the chores herself, had fallen ill with pneumonia. The doctor had insisted on having a nurse from Rutland to take care of her. Eventually doctor and nurse must both be paid. Every month Clarinda sent twenty-five dollars to her mother, accumulating the remainder, until, with her other earnings, she now had two hundred dollars hidden in the mattress of her bed. But the day of reckoning must come. She was at her wit's end, casting about for anything she could do to earn more money. A seamstress whom she met accidentally put her in the way of doing a little sewing in her off time, but it brought her only a pittance. Nothing else had at first suggested itself. Sitting alone in the room she shared with the Finnish kitchen maid, Clarinda tried desperately to devise some expedient for saving a few more dollars

Curiously enough it was Mr. Winterbottom himself who was responsible for the idea that ultimately took shape in her distressed mind. For Mr. Winterbottom regarded the honorable Herbert Hoover as a very great man, as he was and is; the primary reason for his regard being that Mr. Hoover's doctrines of economy were not only helping to win the war for Uncle Sam but were also putting money in Mr. Winterbottom's pocket. In every hallway, in kitchen, laundry and servants' dining room appeared, placed by his orders, those once familiar but now almost forgotten mottoes:

FOOD IS AMMUNITION; SAVE IT!
EAT LESS WHEAT, MEAT, SUGAR, FATS
EAT MORE FRUIT, POULTRY, FISH

Of course none of the domestics paid any attention to these alluring adjurations to thrift, suspecting shrewdly that even if they ate less of one thing they would get no more of another; but these constantly reiterated appeals for self-denial suggested a thought to Clarinda, brought up as she had been in the hard school of New England frugality. The army needed certain sorts of food. Every lump of sugar she went without meant, she knew, another lump for one of the boys at the Front—for Jim perhaps.

Patriotism demanded that one should deny oneself that there might be more of it—but not that one might save money for one's employer. What was given her to eat was hers—no longer his! If she went without—as Mr. Hoover urged—she could rightfully do with it what she willed. So Clarinda began going without and carefully putting away in her trunk what she did not eat. When there was enough she would sell it. So much more for the army; so much more to pay the nurse! Pitiful paradox of patriotism and profit!

Quite naturally she overdid it, and became pale, emaciated, nervous; and here again Mr. Winterbottom's influence played its imperceptible part in the complex, for had she not starved herself into irritability she would not have struck Max Kahler so hard when he finally tried his cave-man tactics in the pantry.

Strike him she did, though, with all her might, across his smug pinkness, so that he recoiled, smarting with pain and incoherent with rage.

"*Du Katze!*" snorted the Swiss, wiping the blood from his upper lip. "I will get even with you for that! Wait! You shall see!"

Trembling, she rushed up to her room and threw herself, weeping hysterically, full length upon her cot. Must she go on with it? Could she go on with it? Oh, if only Jimmy would come back! Why did there have to be a war? With his last letter, written from Nancy three months before, clutched in her hand Clarinda sobbed herself to sleep.

She was awakened at dawn by whispering figures moving stealthily about the room. The Finn was already up and dressed, and beside Clarinda's open trunk, pencil and pad in hand, stood the angular form of Mrs. Widdicomb making an inventory of the dry groceries which she had denied herself to save.

"H'm!" muttered the housekeeper. "Twenty pounds of sugar at least! Nine jars of marmalade! Eighteen boxes of breakfast foods!"

"What are you doing?" cried Clarinda excitedly. "That is all mine! I saved only what you gave me. I took no more than each of us was regularly allowed!"

Mrs. Widdicomb focused upon the frightened girl a concentrated glance of malignity and contempt.

"Thief!" she retorted. "I've caught you at last! Leave her here, Sigrid! I'm going to fasten her in so that she can't get away before Mr. Winterbottom can send for the police."

The next instant she had closed and locked the door. Weak from apprehension and lack of food Clarinda dragged herself up, put on her clothes and sat down upon the side of the bed, her head in her hands, in a state of sickening bewilderment and suspense. On the floor at her feet lay open her shabby little trunk, its lower half nearly full of cut sugar, the tray beside it neatly packed with boxes and jars of dry groceries of varying sorts. Though there was enough to feed a small company within her reach she dared not eat. If she should touch anything now—for aught she knew to the contrary—it might mean another year in jail! So she sat there, hour after hour, while Mr. Jonas, the secretary, having had his breakfast comfortably at nine o'clock, listened leisurely to the housekeeper's story, sent for Mr. Kahler to hear what he could add to it, and in due season, after he had attended to his many other more important duties, called the matter deprecatingly to Mr. Winterbottom's attention.

It was at approximately the same time that Clarinda, who had been stolidly gathering her few effects together preparatory to whatever fate might have in store for her, reached into the mattress for her money. Her hand touched nothing! Half nauseated she dropped upon her knees and searched wildly for the roll of bills that represented the savings—the self-denial—of half a year. It was gone! The room swayed about her. This time she fell, not upon the bed, but upon the soiled pine floor beside it and lay there motionless.

Mr. Jonas, though not entirely so, was, as the saying is, almost human. Certainly he was the most human of those in Mr. Winterbottom's entourage. Born of honest but plain parents, he had early succumbed to the seduction of the fleshpots and elected the comfortable security of semimenial positions in the marble halls of millionaires to a lean paunch and self-respect. Being, however, neither an aristocrat nor a servant—but merely a sycophant—he retained a certain

(Continued on Page 54)

"What Men Should Be Taught Is Not How to Be Rich But How to Be Brave; Not How to Get But How to Give! What They Need Is Not Comfort But Character!"

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Foreign Markets at Home

IF WE are to believe a recent writer on national problems most of our American manufacturers who are attempting to establish permanent trade connections in Europe and in Latin America have approached their task from the wrong angle. There appear to be plenty of facts to give color to this belief. If we but stop to think it must be admitted that while progressive business men have been diligently cultivating foreign fields for transatlantic customers they have given too little attention to the steadily increasing buying power of the fifteen million foreigners who are not only upon our own soil but who for the most part are to be found in and around the industrial and agricultural centers of eleven states. Moreover, these potential buyers are earning and spending what is to all intents and purposes the most valuable money in the world. To the Italian in America a dollar is still a dollar, whereas to his brother in Italy it is twenty-five or thirty lire instead of the five lire it was a few years ago.

Previously to the war, when tolerably accurate statistics were obtainable, our foreign workers not only paid for their own keep and accumulated considerable balances with local racial bankers, but annually sent overseas sums considerably in excess of four hundred million dollars. During the past seven years the earnings of these aliens have more than doubled, and their buying power has become a force more to be reckoned with than at any time in the past; and yet inquiry indicates that not twenty per cent of the producers of nationally distributed wares have made any determined or concentrated assault upon this most accessible of all foreign markets.

Immediate cash profits from increased trade with the alien section of our population are the smallest benefits that would accrue. The training of the representatives of foreign peoples in the purchase and use of our trade-marked goods is one of the most powerful and subtle forces for the economic assimilation of the immigrant, for the manufactures of a country are the outward and visible expression of its domestic life and of its prevailing standard of living. Once the alien becomes habituated and wedded to the use of our trade-marked wares he will advertise them to the ends of the earth. Manufacturers who make a frontal drive for his business by employing agents and sales managers of his own race and tongue will gradually build up a selling force from which they can select the best of managers for new agencies in Europe or Latin America, men ideally equipped by business schooling, language, temperament and racial affiliation for signal success as missionaries of overseas trade.

To give concrete examples, is it not reasonable to suppose that a branded article that has become favorably known to the three million Italians in America will find a far more receptive market among the thirty-seven million Italians in Italy than it would if it lacked that initial good will and reputation?

Or would not trade-marked goods in common use among the million Czecho-Slovaks in this country sell more readily to the thirteen million Czecho-Slovaks across the water than if they were unknown to their compatriots in America?

Inasmuch as European governments are holding out strong inducements to persuade their most successful and prosperous nationals in other lands to come home and settle down and accept responsible parts in the rehabilitation of the old country, would it not be very much to the advantage of American manufacturers to give such men practical selling experience on this side of the water, and send them back to their own people as authorized agents or branch managers?

A similar argument might be addressed to bankers, many of whom are making extraordinary efforts to build up overseas connections while they either ignore the immigrant business at their doors or are content to leave it in the hands of those private bankers who cater to particular races. A notable exception to the common rule is afforded by a trust company in Youngstown, Ohio, which by sedulous encouragement of alien depositors has built up deposits in its immigrant department to a figure said to be in excess of seven million dollars. The adoption of similar methods in other centers of immigration might, very possibly, yield equally striking results.

Doctors of Humanity

DURING the war we were threatened with a shortage of an indispensable remedial agent, the product of a proprietary formula jealously guarded by its German owners, for in Germany medical men may commercialize their discoveries without reproach. If our supply ran out it meant that our doctors would be overwhelmingly handicapped in the treatment of a terrible and prevalent disease and that untold misery would result.

Foreseeing and dreading such a calamity, three Philadelphia scientists—an eminent specialist in diseases of the skin, a bacteriologist and an expert in one of the newer branches of medicine—set to work to elaborate a chemical compound to take the place of the remedy that could not be imported from blockaded Germany. Their task presented many difficulties. It involved some of the obscurest problems of physiological chemistry. It required the synthesis of an arsenic compound that would be death to the microscopic organism that causes the disease, yet harmless to the human system. The three men set to work with high hopes. There were many failures, many discouragements; but at last success came; and with it came new proofs that whatever German science can do American science can also accomplish, usually quite as well and often rather better.

When the remedy had been tried out and its virtues had been proved, its manufacture on a commercial scale was begun. The disease it is designed to cure made an appallingly wide market for it. Its sales kept growing. The other day it was stated that the profits from its manufacture amounted to more than half a million dollars; and at the same time it was announced that the three scientific men whose activities had heaped up this fortune were giving it all to the university with which they are connected, for the purposes of medical research.

Scientists such as these are not like other men. Primarily, they do not work for themselves or for their families or even for their own state or nation. They are the unpaid servants of all mankind, freely turning over the fruitage of their labor to their fellow men—white, black, brown or yellow, wherever they may be. It is part of their code of ethics neither to keep secret their discoveries calculated to relieve human suffering nor to seek personal gain by commercializing them.

Such is the code that bound Dr. Jay Frank Schamberg, Dr. John A. Kolmer and Prof. George W. Raiziss, professors in the graduate school of medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, when they lately turned over upwards of half a million dollars to the medical research institute maintained in connection with that institution. Such a sum divided among these scientists would have enabled them and their families to lead lives of ease and luxury; but apparently neither idleness nor soft living tempted them. The thought of converting this fortune to their own private uses seemingly did not even occur to them.

The notable importance of this gift lies not in its size, but in its source and in the circumstances that attended it. This munificence has a hundredfold the significance it would have had if it had sprung from the superfluity of the over-rich; for it proves that there are still hard-headed, practical men who care next to nothing for money, whether it be the intangible wealth of dreams or hard cash well earned and actually possessed. It draws the world's attention to that fine breed of men who set knowledge, truth and the power to do good far above any material possession. It sets an example beyond all praise.

America has never accorded to scientific men the honor that is their due and that in other countries they receive. To comparatively few of them is it given to achieve the signal success won by these Philadelphians; but all over the country, often in dingy, ill-equipped laboratories, obscure young men are toiling in the same pure and unselfish spirit, not for themselves but for their whole race and species. The least return the world can make them is to give honor where honor is due, not meanly and grudgingly, but lavishly and with a free hand.

The Monkey Argument

"FROM the monkey to the American the state of their culture and their advancement correspond exactly to the state of their armament. The monkeys that in the struggle of life had sense enough to pick up and use a stick as an arm developed into men. The others remained monkeys."

The above statement is credited to one of our leading military officials. We have not attempted to verify the accuracy of the quotation, and we are going to give the official the benefit of the doubt; but because the remark is quoted in connection with armament as being fundamental to civilization we rise to make a few remarks upon the merits of the illustration.

This talk about monkeys and men is smart, and it would be fetching if true; but if we may believe the conclusions of our scientists who know how to read the records on the rocks and in the caves inhabited by primitive man it would be difficult indeed, if not impossible, to pack into the same space a larger amount of bad anthropology and dangerous inference than is contained in these few words.

In the first place, there is no authority for assuming that any monkey ever used a club, a tool or a weapon of any kind.

In the second place, the monkeys and the men parted company long before either was a monkey or a man—so far back that the process is lost in antiquity.

In the third place, we have a fairly good record of primitive man running back approximately half a million years or so, and all the evidence is that the first tool was a hammer and not a club, and that the first weapons were of the chase and not of war.

In the fourth place, there is abundant evidence that in the successive tides of primitive man that swept over Europe from the East it was more than once true that a superior race was exterminated by an inferior but warlike wave engaged principally in hunting man and destroying what others had accomplished.

And finally, the race that was superior to them all, the old Cro-Magnon, was never warlike, and he is the only one whose direct descendants are undoubtedly still with us.

This is another and a shining example of the undue expansion of one only of our biological principles—namely, the survival of the fittest, whose abuse became an obsession before the great war and as a result nearly wrecked the world. There is nothing in the monkey argument.

Training Men for the Navy and the Nation — By Josephus Daniels

A TALL, clear-eyed, boyish chap, he stands rather timidly at the door of a naval recruiting station. There are half a dozen others like himself, laughing and chatting as they wait their turn to be thumped, weighed and measured to determine whether they can qualify for naval enlistment.

This youngster—I will call him George Dewey Jones, because that is not his real name—had never in all his life seen an anchor or a ship larger than a canoe on the creek that meandered through his father's little farm in the Middle West. In fact he had never even seen a river, much less viewed the broad expanse of the ocean or heard the music of its waves breaking on the shore. But he had pictured in his imagination the glories of the service afloat; in his thoughts he had been the shipmate of John Paul Jones, of Farragut and Dewey, and as he looked out of his little window at the stars he had felt the call of the sea. I believe in calls to life duty which come to boys in their waking hours and in their dreams.

This youngster, as he followed the plow, thought of the upturned earth as billows, and played at navigation as he rowed his boat across the creek. In the country school he loved history and geography, and the stories of naval heroes thrilled him more than anything else in the books. Geography he devoured his ambition was to see the wide, wide world—and before he was big enough to run a furrow he studied about oceans and rivers, lakes and ports. Land-born and land-bred, in his heart he was a child of the deep and never had a thought of doing anything but commanding a great ship in battle.

U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

"Mick," Admiral Rodman's Red Irish Setter

It was a far cry from the farm and the little schoolhouse on the hill to the deck of the majestic dreadnought. But it was a real call to him, and in his heart, long before he would have admitted it to his parents, he was married to the sea and had chosen a career afloat. I profoundly believe that every boy whose ears are attuned to the call to life duty early has his work cut out for him. If he heeds it success is assured.

Qualifying

WHEN his turn comes to be examined Jones is found to be five feet eight inches high, to weigh 140 pounds, his eyes and ears and heart are all right, there is no indication of flat feet or other physical disqualification. He meets the high standards, mental, moral, physical, and that is a rather severe test, for the Navy is so careful about its personnel that five out of every six young men who apply for enlistment are rejected.

Boarding the train with other recruits, he is soon en route to the naval training station. There he finds men from many states, a cross-section of young American manhood. From the moment he enters the gates he feels that he is in a new world. Snapped into a semblance of military formation by a petty officer, the first gleam of organized authority flashes into the minds of the recent arrivals. One by one the rookies pass into the room where physical examinations are being held, to be weighed, measured, their eyesight, color sight, soundness of lungs and heart tested. Finally they stand before the desk of the mustering officer and, with right hands uplifted, their left hands touching the Bible, they take the oath of loyalty to flag and country.

George Jones, U. S. N.

BUT before he can enter into the general activities of the camp the authorities must be satisfied that Jones brings with him no dangerous germs. Health is the first consideration; diseases thrive where thousands of men are gathered, and one recruit who develops mumps or measles may start an epidemic. So the recruit must spend three weeks in detention. Vaccinated against smallpox and typhoid, fortified against all ailments that may be prevented, he is under the daily observation of surgeons who watch for any sign of contagious disease. He receives a lesson in preventive medicine he never forgets; learns how to care for his health, begins systematic exercise and regular drill.

Self-knowledge, self-mastery and appreciation of discipline are the first things that come to a young man when he enters the Navy. They are foundations upon which he builds. In probation camp the man is assigned to a company, a battalion and a regiment. Here are sown the seeds of pride in the service, of good-natured rivalry, of esprit de corps, essential in any service, and particularly in the Navy, where thousands of men live in close contact with one another and where traditions mean so much to morale. The recruit comes to feel, "I am a part of the United States Navy, its past, its present and its future."

By the time he has completed this regimen the recruit is robust, erect, clear-eyed. He has received infantry drill, he can tie all manner of knots, and is talking nautical slang that would do credit to an old royal-yardman. He has been entertained by the Y. M. C. A.; has received

Visiting Day. A Dance on Deck

a navy outfit; the chaplain has given him a talk on the pride of service, and the duty of man to man, and duty to God, for religion is the foundation upon which all rests.

During his sojourn in probation Jones has learned a good deal about the Navy. It has been impressed upon him that merit wins, and advancement depends upon his energy and effort. He has learned to share and share alike with his fellows, the real test of friendship. His physical idiosyncrasies have been corrected. He walks with an erect carriage, as a sailor should. Dental surgeons have remedied any defects in his teeth. Setting-up drills in the early morning, followed by a cold shower, have cleared his skin, and a carefully planned routine has filled him with the joy of health.

Comes the day when he leaves detention, goes into general barracks and starts training in the course he has selected.

The Navy has many special schools, most of them at the four big training stations—Great Lakes, Illinois, near Chicago; Newport, Rhode Island; Hampton Roads, Virginia, and Yerba Buena, near San Francisco—though some are located at navy yards and other shore stations. Jones decides that he wishes to specialize in electricity, as he has read in his home newspaper that electricity plays a big part in the Navy. "If our ships are propelled by electric drive I must learn all about electricity," he confides to a companion, who prefers to learn about aircraft, declaring his belief that in the future most of the fighting will be in the air. Some want to be radio operators or signalmen; others aspire to become gunners, to stand in the turrets and fire the big projectiles that go hurtling miles over the sea. Varied as are their tastes and talents, each of these youngsters realizes a man must know his job thoroughly. They must make good, for only the capable and energetic can take these mechanical and electrical courses.

Life at a Naval Training Station

IN THESE schools there is no scrambling through, haphazard. The training is intensive, deficiencies in English composition and rudimentary mathematics are corrected, and when a bluejacket has finished any of the various courses he is well equipped for duty with the fleet or anywhere his services are required.

In his camp Jones finds each barrack building contains two separate barracks, each accommodating twenty-four men. The buildings are well lighted and heated; with comfortable sleeping rooms, and wash rooms with hot and cold showers. All the food is cooked in the local mess kitchen, no cooking being done in the barracks. Half of the main room is occupied by a long table with benches on either side, where the men eat, read and write, and along the wall are rows of hooks on which coats, caps and mufflers are hung

The men sleep in hammocks swung high above the deck—sailor talk for floor. The south end of the barrack room is given over to these hammocks, which swing between big iron-pipe jackstays in two rows of twelve each, head and foot alternating, and from these jackstays hang the big white sea bags. At night cotton shields are dropped down between the hammocks, and if a man should sneeze his neighbors are protected from the germs.

All through the big training station, with its barracks, workshops, mess halls, drill hall, dispensary, hospitals and recreation building, the whole atmosphere radiates wholesomeness and activity.

Company commanders, selected from the older and more experienced personnel, give intensive drill, and the recruits thrive on the spirit of competition. There is strong rivalry among the different companies, each determined to excel. One day a company was drilling on the parade ground, the commander acting as reviewing officer. The response to the command "Eyes right!" did not satisfy him. "Halt!" he shouted. "When I give the command 'Eyes right!' I mean it. I want to hear your eyes click into place."

Officers are on the lookout for enlisted men who are ambitious and demonstrate qualities of leadership, and Jones is told that if he desires to study for the competitive examination for appointment to Annapolis he will be given instruction. Knowing that the 100 enlisted young men who pass the best examination will be appointed, he obtains books and devotes his leisure time to study. He recognizes that in a naval career all learning will be helpful, but that nothing can take the place of a technical knowledge of his chosen profession. Recognizing that anyone who gets along in the Navy must be a good shipmate, he exhibits tact and comradeship. He radiates cheerfulness and makes friends of officers and instructors, and his fellows. He learns that leadership is impossible without knowledge, but that knowledge without fellowship will not win the confidence and esteem of his associates.

At last, after four months at the training station, comes the day when the recruit, with several hundred of his fellows, starts for the fleet. He is now a regular sailor on his way to sea, and no one along the route is permitted to overlook the fact. Every house along the way knows that a troop train of sailors has gone by, for they cheer and call and wave from the windows when there is any chance of an audience. When the train stops in a town the men are in their glory, proud of the uniform and anxious to show it off. They chalk on the sides of the train the various cities and towns, and the ship that is their destination. Often each car is given a name like a ship, sometimes not very complimentary to the railways over which they are traveling, such as U. S. S. Hardship, U. S. S. Neversail, U. S. S. Sidetrack and U. S. S. Slowgo. For no train ever goes fast enough to suit them.

But their exuberant spirits are usually pretty well worked off during the long trip, and when their journey ends and they see, lying at anchor in the harbor, the ships they are to man, there is a general air of expectancy and a disposition to present their best appearance.

As the seaman goes to his quarters on the mighty dreadnought in historic Hampton Roads, everything about it, from the captain on the bridge to the high-powered radio masts, has thrilling interest for him. He has devoured pictures and descriptions of warships, and thought he would step aboard as if it were some familiar place. But as he looks at its long lines and massiveness, the perfection of concentrated power, he experiences a thrill which comes only once in a lifetime. Guantánamo, for the winter maneuvers, is the destination of the fleet, and as his ship passes out to sea he looks out eagerly and asks for the exact spot where the Monitor and the Merrimac met in the battle that proved the superiority of the ironclad, sounded the doom of the wooden ship, and revolutionized all the navies of the world.

His first interest of course is in the turrets and big guns which can hurl huge shells twenty miles away; in the tall cage masts; and in the engines and electrical machinery which propel this huge mass of steel through the water. But he finds that the battleship is not only the most powerful of fighting machines, but is a floating city of 1200 or more inhabitants, with everything that is required for their comfort and well-being. Quarters are well ventilated, heated and lighted day and night. Large quantities of food are carried, meats and vegetables are kept fresh in cold-storage rooms and refrigerators. Fresh water is supplied not only for the scuttle butts, or public drinking fountains, but for shower baths, and for a laundry handling from 2000 to 3000 articles a week. An ice-making plant provides refrigeration for the great supplies of meat, as well as such delicacies as ice cream. There is a print shop, equipped with linotypes, printing bulletins and orders as well as the ship's newspaper, for nearly every ship has its own journal, which is as eagerly read as any home paper ashore. A sick bay with a tiled operating room and isolation ward is ready to care for any case, from measles to appendicitis. Surgeons and dentists, hospital corpsmen and pharmacists are on duty. The library and reading room contains several thousand books, with a circulation three times that of a public library of like size ashore, and there is a place to receive a sailor's mother or wife or sister or sweetheart.

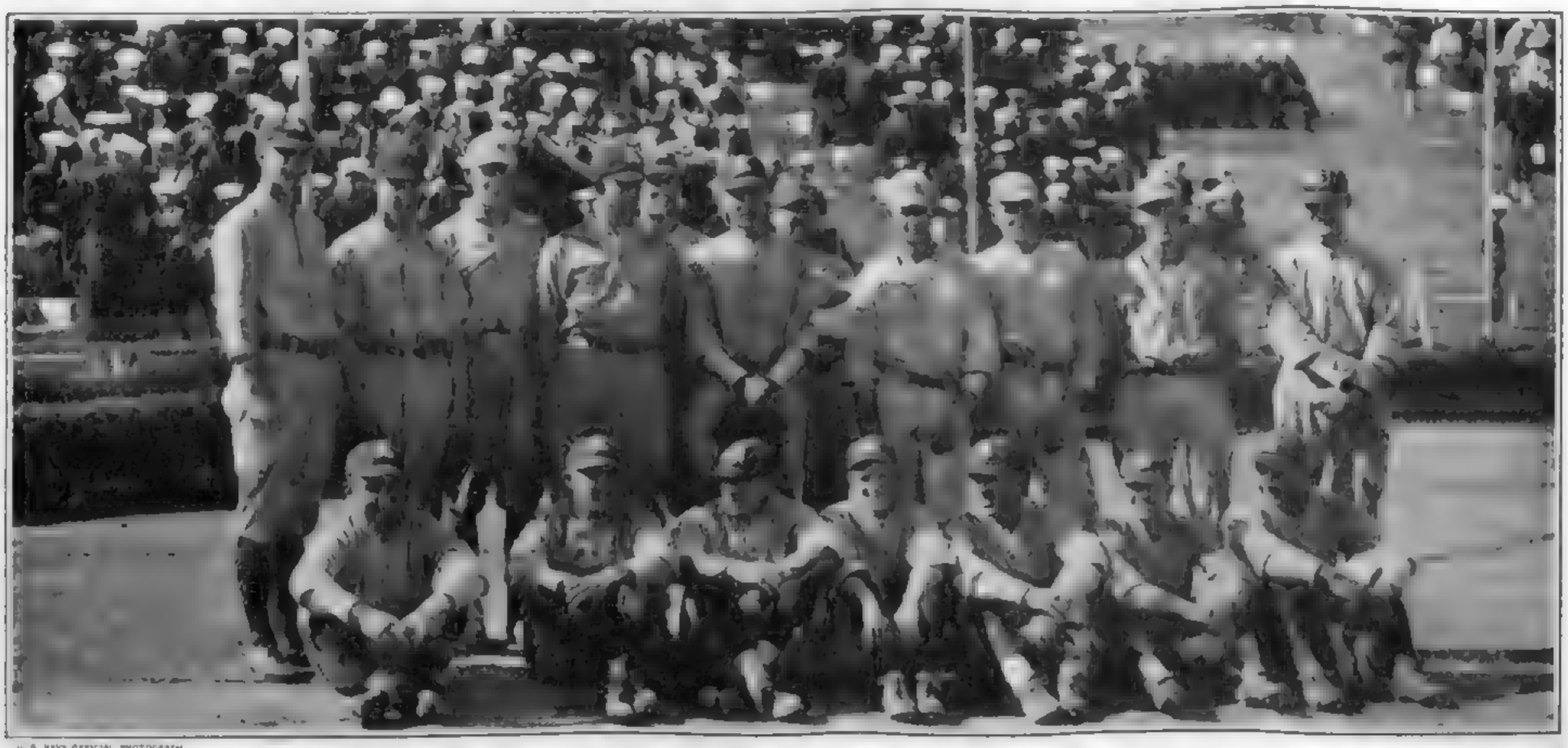
A City of Many Trades

THE radio keeps in constant communication with other ships at sea and the Navy Department at Washington; it receives the daily news and sends urgent messages concerning officers and enlisted men. There are barber shops, shoe shops, tailor shops and a canteen where the sailors can buy tobacco, confectionery, toilet articles and all kinds of things they need or fancy.

The vessel, the sailor finds, is a vast machine, requiring men of nearly every trade and occupation for its upkeep. Large as are the crews, every man aboard has his own particular duty and, when the ship goes into action, has his battle station.

Seamen must not only be prompt and accurate in all drills, but must know the aim and object of them; must be familiar with steamers, launches, whaleboats, dinghies and dories; must have a grasp of marlinespike and deck seamanship, and understand the fundamentals of electricity, small arms, ordnance and gunnery. Engineer and electrical forces must be carefully trained in the intricacies of electrical, steam, gas and oil engineering to handle the costly mechanical equipment properly. Hospital corpsmen must prove themselves competent assistants to surgeons, ministering to the illnesses arising among hundreds

(Continued on Page 24)



U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Arkansas Baseball Team, Champions of the Pacific Fleet

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Who likes tomato sauce?

Just about everybody! You get the real tomato tang in the famous sauce with Campbell's Beans. The best of beans are slow-cooked until they are thoroughly digestible and wholesome. Combined with their tomato sauce, they are so delicious that the whole nation has adopted them as a staple article of diet. Economical good food.

2 cans for 25c

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

of men. Storekeepers must exhibit the same responsibility and intelligence demanded of those occupying similar positions in industrial houses. Yeomen, the stenographers and clerks of the Navy, must keep accurate detailed records and carry on the necessary paper work of the ship; and the paymaster and his staff must care for the housing, feeding, clothing, paying, upkeep and general maintenance of the vessels.

But in addition to all his duties in the workaday life on a battleship, his skill as a workman, the sailor must, first and foremost, be a man-o'-war's man.

A large portion of the ship's time is occupied by various phases of target practice. During these periods, extending often over several weeks, all activities give way to gunnery, and for long hours daily the men sweat at their task in turret and engine rooms. I do not believe any nation produces better gunners. Watching the massive turrets turning and the big guns firing, one is impressed with the phenomenal speed and accuracy of each man, from the powder passer in the lower handling room to the turret officer in charge. Powder and shells have been hoisted, lifted and passed by twenty individuals, loaded and fired in twenty seconds' time.

"Your boys seem to take to gunnery like ducks to water," remarked a foreign visitor, considered an authority on naval subjects, who spent several days with the battle fleet at Yorktown, Virginia, when intensive training was at its height during the war. "I saw youngsters who a few weeks before had never fired a gun make surprising records at target practice. You certainly have a splendid system of training, superior to anything I've seen abroad; but no system, however excellent, could get such results unless you had good material to work with. American boys, certainly those in your Navy, seem to be full of enthusiasm and quick to learn. And they go at gunnery as if it were a game they were bound to win."

American boys do like action; and gunnery appeals to them in the same way that baseball does, and as a matter of fact they require much the same qualifications. Babe Ruth and Home Run Baker would make great gunners if they enlisted in the Navy and went at it with the same vim they put into baseball. Gunnery is a great game, one at which American boys, when they have had sufficient training, have no superiors.

There is one song popular in the Navy which repeats the refrain:

The sailor's ship
The sailor's home must be.

And it is the constant desire and effort to make our mighty floating fortresses not only busy workshops and great training schools but real homes for the men. The landsman has his friends, his house, his business. The seaman changes the word "friends" to "shipmates," "house" to "quarters," "business" to "duty," and crowds them all into a single unit, the ship. And as he serves that ship month after month, sometimes year after year, he grows to love her. She becomes something real, something personal, and he calls her "home."

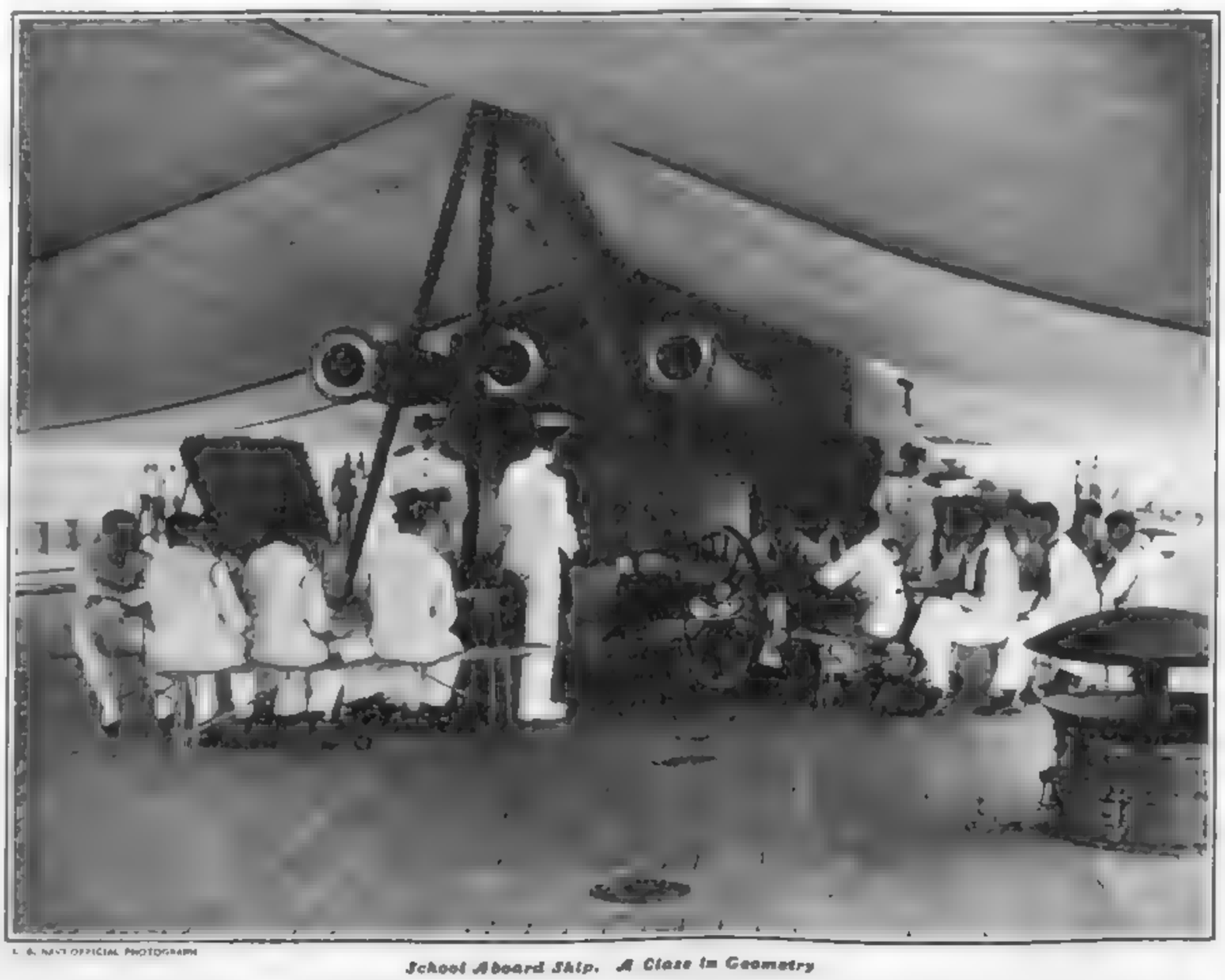
Good Food and Healthful Sports

THE ambition of every commander is to have a happy ship. The more contented and satisfied the crew the greater is their individual worth and collective efficiency. If in that ship the sailor finds comfortable quarters, good food, just and considerate treatment, provisions for recreation and means for education and advancement, he does not mind hard work or resent strict discipline. He develops a spirit of loyalty and devotion to duty which meets hardships with a smile and faces danger unflinchingly.

That is the spirit which wins battles, and it is essential to every fighting organization. That is what we mean by "morale," and our commanders are thoroughly alive to its importance. They vie with one another in their ambition to hold the reputation of being the liveliest ship, the happiest ship or the best home.

Good food, well cooked, is a prime essential to contentment, and it is our pride that we have the best-fed navy in the world. On the average ship the crew receives coffee as soon as hammocks are lashed and stowed and the decks cleared for the day's work. Then at 7:30 o'clock comes breakfast, with fruit, cereal, eggs, meat or beans, coffee and rolls. When pipe down goes for the midday meal the men sit down to clean-scrubbed tables; and a menu is served consisting of soup, meat, vegetables, potatoes, desserts and coffee.

On many battleships ice cream and chicken are served once or twice a week, sometimes daily, while pie becomes a frequent dessert. The average crew is a severe critic of the mess and commissary stewards, and forces ship's cooks to put forth their best efforts. There is no more popular individual on board than a good steward. On one occasion when a flagship's quarters were being decorated with evergreen signs of Merry Christmas and Peace on Earth some facetious sailors put up one printed in bold letters: God Bless Our Commissary Steward.



U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

School Aboard Ship. A Class in Geometry

Certain ships produce side lines to the mess which are popular with their crews. One vessel that carries on a program of ship's nights of vaudeville, boxing and wrestling, entertains visiting officers and men with sandwiches and coffee or lemonade. Another crew which gives a series of dances invariably provides ice cream, cake and soft punch. On still another, where it is the custom to collect a fund ranging from $800 to $1000 for Christmas presents for poor children, the enlisted men entertain their little guests with an elaborate turkey dinner.

Sailors take the greatest interest in manly sports, and the rivalry between ships is as keen as it is between schools and colleges. Programs of boat races, baseball and football games and boxing championships are arranged by the fleet, but the heart of athletics lies in the individual ship. One excels in rowing, another in boxing, a third in football or baseball. Football is naturally attractive to the active young seaman, and the Navy has developed a number of excellent teams. But, after all, baseball is the favorite sport, and every big ship has its team. Guantánamo is an ideal place for the national game. Even in January the tropical sun shines down on the long series of diamonds with such warmth that baseball becomes the almost daily program for a large number of teams. And on a Saturday afternoon the cheers from a thousand throats of white-uniformed men show an enthusiasm that rivals that of our largest schools and colleges.

The Navy takes part in a large variety of sports; not only all kinds of ball games and boxing, but rowing, sailing, swimming, golf, tennis and trap shooting. On many ships daily setting-up exercises are compulsory and in warm weather swimming becomes a part of the ship's routine. Much attention is devoted to athletics, which are necessary to keep men in prime physical condition, clean limbed, agile and mentally alert. Our navy teams measured lances with the greatest athletes at the Olympic games last year and won high honors, the naval-academy eight winning the world's rowing championship in record time.

Opportunities for the Ambitious

JUST as a large group of the American public takes its recreation in motion-picture theaters, so the vast majority of our men find entertainment in the movies. Each ship is equipped with a machine and an operator. The Navy has its own motion-picture exchange, and two large supply bases of reels have been established on the east and west coasts. As a bluejacket audience is probably the most critical in existence, they demand up-to-date releases, plays and feature films, presenting the best-known actors. When the Atlantic and Pacific fleets went south in January they carried the latest productions, and while these were being shown in Washington, Philadelphia and New York our sailors in Panama, Peru and in the Pacific were watching and applauding the same scenes.

Now and then ships give elaborate entertainments—smokers, boxing contests, vaudeville shows, and even plays and comic operas, to which hundreds of guests are invited. Last year one of our ships trained a cast for three months in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, constructed scenery and developed lighting effects for seven scenes, and after the first night on the ship repeated the production at a Broadway theater.

Sailors love to read. Each ship has its library, and on the latest battleships, as well as some of the older ones, rooms seating 100 men are provided for reading and letter writing. The crew of one ship spent $300 in making its reading room comfortable and homelike, and an additional $320 in providing magazines. Every vessel in the Navy and every shore establishment, including isolated radio stations, receives magazines, the list being selected by the men themselves. The crew's library is open ordinarily every day and circulates on certain ships as high as 800 books and on certain stations as high as 3000 books a month. Technical works, entertaining fiction, history and books on travel are the favorites.

The increased interest in reading and study is as marked as the improvement in engineering and ordnance. The sailor of to-day loves sports and liberty as did his predecessor of the age of sailing craft, but many of them allow no recreation to crowd out the reading and study which lead to promotion. Ambition takes the country boy from the farm and sends him to college. Ambition sends the sailor to technical books which lead to advancement.

Aboard ship the men find not only opportunities to study but encouragement to make the most of themselves. The entire educational system of the Navy is designed to train men not only for the particular duties they are to perform but also to fit them so far as practicable for the trade or profession they may select.

No work which is not absolutely essential is permitted on Sundays. There is a tradition that many years ago when chaplains were few, Sunday was clean-up day. Now there is a chaplain on each big ship, and the summons to service Sunday morning recalls the village church bell in the home far away. It is the quiet hour, and the songs and the sermon appeal to spiritual wants. I recall, as one of the best memories of a week on a dreadnought last summer, the earnest chaplain, whose association and comradeship were as helpful as his sermons were inspiring. The boys love their sky pilot, as they familiarly call a chaplain

(Continued on Page 78)

The rug on the floor is Pattern No. 862, an old blue pattern with overall design of autumn browns. In the 7½ x 9 feet size the price is only $11.85.

"DON'T you like this little home of Helen's? She has such a happy knack of making everything look as if it just belongs where it is. This rug is lovely—it sets off the whole room."

IT is a joy to know that everyone admires your home and that you achieved its charm and still kept well within the bounds of economy.

Remember how you priced rug after rug, and thought you never would be able to find anything attractive at the price you could afford to pay? And then you discovered Congoleum—and among the many patterns you found the very one that just seemed *made* for your living room—and you saved about half of the money you had decided to spend.

And not only are *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs a good investment from a standpoint of money-saving but they're such wonderful time and labor savers. A light going-over with a mop leaves the smooth, waterproof surface fresh and clean and bright—and it's done in a few minutes.

They are so easy to lay, too! No tacks or fastenings of any kind—yet they lie perfectly flat without kicking or curling up.

The following table giving popular sizes and prices will prove to you just how economical these durable, sanitary rugs are. Among the variety of patterns you will find suitable styles for every room in your home.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

1½ x 3	feet	$ .80	6 x 9	feet	$ 9.75
3 x 3	feet	1.60	7½ x 9	feet	11.85
3 x 4½	feet	2.40	9 x 10½	feet	16.60
3 x 6	feet	3.20	9 x 12	feet	19.00

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice

Remember the Gold Seal identifies the one and only grade of Congoleum made.

Write our nearest office for copy of booklet, "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes."

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco
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GOLD SEAL
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ART-RUGS

Look for the Gold Seal

When we placed this liberal pledge, "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back," on every one of these durable, charming rugs, we meant exactly what we said. If you are not satisfied we will give you back your money through your dealer.

How Children Do Like Balloons!

Youngsters certainly get a world of fun from Toy Balloons. There is *something* about a balloon which has an irresistible appeal to children, and very often to grown-ups also. The cost is trivial but the pleasure the child gets is tremendous. Make the children in your home just dance with delight by securing from your dealer a package or two of Faultless Toy Balloons.

Get your first package TODAY.

If they are not on sale in your community, we will supply you direct from the factory (SEE BELOW).

DEALERS

Faultless Balloon Packages are rapid-turning merchandise. They attract the best class of trade. Write for information about this *Faultless Sanitary Package Plan* of selling fine quality Toy Balloons.

SALESMEN

We have a limited number of openings for real live salesmen who can qualify to sell our Balloon and Toy Lines.

CLEAN Balloons

Untouched from the Factory to Your Child

The **Faultless Sanitary Sealed Package** positively insures the delivery of CLEAN balloons to your child. Faultless Balloons are made, packed and *sealed* under most sanitary conditions. No hand then touches them until your child breaks open the package and takes out these CLEAN, safe-to-play-with balloons.

Faultless Toy Balloons are the finest quality that can be made. Some are equipped with the Faultless Patented Closing Valve which makes it easy to inflate and deflate the balloons at will. Colors are brilliant, fast and non-poisonous. Each Faultless Sanitary Sealed Package contains a well-varied assortment which represents MORE BALLOONS FOR THE MONEY than the same amount will purchase in single balloons. Packages retail for 10c and 25c.

We recommend the larger 25c package because it contains the very best balloons we make. It represents the greatest quarter's worth of fun you can buy for your children.

Faultless Sanitary Balloon Packages are sold by leading merchants and dealers everywhere, but if you cannot find them in your locality we shall be glad to supply trial packages, either the 25c or 10c size, upon receipt of price. Remit in American coin or stamps and be sure to write name and address plainly.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY *(Ashland Rubber Works)* Ashland, Ohio, U. S. A.

RUBBER TOYS

We also manufacture a de luxe line of artistically designed, well-made, high quality Rubber Toys, Rubber Dolls, Rubber Animals, etc. Single pieces retailing at 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.50; Assortment Packages at 25c, 50c, $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00.

WHAT'S COMING?

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE fellow who fails to look ahead soon finds himself behind. If there ever was a time when we needed to see into the future, that day is now. These are troublous times, and much hard work and many misfortunes will be eliminated by correctly foreseeing events. If the coming years hold promise and hope for civilization, it is especially desirable to forecast that fact, for it is true that the things which we most foretell soonest come to pass. Calamity frequently follows dire forebodings, while optimism is the forerunner of prosperity. If the majority of the people of two nations say and believe that a war between the two countries is inevitable, let no one doubt the conflict will one day occur.

Too many people fail to appreciate in full the consequences of idle talk. Too many writers present conclusions without first giving careful consideration to the facts. Original thinking would be greatly stimulated if the press to-day gave more problems and fewer answers. The readers of a nation would be better off if they were asked more often merely to analyze concrete statements pro and con and then draw their own conclusions from the data presented.

One good way to get a wrong slant on a problem is to look at it only through the other fellow's eyes. Another way to get a false impression is to get so close to a thing you can't see its true proportions. That's why people who keep their eyes glued to a stock ticker in Wall Street seldom make money.

If we would intelligently forecast the coming advances of civilization, it is essential that our past rate of progress be clear in our minds. It was only about a century ago that a worthy citizen of Pennsylvania accidentally discovered that a certain black rock which we now call anthracite could be burned in a grate as a substitute for wood. It was but a little while before this that James Watt, the Scottish engineer, invented the condensing steam engine. It was only sixty-six years ago that Henry Bessemer perfected his process which revolutionized the steel industry by making it easily possible to eliminate the carbon and silicon from pig iron. Morse constructed the first practical working telegraph in 1832. Most of the inventors who contributed important ideas to the development of the telephone are still alive, and millions of people can remember when the first telephones came into use. Up until 1855 American homes procured their light from sperm oil. Not even gas for lighting was introduced until 1875, and it was only about twenty years ago that electricity and gas mantles actually overcame the supremacy of the kerosene lamp.

At the Edge of the Future

THE cotton gin has been in general use throughout the world for only a little more than a century, while even the cylinder printing press, which at the very commencement was ten times as efficient as the old-fashioned hand press, was a nineteenth-century invention. The first coke furnace for making steel here in the United States was started in blast only seventy-one years ago. At the commencement of the last century practically all our paper was made out of rags. Efforts to make paper from wood pulp in this country were not successful until fifty years ago. At this time a newspaper cost fourteen cents, and the wood pulp sold for eight cents a pound. Later the methods of manufacture were improved, and the price of wood pulp got down to one cent a pound, which brought newspapers down to a penny apiece.

The young man whose invention is enabling the development of wireless telephony to encompass the world landed in the United States, the unknown son of a Swedish professor, only twenty years ago. Automobile manufacture, spoken of as the second greatest industry of the nation, really only commenced eighteen years ago. The fellow who finally found a cheap and practical way to sterilize the water supplies of American cities didn't even start his first experiment until 1907. Though radium, the metal of mystery, was discovered by accident twenty-five years ago, it was only nine years ago that the first important radium operations in the United States were commenced. Another mystery of science is the X ray, and though Röntgen's discovery of this marvel dates back more than fifty years, the practical application of the X ray in medicine and industry is actually a development of the last decade. It was only seventy-six years ago that Charles Goodyear accidentally discovered the secret of vulcanizing rubber by dropping his compound of sulphur and gum on a red-hot stove.

We might continue and show that the airplane, the motion picture, the electric furnace and dozens of other marvelous inventions have all been developed within a score of years. Lockyer discovered and mapped a yellow line in the spectrum of the sun fifty-two years ago, but it was not until the urgency of war demanded an uninflammable gas for airships that our scientists really got busy and found a way to produce helium in quantity—the gaseous substance that Lockyer had discovered a half century before. All of this serves as a striking reminder that scientific developments which have radically changed our mode of living are products of the last generation or two. The more tools we have to work with, the faster we advance. The higher our education, the more rapid humanity's progress. What we have done in a century is a criterion of future accomplishment. Right now we are at the edge of the future. All that we can plainly see are

"I Landed Some Big Pollocks, but Some Good Ones Got Away"

conditions as they exist to-day. The questions arise: What nations are going to lead in the future development of the world? What will be our mode of life a generation hence? How shall we travel? What form of energy will we use? Shall we tap new sources of supplies of raw materials, and what will they be? Will the average term of life be lengthened by advances in medical science, or will it be shortened by the speed at which we will live? The only way we can judge the likely winners of a long-distance race is by past performance and present position of the contestants. It is essential, therefore, that before we look into the future we examine the international situation of the present day. In order clearly to see and understand existing fundamentals of world commerce and industry we must try to eliminate hysteria, prejudice and snap judgment.

Assuming that the vital raw materials of the present time will continue to be the chief essentials in the world's industrial progress for some years to come, it follows that we may gain light on the subject of the near future by investigating the national or geographical distribution of such important resources as the fuels, metals, timber, rubber, cotton, and the like. The world's total coal resources amount to more than 7,000,000,000,000 tons. Three-sevenths of all the probable coal in the world lies in the United States; Canada has one-seventh, China nearly one-seventh; and Great Britain one-fortieth of the total. Before the war Germany had one-seventeenth of the world's coal, but she has lost a part of her resources. The United States produces upward of one-half the coal output of the world, and this alone insures America a high place industrially among the nations of the earth.

Other Natural Resources

OF EQUAL importance with coal is oil. There are many who believe that the nation that rules petroleum ten years from now will actually rule the world. At the present time the United States is producing 60 per cent of the world's petroleum, but already our home consumption has caught up with our domestic production. In fact, the statistics of the past two years appear to indicate that our consumption of oil is exceeding our output. Although all the other nations of the world combined produce less than two-thirds as much oil as the United States, the disturbing truth is that whereas our petroleum supplies will probably last no more than twenty years, the reserves of foreign countries are good for more than a century. British prophets have predicted that within a decade America will be buying four or five hundred million barrels of oil a year from British companies in order to supply our needs.

Iron and its products are the most widely used of all metals. In fact, the yearly production of pig iron amounts to more than 90 per cent of the total output of all the metals produced in the world. The annual production of iron ore is fast approaching the 200,000,000-ton mark. Before the war the four great iron-producing countries were the United States, Germany, France and Great Britain. The United States produces about 45 per cent of the world's output of iron ore, while the British Empire produces about 12 per cent of the total. Before the war France produced about 11 per cent of the world's iron, while Germany produced 27 per cent. In other words, in 1913 the Teutons produced more iron ore than the British Empire and France combined. However, 80 per cent of the German production came from the fields in Lorraine, and now these mines are in the possession of France. Whereas Germany once controlled 16 per cent of the world's iron-ore resources, and France controlled 14 per cent, the latter now controls 24 per cent, while Germany holds but 6 per cent. Brazil's immense iron-ore deposits are here ignored because of the lack of definite information concerning them.

The two greatest iron-producing regions on earth are the Lake Superior district in the United States and the Lorraine district now in France. Eighty per cent of the iron produced in the United States comes from the Lake Superior region, while the same percentage of France's production comes from Lorraine. It is quite evident, therefore, that in the future, though the United States will likely continue to lead in the production of iron, France will come along as a close second. It is for this reason more than anything else that many people believe France will become the dominant nation of Continental Europe. Right here it may be mentioned that Spain holds 6 per cent of the world's iron and Russia 5 per cent.

Next to iron as an important industrial asset comes copper. The United States stands preëminent as a producer of this metal, as our output is now approximately 60 per cent of the world's total production of copper. Our output of the metal is greater than that of all other nations combined. We rank in copper as do the British in gold, the Russians in platinum and the Chileans in nitrate. The annual world output of copper has increased at the average rate of about 8 per cent during the past decade. Territorially, we control about 60 per cent of the world's copper, the British 9 per cent, Japan 8 per cent and Chile 5 per cent. Financially, we control 70 per cent of all the copper in the world, while the British control 13 per cent and the Germans 6 per cent. There is every reason to believe that the United States will continue to maintain its present dominant position in copper.

We also hold a safe position in the ownership and production of lead, silver, tungsten, sulphur and perhaps mercury. However, Great Britain is a close second in the race for mineral supremacy. The British are now dominant in the production of gold, having an output of this precious metal greater than that of all other nations combined. The Britishers are also dominant in nickel, tin, tungsten and asbestos, so far as territorial control is concerned. Financially, the United States controls about 50 per cent of the production of nickel, but territorially we have practically none at all. The United States is also sadly lacking in graphite. We are likewise deficient in tin, manganese, potash and platinum. The Germans still hold one trump card in the form of the mineral potash, which is mined near Stassfurt. France gets a small amount of potash in Alsace, but the Germans retain control of at least 93 per cent of the world's known potash deposits. In the matter of platinum, which is found almost entirely in Russia, the French exercised financial control over three-fourths of the Russian platinum production prior to the war. Just where control of platinum will rest in the future is problematical.

Though timber is hardly as important as coal or oil or iron, a nation without a plentiful supply of workable wood would be greatly handicapped in its industrial advance. One investigator points out that of the 276,000 manufacturing establishments in the United States a fifth of them—55,200—must have wood or go out of business for want of a necessary primary material. These wood-using establishments employ about 1,200,000 workers, which makes it plain that much thought must be given to the conservation of our timber resources.

Our original supply of timber in the United States amounted to something like 5,500,000,000,000 feet. This original supply has been reduced to approximately one-half of what we started with. Even after counting in the present annual natural growth of timber in the country, which is said to be 30,000,000,000 feet, we find that we are using about 40,000,000,000 more feet of timber each year in the United States than is being grown. In other words, at the present rate of production and consumption our reserve timber will last us for only seventy years, even assuming that there is no increase in our consumption.

The European nations are now growing timber as a long-time crop, and we must do the same at once or we shall later pay dearly for our neglect. Some people have pointed out that 250,000,000 cars would be required to carry all the lumber that could still be cut from the trees of Washington and Oregon. However, we get a different impression when we remember that seventy-five years are required to grow a fir tree sixteen inches in diameter.

Markets for Our Surplus

THOUGH rubber has been a useful and important substance ever since 1772, when Priestley, the Englishman, found that the strange material would remove pencil marks from paper, the value of rubber was augmented a hundredfold or more with the advent of the automobile. In the matter of rubber the United States territorially is a dependent nation. About five-sixths of the world's present output of crude rubber now comes from the plantations of the Far East. Of this total output the British colonies turn out approximately 80 per cent, or nearly 68 per cent of the total production of the world. The United States consumes three-fourths of the world's production of rubber and controls less than 5 per cent of the sources of supply. We might grow it in the Philippines, but the industry there has never been encouraged. The world's rubber consumption has increased nearly 400 per cent in a decade. Here in the United States in 1913 we were producing only about 6,000,000 tires for motor vehicles a year. To-day the country's motor vehicles require at least 40,000,000 tires annually, which at an average value of twenty-five dollars a tire would have a total value of $1,000,000,000.

Cotton is another material which is largely responsible for America's preëminence in the production of essential raw materials. We produce between 55 and 60 per cent of the world's total cotton crop of approximately 30,000,000 bales annually. India ranks second as a cotton producer, with 5,000,000 bales, and Egypt comes third with about 1,250,000 bales. Although we wear the crown as a producer of cotton, supremacy in manufacture rests with the British. They have about 56,000,000 spindles, while we have something like 34,000,000. The British investment in cotton mills is half again as large as our own, while the value of the cotton products manufactured in Europe totals $3,000,000,000 as compared with $1,000,000,000 here in the United States.

Although the United States is the greatest producer of manufactured articles, the nation, nevertheless, is an agricultural country. Last year our wheat production, totaling 787,000,000 bushels, was twice as great as was raised by any other country. Before the war Russia led the world in wheat production. Such figures as are available seem to indicate that wheat growing in Russia has been cut in half, while the output in the United States has been materially enlarged.

The only important free wheat markets in the world today are those of the United States and Canada, for in Europe the distressing conditions have brought governmental control of wheat and flour. All through last year Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium and other European nations purchased their wheat supplies through government agencies. This has not proved beneficial to the American market, for governmental purchasing means the entry or withdrawal of a government buyer who purchases in such large units that his going and coming cause abnormal fluctuations in prices.

The United States is also the world's greatest producer of those important staples, corn and potatoes. Our corn crop last year amounted to nearly 3,250,000,000 bushels, while our production of potatoes totaled 430,458,000 bushels.

All the foregoing shows that the United States holds an enviable lead at the present time in the production of life's chief essentials. But that very position brings its accompanying problems, for when a nation has built up a productive capacity greater than is necessary to supply its own needs its future prosperity depends largely on the ability of foreign nations to purchase and pay for the surplus supplies.

As far as the general situation in Europe is concerned, the views of intelligent investigators are conflicting. There are those who claim that the world's business at present has no directing head. As a result, there is no effective system of distribution. On one hand are nations with a surplus of raw materials and manufactures, while on the other are nations in dire want of these same commodities, but without means to procure them. When economy and productive effort on the part of every individual should be the order of the day, money is still being poured out for war and unemployment is widespread.

Some of Europe's Problems

ONE prominent economist predicts that by 1924 Europe's debt to the United States will have reached the staggering proportions of $20,000,000,000. A reflection of present European conditions may be gathered from the fact that in 1919 our exports of meat and dairy products totaled $1,000,000,000, while last year the total was approximately one-half that amount. Likewise cotton exports recorded a falling off last year of more than 150,000,000 pounds.

Of all European countries, none is in such a desperate situation as Austria. The population has declined to 6,000,000 and the government has practically collapsed. Austrian money has declined to one one-hundredth of its prewar value, and the country is shut off from its supply of coal and wheat by tariffs and the lack of anything to buy with. The railroads of Southeastern Europe have broken down, and there are few signs at the present time of any betterment in the situation.

Conditions in Czecho-Slovakia are more promising, but an industrial revival is hampered by a lack of coal. The mines were gutted during the war, and the work of putting them in shape again has been halted pending a decision as to whether or not the mining industry shall be socialized. About 750,000 acres of land from big estates have been divided among the peasants. But very little of this land is under cultivation due to errors made by officials in charge of the distribution. Thus are the mines and lands of certain parts of Europe left unproductive because of political uncertainties.

France has entered upon the work of regaining a normal industrial situation cheerfully and courageously. The population of France was reduced 4,000,000 during the war. The country has already paid $150,000,000 on her debt to the United States. The production of coal in France is increasing, but the price of fuel remains abnormally high, and this tends to hold up the cost of manufacture. Unemployment is rife.

Great Britain has endless problems that cannot be solved in a day. British commodity prices, like those of other countries, have declined materially. The drop in the index number during the last eight months of 1920 was from 266 to 207. The housing shortage in the United Kingdom now totals 1,000,000.

Unemployment in Great Britain has reached a stage more serious than that existing in either the United States or France. Labor leaders are opposing all suggestions for a drop in wages, while the workers themselves are showing an increasing willingness to accept reductions. British foreign-trade plans are assuming colossal proportions, and the nation's leaders are planning to regain world leadership in overseas business. British industry is launching an extensive research campaign to develop cheaper and better manufacturing methods. Millions have been subscribed by the government and private interests to finance a five-year period of investigation. The British will

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The World's Greatest Tribute to Dependability

Cadillac Sales in the Last Three Years Were Nearly One-Third Greater Than the Combined Sales of the Eleven Other American Makes Listed at the Cadillac Price and Higher

It has been our pleasant privilege to share with the public the many splendid tributes that have been paid to Cadillac since the beginning.

We have taken a just pride in the long succession of official and popular testimonials to the Cadillac's engineering excellence, its fine mechanical construction and its dependable performance.

Our friends the world over have rejoiced with us in celebrating the remarkable honors that have been conferred on Cadillac, particularly during the last three years.

Cadillac owners would be less than human if they did not partake of our sense of satisfaction over the appointment of Cadillac as the Standard Seven Passenger Car of the United States Army—the greatest official tribute ever paid to any automobile.

And Americans in general shared our pride in the most recent compliment to Cadillac—its characterization by a noted English motor authority who said that it "approaches the ideal [of perfection] as closely as any other car on the market today, regardless of price or size."

But, impressive and significant as these testimonials are, we feel that a *more* impressive and *more* significant tribute has been paid to the Cadillac during the last three years, by the world's buyers of high-grade motor cars.

Of the twelve makes of automobiles selling at the Cadillac price and higher, Cadillac was chosen by one-third more people than all the eleven others combined.

What these figures would have been had we been able to manufacture all the Cadillac cars the world wanted, is merely conjectural.

It is a well-known fact that many persons who wanted Cadillacs bought some other make of car because they could not get a prompt delivery of a Cadillac.

The fact is that when it was possible to get a Cadillac, nothing else would suffice; the public was unwilling to accept any substitute for Cadillac dependability.

This was strikingly exemplified during the last three months of 1920, when our production began to approximate the demand.

During those three months, Cadillac sales leaped to a figure 43% greater than the eleven other makes combined.

We are grateful to the public for this unparalleled tribute to Cadillac, and we are fully conscious of the responsibility which it entails.

We pledge ourselves again to go on building, better and better, a Cadillac that can be depended upon to do all the things an automobile is intended to do; do them better than any other car, regardless of price or size; and continue to do them for a longer period, without any nursing, coaxing or petting.

It is our resolve to continue to build the Cadillac in such manner that it shall grow more and more worthy of the wonderful allegiance of Cadillac owners.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

C A D I L L A C

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undoubtedly be the powerful trade rivals of America. The British birth rate for 1920 was the highest in the decade, and the death rate the lowest ever recorded.

As one investigator says, "Germany is still a perfect industrial machine, running at low speed, it is true, but undamaged as yet in its vital parts, and would respond readily to any stimulus."

Many German commodities are finding their way into foreign markets in fairly large quantities at prices considerably below those of domestic manufacture. Last year the sales of German toys in England amounted to more than $9,000,000. German dyes are being offered in England for a shilling a pound that the British dye makers cannot produce for less than four shillings a pound.

German salesmen are busy in many countries, and this is particularly true of the republics in South America. The League of German-Brazilian Firms, with headquarters at Rio de Janeiro, has resumed its suspended activities. The Far East is receiving a steady stream of German goods, and the Japanese dye industries are much alarmed. A foreign-trade bureau established by the German Government is active, as well as the newly formed Association of German Export Firms. The Russian field is being carefully studied by the Teutons, who are looking to Russia to supply their serious lack of raw materials. Germany needs copper and cotton from the United States, rubber from Brazil, hides and skins from Asia and South America, nitrates from Chile and zinc from the British colonies. She certainly cannot purchase and pay for these raw materials unless she is permitted to export her manufactured goods.

Italy is occupied largely with labor troubles, and is busy trying to work out a satisfactory industrial plan. The workers are insisting that they be given power to dismiss and engage workmen. The employers are opposing interference by workers in the financial departments of the industries. Summed up, Italy has a labor problem that few nations need envy.

Poland is making small headway in the task of reconstruction. Her industries are operating at about 40 per cent normal. Switzerland is suffering from unemployment like the rest of Europe. The government has been forced to bar out foreign labor. Swiss workers are closely organized. In 1919 the little country experienced 233 strikes and four lockouts. The workers won wage increases totaling more than 70,000,000 francs. The strikes involved wage losses of 4,000,000 francs and the payment of nearly 2,000,000 francs in strike benefits. Swiss workers are standing out against wage reduction.

The trade of the Netherlands in 1920 not only held its own in comparison with the extraordinary record of the previous year, but it showed a substantial increase in both imports and exports. The Netherlands should provide a fairly safe market for American goods.

Prosperity in the Far East

EUROPE now knows that the only remedy for six years of war, destruction and nonproduction is labor and thrift. The principal countries of Europe are making progress toward an industrial recovery. Great Britain practically doubled the value of her exports during 1920 as compared with the year preceding. In 1919 France's exports were only one-third of her imports, while in 1920 her exports had increased to two-thirds of her imports. Comparing last year with the year before, Belgium showed a phenomenal increase of approximately 500 per cent in exports. On the other hand, the people of Central Europe and Russia are gradually sinking to a low standard of living. Only time, patience and energy can succeed in building up the normal processes of business in many of the European countries. Until this is brought about by wise and helpful action on the part of leaders in the more fortunate countries, the world as a whole can experience no great forward advance of a permanent character.

Like Europe, the rest of the world is suffering from unemployment and hard times. Japan's unfavorable trade balance for 1920 amounted to nearly 400,000,000 yen, as compared with only 74,000,000 yen in 1919. The country's gold imports were practically equal to the nation's unfavorable balance of trade. If there is improvement in Japan's industrial and financial situation this year the forward progress will likely be very slow.

The Dutch East Indies is the most prosperous section of the Far East. The Netherlands officials appear to have exercised good judgment in the management of their far-off possessions. Business in Java is particularly good. Most people do not realize that Java is one of the most thickly populated areas in the world. Although the island is only about 600 miles long and 120 miles wide, it has a population of more than 40,000,000, or an average of almost 800 persons to the square mile. The representatives sent from Holland to the Far East are carefully selected individuals, and Dutch efficiency is evident everywhere.

The economic ascendancy to which the United States rose in South America during the war is slowly but surely waning. Definite influences are working against America, and the South Americans are again turning to Europe as a trade center. The high rate of exchange against the Latin republics is the greatest source of irritation to our southern neighbors. Suspicion concerning our international intentions still prevails in South America. The people appear to have forgotten our action with respect to Cuba, but remember the course we pursued in dealing with Colombia in the Panama matter. In judging South America we must not forget that large European colonies have been built up in a number of the republics. For instance, the predominating population in the southern part of Brazil is German. Such sections are at least mildly anti-American. In other countries, like Argentina, the industries of the nation are largely controlled by European capitalists, and if for no other than trade reasons the agents of these controlling interests busily disseminate propaganda that is pro-European. South America is rich in raw materials. Her future is bright, and America has much to gain by putting forth every possible effort to cultivate friendly relations with the republics to our south.

Before we can look ahead and intelligently estimate our own future it is of course necessary that we examine our domestic problems, which just now are not easy to analyze. Without lengthy discussion or comment, let us briefly set down a few important facts which bear on the economic situation here at home. It was reported that America and her allies won the war. However, it is becoming plainer each day that we didn't win the war, but, as one writer said, "We are buying it on the installment plan."

One day America will find out that the war has cost her more than she ever dreamed. We have no devastated areas to reclaim or razed towns that must be rebuilt, but for several years we have shipped the products of our mines, our farms and our factories overseas, receiving in return nothing more valuable than promises to pay from impecunious creditors, who, of course, will settle the bills some day so far in the future that the present generation in this country may receive no benefit.

Our European Debtors

THE wealth we obtained in our war trade was far from real. We have sent to Europe enormous supplies of valuable commodities and received no tangible form of wealth in return. The United States came out of the war nominally a creditor of many honest but indigent debtors, but we are now discovering that these debts mean very little on the asset side to the American business man of the present time.

Never in history has any nation been so financially isolated as America is to-day. Never before has any country become such a world-wide creditor of other peoples. In the past, when the United States was compelled to liquidate, she could do so with the help of others. In years gone by, if we needed cash for any business emergency, we could secure the funds in some other land. Now we own practically all our own securities, and should there be need we can depend upon no supporting demand from any other nation. Though it is true that America emerged from the war in better shape than any other nation, for we are the only country in the world now on a solid gold basis, it is also a fact that our economic situation, so far as the future is concerned, is far less favorable than we ourselves or other peoples suppose.

When we entered the war our public debt was only a little more than $1,000,000,000, or about $11.33 per capita. To-day our debt is nearly $25,000,000,000, or about $230 per capita. Our debt charges per capita in 1913 were only twenty-two cents, while to-day they are more than sixteen dollars. Of our gross debt, nearly $10,000,000,000 is due us from the Allies. One thing every American citizen should do is to sit down and figure out just what it would mean to him personally if the Government of the United States should be persuaded eventually to cancel Europe's war debts to us. Only a little investigation will show that the cancellation of this debt would add $100 to each American citizen's portion of the United States public debt. In other words, if we should agree to annul Europe's obligation to us, such action on our part would cost an American family of five people $500, and all other families would be taxed in proportion.

The United States is now in the position of the fellow who had the wolf by the ears and could neither let go nor hold on. If we extend further help to Europe we only add to the debt owed us. If we don't lend aid to the foreigners they may be unable to get on their feet again, and we may lose all that we have so far advanced them. It is a situation that requires great wisdom in handling.

Neither here nor abroad is there any substitute for work or production. For two years following the war this country, as well as other nations, preached deflation and practiced inflation. The fundamental that must be recognized first is that the world is not suffering from overproduction, but from underconsumption. Deflation does not necessarily imply a reduction in output. The only way out lies in setting every idle individual in the world to work. It is further necessary that some way be found to divert all our productive energy into turning out things that are useful. Here and elsewhere no less than one-fifth of the national revenue is being expended on armaments, not to mention other war charges.

Gold is a problem of much concern to the United States, because every effort is being made to keep this country strictly on a sound gold basis. Here and elsewhere the yellow metal has been largely withdrawn from general circulation. At the close of last year the world's banks and government offices showed an increase of more than $3,000,000,000, or about 97 per cent in their gold holdings, as compared with what they were in 1913. The largest increases in gold holdings have occurred in the United States, England and Japan.

The world's production of gold has dropped from $468,725,000 in 1915 to $339,400,000 in 1920. The United States production of gold in 1915 amounted to $101,036,000; in 1920 the United States production totaled only $49,509,000. The United States monetary stock of gold in 1915 totaled $2,299,454,000; in 1920 our gold stock amounted to $2,761,339,000. The world's paper-money circulation at the commencement of the war totaled $7,527,000,000, while at the close of last year the world's paper money, exclusive of $34,000,000,000 Bolshevik currency, amounted to $81,596,000,000. During 1920 the United States imported $330,760,000 in gold from Europe, further depleting the already weakened gold reserves of the foreign nations and thereby lessening their purchasing power in our markets.

Total stock and bond issues in the United States for the year 1920 amounted to $3,324,922,000, against $2,944,958,000 in 1919. Industrial corporations were the largest borrowers. Less than 7 per cent of the total amount of capital issued was for the purpose of refunding maturing issues. A large part of the new capital was used to carry inventories, which during last year were at high peaks. The slowing down of industry and the fall in commodity prices have lessened the demand for new capital, and it seems certain that there will be a material drop in industrial loans this year. This is an extremely favorable prospect. On the other hand, the United States now faces an estimated total deficit for some time to come of about $2,000,000,000 a year. Since there appears to be no practical way to increase our income greatly, the Government must decide that the only way out is substantially to reduce appropriations and expenditures.

The value of crops and farm-animal products in the United States last year totaled nearly $20,000,000,000, or more than $5,000,000,000 below the value of the same products in 1919. The decline in the value of the corn crop last year was $1,662,000,000 as compared with the preceding year. Only ten crops gained in value, among which were oranges and sugar beets. The average of farm wages in the United States in 1920 was the highest ever attained. The average wage rate for labor hired by the month was $46.89 with board and $64.95 without board. Day labor at harvest averaged $3.60 with board and $4.36 without board. Our agricultural exports last year decreased more than $250,000,000 as compared with 1919. The unfortunate thing about the agricultural situation in the United States in 1920 is the probability that the low prices for grains, cotton, and the like, will tend to create a low record this year in agricultural lands planted to staple products. This is just what we don't want, but it is difficult to see how such a result can be prevented.

The Low Incomes of Farmers

A PROSPEROUS farming industry in the United States is the chief essential to national success. Many people living in cities talk of the huge profits realized by farmers. If this were true there would not have been such a decided drift in recent years from the rural communities to the large cities. Government figures show that on 8712 farms located in twenty-eight representative districts in the United States the labor income from 1914 to 1918 averaged less than $500 a year, the lowest amounting to $49, or less than the average weekly wage now paid an ordinary worker in dozens of other basic industries. Notwithstanding the fact that the farmer gets shelter and a large part of his food and fuel in addition to his cash income of $500 yearly, the amount he receives in money is a comparatively small sum with which to purchase household conveniences, medical care, education, recreation and other everyday life necessities.

The high cost of living in recent years has been due more to other causes than to excessive prices for farm products. The one sure way to get a correct slant on farming is to go out and buy a few acres of tillable soil and then try to get rich on the products thereof.

Pages might be consumed in merely stating a few details concerning a number of our important national problems. We have a delicate housing situation. More than 1,250,000 new homes are needed right now in the United States. Only 70,000 residences were built in 1919, and the best estimates indicate that no greater number were erected last year. In order to take care of our normal growth of population we should have at least 400,000 new family dwellings every twelve months. In this matter of

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19 HOURS *of Perfect* COOKING *or* BAKING *Heat from* ONE GALLON *of Fuel*

THINK of the tremendous amount of cooking you could do on one burner if you started at 5 o'clock tomorrow morning and worked continuously until midnight. That's 19 hours—the length of service given from one gallon of fuel in this all-year-'round oil stove.

The Red Star Burner is a *scientific* device made of grey annealed iron. Weighs 8½ lbs. Makes gas *automatically*, from kerosene, gasoline or distillate. Burns it like a gas range.

Gives two rings of flame, directly underneath the cooking utensil. Then the burner gets red hot, adding this even *metal* heat.

And remember this: The Red Star Burner cooks, bakes, boils, fries anything that can be done on the finest city gas range.

Sold by your leading furniture or hardware dealer. Go see a demonstration. Also write for a copy of our Red Star Book of Cooking Tests.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

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RED ★ STAR

Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

No Wicks
No Odor
No Smoke

Win!
—with the aid of Right Lighting

Deeply absorbed in the game—how little they realize the part good lighting can play. And deft as their skill may be, a dim or a glaring light will tire their eyes and dull their keenness. For light can be soothing, restful—an aid to hours of recreation—or it can destroy recreation!

In everything you do, good lighting has a part—more of a part than it usually gets credit for. It can make the evening call thoroughly enjoyable. It can add the finishing touch of hospitality and pleasure to an evening of chess, of checkers, or of cards. It can make the dancing party a wonderful success. As you work, plan, play, or entertain, make your lighting *appropriate!*

And good lighting—appropriate lighting—is mostly a matter of common-sense rather than engineering knowledge. If you will get two or three times as much light—*and then shade it better*—you will be delighted at the result. Try a few experiments with silk, cretonne, parchment and glass shades. You will find it fascinating, and the ability to get *more* lighting and, at the same time, *softer* lighting is something worth learning! You can identify the store where NATIONAL MAZDA lamps are sold, by the Blue Convenience Carton on display. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 103 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Blue Convenience Carton

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

TROUBLE WITH JOHN BULL?

By James H. Collins

YANKEES are whispering it in Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Santiago de Chile, and doubtless in Yokohama, Singapore and Batavia: That we are going to have trouble with the British.

Yankees are whispering it in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago: That the British are undermining our new merchant marine and our war-won trade; that Washington is full of British lobbyists; that American business organization is permeated by British agents; that we are surely going to have trouble with the British!

But in Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro, or wherever the British are found in business, they also whisper about "trouble with the Yankees." From London there frequently comes something approaching a shriek. Some newspaper or trade journal or titled captain of industry over there reminds Britishers that the Yankees have passed a shipping bill, or some other law bearing on international trade; that it is a fool law, really designed to further British interests; that it is a boost, not a knock; that the American Congress deserves a vote of thanks from Parliament; that were it not for such shortsighted statesmanship at Washington the Yankees would come pretty near owning the earth to-day; and so forth and so forth, ending on a suspiciously high note. You get the impression that the Britisher cares so little about the matter that he wants to shout it to the world.

Some time ago Mr. Owen Wister wrote a book, A Straight Deal, or The Ancient Grudge, in which he reviewed grounds of misunderstanding between the British and ourselves, beginning with the Revolutionary War and the hatred of Redcoats and Tories which survives in our school histories, touching upon misunderstandings of manners, viewpoint and speech and winding up with the Irish question. It is a whole-hearted little book, with good stories to illustrate the point instead of dry statistics, and it suggests that since the war there is a new basis of understanding between the British and ourselves which should forever do away with this ancient grudge.

Yet right on top of it we seem to be heading towards trouble again!

One ancient grudge seems to have escaped Mr. Wister—that which inevitably arises between salesmen on the firing line. Much of our trouble with John Bull in the past has centered on business matters—a couple of wars over taxes, trade and shipping, some boundary disputes involving valuable resources, and politics, profiteering and pin pricking during times of trouble like our Civil War.

The Friendliness of the Home Folks

PEOPLE will fight over boundaries, resources, taxes, the authority of government. But sooner or later the litigation, or war, is over and definite settlements are made. The war of the salesmen on the firing line, however, goes on perpetually. The only decision is, who got the order? Next morning competitors take the field for the next order—there is no truce in that war! That is the sort of trouble we are going to have with John Bull, and the sort of trouble he is having now with us Yankees, and it is well to understand it.

In each nation there are three classes of people involved—first, the home folks; second, the politicians; third, the sales force.

Home folks make up the great mass of both the British and American people, and just now there is notable good feeling between them, which seems likely to continue. Home folks are not politicians or promoters. They have no bias or disposition to interfere with the Irish question in Great Britain or internal affairs in America. They have nothing to sell in world markets, or if they have it is something fairly noncompetitive, like British linen or American typewriters. Home folks can afford to indulge in sentiment in these matters of nationality, applauding the Prince of Wales or the American President in movie theaters and getting a thrill out of our common Anglo-Saxon lineage.

Home folks see only an occasional Briton or Yankee, as a tourist, lecturer or a bearer of a letter of introduction, and cannot, of course, escape the magnetism of personal contact. Even though they hold vague prejudices, their personal Briton is an agreeable surprise, because he has a sense of humor, or their personal Yank does not talk through his nose, you know.

A certain New York exporter is not only outspoken in his dislike of the British but sees British perils in the commonest incidents of everyday business. Any unfavorable trend in our foreign trade is, to him, inspired from London. Every American export house, steamship line, insurance company and bank is honeycombed with British influence and British agents. Washington is largely populated with British lobbyists. He attends a world-trade conference. Various British corporations and interests are represented. Most of the representatives are Americans, however. That simply accentuates suspicion, proving to him the Briton's deep subtlety.

"Can you beat it?" he demands. "They don't send Britishers over here, but camouflage their plans behind Americans. That is the way they lull us to sleep!"

There are substantial American interests operating under the British flag—steamship companies, branch factories, mercantile organizations, plantation enterprises. Manned largely by Britons, they are still owned and operated by and pay dividends to Yankees. Does this strike him as a counter argument? Not at all—more camouflage!

Some months ago this exporter met his personal Britisher, a charming Englishwoman. She seemed to him so much wittier, better informed and better pal than any woman he had met for years that he showed her marked attention, taking pains to help her see America in the best light. Through all the entertainment and talk there was naturally considerable chaff on the subject of nationality. One night this became unusually heated. The American who originally brought them together has lived a good deal in England. He undertook to explain the exporter's attitude.

"There are two neighborhood gangs of tough little boys," he said. "One is British and the other American. They are constantly fighting. Smith belongs to the American gang. If Smith and his crowd can catch the tough little British boys in a corner and punch their heads, they do it. If the tough little British boys can catch Smith and his crowd and punch their heads, they will do it. The British gang is decidedly stronger than Smith's gang, so the Smith heads are punched oftenest. Smith dislikes the British because he is in competition with the British exporters. The kind of British he dislikes are after the same orders as himself. If they can take his coat, shirt, shoes and pants away in business and send him home in a barrel, they will do it—as they have frequently done. Apart from this, Smith rather likes the British."

"That's it!" agreed Smith.

As for the politicians, strong national feeling has long been an asset to them, and probably will be for years to come. Anti-British prejudice in this country is supposed to swing votes. Anti-American prejudice swings both votes and trade in some of the British colonies, and though there is little of it in England itself, British trade and British imperial politics go so closely hand in hand that they have direct bearing on trouble—if we are going to have trouble.

During the next few years tough little boys on the sales force, both British and Americans, will be punching each other's heads freely all over the globe. They are doing it already. Naturally there will be more or less hullabaloo from time to time, and a certain amount of animosity is bound to be stirred up. It will probably be good exercise for both gangs and beneficial in leading to closer acquaintance. Likewise it will be more or less good for business, increasing the volume for both nationalities. The main thing is to keep the well-disposed home folks in both countries from being involved in these selling squabbles.

Our Commercial Invasions

JOHN BULL lost a great deal of his world trade while he was concentrating on war and war production. Shortage of goods and ships, with other factors, are so well known that they need not be reviewed. Most of this trade was taken over by Yankees and Japanese. Insistent demand for merchandise came from South America, the Orient, Australia, South Africa, Scandinavia and the neutral European countries, and Dutch and French colonies as well as the British Empire.

At first this business was brought to our doorstep. The importers and merchants in other countries cabled their orders, cash laid down in New York, to pay for urgently needed merchandise as soon as it was aboard steamers in American ports.

Then the American salesman began to drop into these new markets and establish himself. Yankee products grew in prominence as British, German, French and Italian goods were cleared off. American automobiles replaced British and French cars as the latter grew out of date. New England cottons and woolens were substituted for those of Lancashire. American branch banks opened up beside the old British financial institutions in the Rua da Alfandega and Calle Bartolomé Mitre.

It was easy business—so easy that it began to go to Yankee heads. Taking him over as a going concern, so to speak, the newcomers got an impressive insight into John Bull's world trade. There was plenty of sympathy for his troubles, with some thought of the possibility of this trade returning to the countries that have built it up. Still, by armistice time a good many zealous Yankees had begun to regard it as permanent business. Sympathy for John Bull became associated with the notion that he was done for—could never come back. The prospect of holding this alluring business got coupled up in Yankee minds with the belief that something was due for taking care of the trade during the war. Besides, American products were clearly better for the South American and Oriental anyway.

To be frank, and a little slangy, the Yankee kidded himself along about his position in world markets, and also kidded himself about John Bull's business ability.

The Britisher's state of mind may be imagined. With his customers, branch houses, managers, salesmen, banks and investments throughout the world, yet lacking goods to sell, he saw the Yankee come in and supplant him—and in the Orient, the Japanese. With his employees and relatives fighting overseas, he became apprehensive and jumpy. Bally Yankees all about the shop everywhere, Yankee goods arriving on every steamer, Yankees dividing up his customers and assuring him that he was done for anyway. Picture it!

American Rejoicing Premature

IF WE had drawn up definite plans for dividing John Bull's business, we should have included the policy of keeping quiet about it. For, what with this talk and his war troubles and the Yankees on the spot, it was logical for him to set his heart upon winning that trade back at the earliest possible moment. Two years before the war ended he was anticipating this, and keeping his connections alive with rationed shipments of merchandise wherever it could be spared. Peace found him on the job immediately, stimulated by debt and adverse exchange. In the two years that have intervened he has put a decidedly different complexion on matters. Plans for his funeral and the winding up of his estate have been pretty generally changed—they were premature.

To say that the Britisher owns most of the business we took over during the war is not likely to make one popular with the tough little Yankee boys who took care of his customers for him. Yet it is simply stating the truth, and can be demonstrated. John Bull's customers are tied, not merely by custom and years of dealing with him but also by something stronger. Investments, for example, and credits, and outright British ownership of railroads, trolleys, gas, electric-light, telephone, telegraph and other public utility companies, with department stores and distributing houses throughout the world. These furnish outlets for British products, and purchasing is often done by British managers.

As a business man, John Bull is full of surprises. We Yankees think of him as bluff and straightforward. He thinks of himself in that way, and has as many illusions as ourselves about sterling national virtues. Actually he is no more straightforward or bluff than we are some of the disinterested international things that we think we are.

Several years ago the city of New York built a series of modern piers on the North River at a cost of twenty-two million dollars. They were the finest piers in the world at that time, and most convenient for the British steamship corporations carrying Yankee tourists to Europe. The British wanted those piers, and in their bluff, straightforward British way went after them. Suddenly the New York Sunday papers were giving interesting accounts of a proposed great ocean terminal at the extreme end of Long Island. Little old New York had outgrown its facilities for tourist travel, it was hinted, and the ocean liners were to come into a great modern terminal at Montauk Point, tourists traveling between that terminal and the city by train. The mayor and his dock commissioners became alarmed, it is said. At any rate, the new piers were leased for a rental that brings in only two per cent on the investment, leaving the city to pay four and half per cent interest on bonds issued for the project, pay off the bonds, shoulder the depreciation and keep the slips dredged to ocean-liner depth. Virtually, on a thirty-year lease to the British and French steamship companies, little old New York will subsidize them to the extent of several million dollars.

Three ships were scheduled to pick up passengers at a South American port—one British, one South American and one American liner. The South American and American steamers were to arrive Thursday, and the British ship Friday, an advantage to the earlier ships in selling passage to people who wanted to embark. The British steamship people announced that their schedule had been changed; their ship would arrive Wednesday, a day ahead of the others; and upon that announcement sold most of

the tickets. Early Wednesday morning passengers gathered at the port, which is somewhat inconveniently situated, and waited all day. No British ship appeared, and no information was volunteered by the steamship people. Finally, late in the afternoon, the British consul sent around a clerk to inform them that the vessel would not arrive until the next day. Actually she did not appear until the other ships were ready to sail, lying another night in the harbor, so the final sailing was Friday, as per original schedule.

For a good many years American packing interests had been building up trade in meat products with Germany. After the armistice prospects for extending this trade naturally looked bright. John Bull had considerable quantities of old American bacon stored away. This was shipped into Germany to counteract the demand for fresh supplies, sold direct and emphasis put upon the inferior quality of American bacon. During the war, in more than one case, inferior coal secured in the United States was delivered by British selling agents to South American concerns as a sample of the low quality of American coal.

More than fifty years ago an American started out to connect New York and Rio de Janeiro by American cable. Through the opposition of British cable interests, with a monopoly in Brazil, his enterprise was checked and delayed until American cables had been landed in every other South American country before the final connection was recently made by way of Argentina and a telegraph line across the Andes. The original promoter is dead. Recently the British cable monopoly's effort to land its lines in Florida attracted attention in the news. Pretty much all the cable communication of the world is British. Even in Porto Rico our business is transacted over British and French lines, as we have no cable of our own, nor any lines to the Orient, Africa, Australia, the Mediterranean or European countries outside of England and France. Many a Yankee doing business in other countries is handicapped by discrimination in rates and feels that advantage is taken of cable control to acquire confidential business information of great value to his competitors.

The word "propaganda" stood for many unsuspected, sneaking things during the war. Newspaper men's experience of London as a center for coloring world news goes back many years. News about John Bull's competitors in Europe, sent to ourselves, was often given subtle diplomatic and business slants until we extended our facilities for getting tidings from those countries direct. News about ourselves sent to South America and other parts of the world where we were seeking business and good will has been colored in the same way by Fleet Street, and we have just lately taken steps to counteract such influences by supplying direct service to South American newspapers through our news-gathering association.

In fact, John Bull is a wily, resourceful fellow, both in business and diplomacy. Americans are constantly running onto these unsuspected traits and schemes of his in world markets. The grudge growing out of them is not ancient or theoretical, but very much of to-day, and practical. But it is also an affair confined almost entirely to business. Briton and Yankee both see deep-laid national plots in such tactics, but there is seldom a case in which competition and hard feeling extend beyond business interests—the shortsightedness and selfishness of the fellows who sell goods, lay out policies and engage in distribution, shipping, communication, insurance, and the like, Yankee as well as Briton.

Nationality Dragged Into Private Disputes

"THIS contract," said the secretary of an American embassy, referring to negotiations between one of our corporations seeking a South American concession, "stipulates that no dispute which may arise shall be referred to the government of either country. I never saw a contract of this sort that did not have that condition. Nor do I remember any instance of a dispute which was not immediately and heatedly carried to their governments by both parties."

The moment people go abroad on business nationality becomes a grand catchall. Dirty work which at home would be charged up to individuals becomes an affair of nationality in world markets. One crooked Briton amply proves to the Yankee who is tricked or hampered a persistent anti-American policy on the part of the British people and their government. The business sins of the Yankees are charged up to nationality by the Briton whose ox is gored. The squeal is not merely saved in world trade—very often it comes pretty near being the whole product.

Business trickery and negligence can, moreover, be capitalized on the basis of one's customers' nationality. If the Yankee becomes pernicious in Buenos Aires, he may be disliked by the British from the standpoint of nationality, and slandered and criticized from the standpoint of Argentina nationality. If Briton and Yankee are after the same order, and the customer in Buenos Aires happens to be of Italian birth, there may be a chance to utilize nationality in still another direction.

Sales forces, backed by or working through politics, using nationality to drag the home folks into world-trade squabbles—that is about the sum and substance.

If there is really trouble ahead, home folks should be kept out of it. For the most part, they are inclined to stay out anyway. If the basic good feeling and fine qualities of the home folks in both Great Britain and the United States are given half a chance, the danger should be negligible.

Just as home folks, the Britisher has been conspicuously cordial to Yankees since the war. He was cordial before the war. Though we still pictured him as the British tourist with the loud tweed suit, fore-and-aft cap, monocle and insufferable thickness and side towards Americans, a lot of young Britons had honestly begun to like us for our own sake and admire our business methods. Yankee advertising, Yankee roll-top desks, adding machines and card systems made their impression on British business. Yankee executives and experts were engaged by British concerns. "British with American business experience" was a combination certain to land a good job in London or Manchester. From the straight business standpoint of opportunity, that brought many young Britons to the United States. They came for business experience, which would later be capitalized at home. They came prepared to like ourselves and our ways, and did so with such success that many of them never went back. Acquaintance also improved through growth in Yankee tourist traffic. British steamship companies took Americans abroad by the shipload every summer. The man in the street in England saw the actual Yankee with his own eyes, dropped his reserve with him, found his unconventional sociability tonic. Yankee spending was appreciated naturally by the shopkeeper, hotel proprietor and theater manager; but the thing went deeper than that. I have seen an American tell stories to a London bobby, and the bobby did not want him to go away, because he felt well while the American was around.

Some International Amenities

WE WERE really getting quite chummy, and the war helped the feeling along. To-day the Britisher is coming to the United States on business, or to lecture or publish his novels or produce his plays. He studiously says every nice thing he can think of about Yankees, which in itself is an enormous concession to one who knows the warp and woof of British character. This is not hypocrisy, but honest good will and liking.

And there is an almost painful anxiety among the British at home to understand, express appreciation for and avoid wounding the sensibilities of the Yankee.

British delegates to a recent religious gathering in the United States agreed before leaving England that they would be especially careful, not only to avoid wounding the proud and sensitive Yankee generally but most of all tactful in handling the arrogant American who insisted that we won the war. This representative delegation of British home folks was welcomed by three thousand American home folks at Boston. They were made transmitters for the expression of American good will toward the old country. The British were entertained with lavish hospitality. The presidential election was on then, and Yankees were careful to explain the political bunk in the situation which might have been interpreted by the visitors as reflection upon their country. In short, Yankee home folks were as anxious as the visitors for understanding and friendship.

Britons are making almost naive discoveries about us these days. An English couple visiting New York entertained an American newspaper woman at a well-known restaurant. Following custom at home, the host ordered a course dinner—everything from soup to nuts. But he began by ordering one course at a time. Their guest, knowing that this would stretch the meal out perhaps a couple of hours, suggested ordering everything at the start. Calling the head waiter, she explained matters to him and asked him to speed up the service. The American habit of dining off one or two substantial courses, with a dessert, is little known abroad.

The head waiter not only gave this order his personal attention but also undertook to explain to the visitors, treating them on a basis of equality as no British waiter would ever have done.

"In this country," he said with a strong accent, "everybody is in a hurry. Ve have no time to serve the people right. Even the funerals goes fast by automobile with us Americans."

His undisturbed classification of himself as an American both amused the visitors and emphasized the spirit and democracy of America.

An Englishwoman visiting New York for the first time went to a hairdresser, who asked how long she had been in the country.

"Only a week."

"I thought you was new," sympathized the hairdresser, who also spoke with a distinct accent. "But then you ought to do well here, because you don't speak such bad English."

As home folks, there are certain things we might discover about the real John Bull. His gentleness probably surprises Americans more than any other single trait when they go to England. He is shy by nature, a quality making for reserve which is often mistaken for crust. The can opener is a handy tool to take among Britons. Slow to make friends by reason of this shyness, they are staunch and unvarying after the fearful job of getting acquainted is finished. Yankee character in the large will stand a substantial discount—it tends to talk big, to admire results, to overstatement generally. The Briton's way is to talk low, admire the loser if he has made a sporting fight and to understate generally. With John Bull you add the discount on.

Then there is the hobby side of the Briton.

When Darwin went around the world in the Beagle he collected great quantities of specimens as well as facts bearing upon his theory of evolution when developed later. He spread sheets of paper on the ship's deck and caught atmospheric dust far out at sea. He climbed the Andes and pounded the rocks, bringing home fossils. He gathered plants, insects, birds, animals. On arriving home, these were all referred to specialists. A sharp on Infusoria tabulated sixty-seven different varieties of microscopic plants and fresh-water shells in his packets of dust, and valuable identifications and classifications were made with all the other specimens. In each case there was a specialist in some corner of England who knew more about the left hind leg of a certain kind of beetle than anybody else, and usually an amateur pursuing that specialty as a hobby. This is one of the matters in which John Bull differs decidedly from ourselves, and one of his finest traits. We specialize in our work and are absorbed in it. The Briton works so that he may specialize for amusement. His hobby may be anything from weather observations—the weather service in England is based partly upon the observations of thousands of amateurs—to the breeding of terriers or flying hydrogen balloons.

As a politician and promoter, with interests all over the world, John Bull has got into the habit of thinking that the earth belongs to him, if not by some unwritten grant of Providence, then because he has the ability to run it. As a ruler of natives he has a particularly good opinion of himself, along with the notion that natives need government anyway. For a hundred years the British politician has been edging into the territory and the affairs of black, brown, red and yellow peoples. The method is fairly simple. Given some territory and natives, John Bull appears as an adviser to the native chief, undertakes to improve order and justice. Order and justice cost money, and even advice cannot be had for nothing, so presently there are taxes. That brings in finance, and the adviser helps his friend, the chief, collect and spend his revenue in hides or coconuts or whatever it may be. As high commissioner or resident representative, or whatever title is assumed, he may send a few proclamations upcountry.

How the White Man Bears His Burden

THESE are nailed to trees. Some of the natives tear them down. A squad of soldiers goes to tack them up again. There is a rumpus, some of the soldiers are killed and a military expedition comes to administer punishment. Bit by bit, following this general line, power and territory are acquired.

As a business man John Bull gains trade and profit, and as a politician provides offices for thousands of well-paid officials. Sanctified as the white man's burden, he considers it all perfectly regular and right—and it is one of the biggest factors in the sales battles ahead.

Competition for world trade promises to take new angles. Price, quality, deliveries, shrewd selling and firing-line tactics generally will count; but so will national character, for each country has something more than goods to sell.

As an example, there is probably no market in the world in which rivalry between Briton and Yankee is keener than in Buenos Aires. The Britisher regards that market as peculiarly his own, having investments in railroads and public utilities, a very strong colony of Britishers and a keen trading history running back to Napoleon's time, when beating the Frenchman to it was part of John Bull's state policy. Likewise, the British have historic good will for their helping the Argentineans win their freedom from Spain.

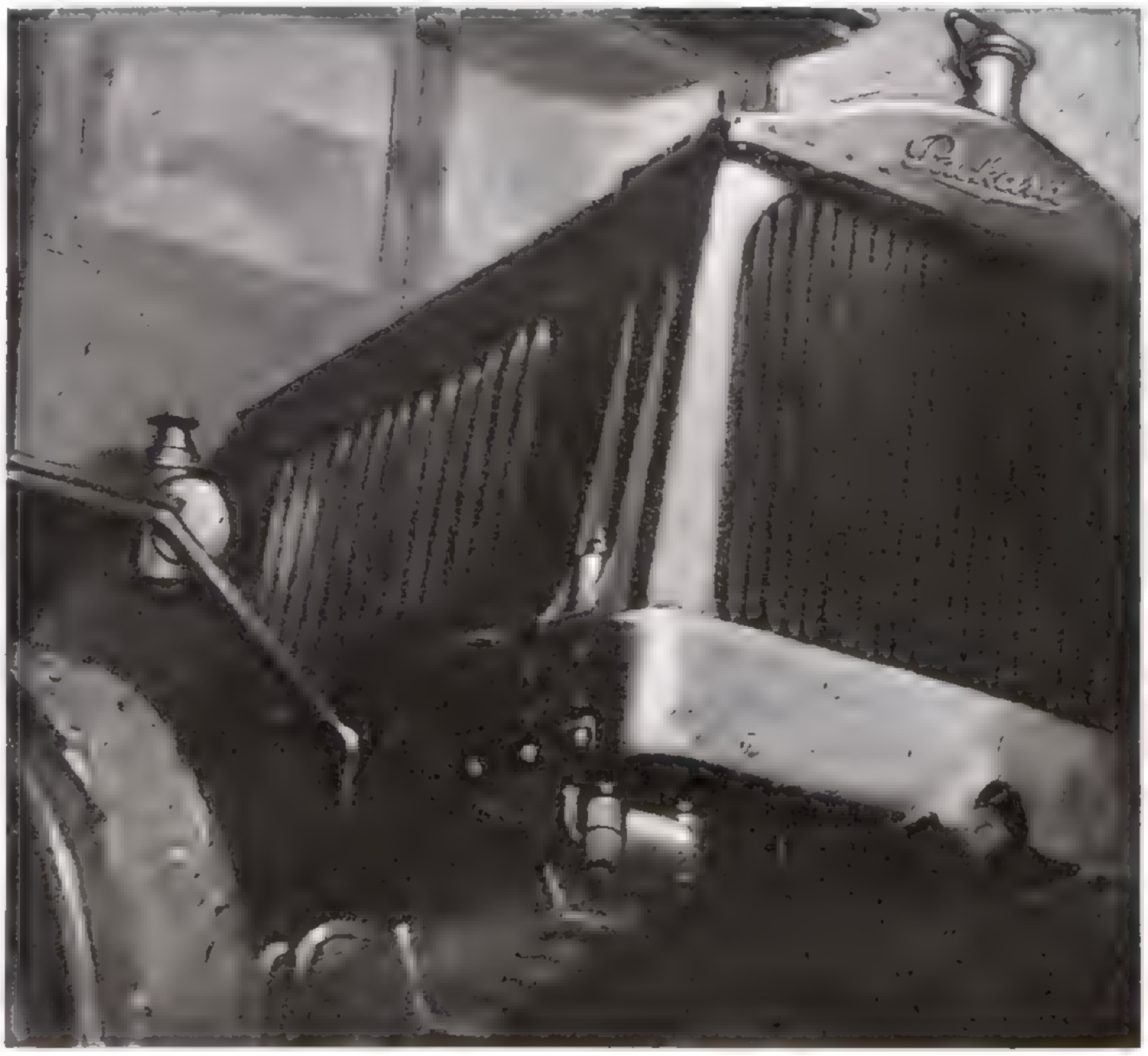
Soon there is to be held in Buenos Aires an exposition of American manufactures. When British manufacturers heard of the project they planned an exposition of their own, trying to anticipate the Yankees and holding it earlier—good circus-opposition tactics. As the exposition buildings could not be secured, they substituted a floating exposition, showing their merchandise on a ship.

But the Argentineans themselves gave an unexpected slant to the Yankee exposition, indicating how world trade involves something more than merchandise.

"Show us your goods," they said, "but give us an exposition of your industrial-betterment methods. We believe they may help us out of some of our own difficulties."

(Concluded on Page 50)

PACKARD



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Ask the man who owns one

THE LEGACY

By Mrs. Henry Dudeney

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

ELIZA SANDILANDS peeped through the parlor door into the shop The upper half of the door was glass, and it wore a white muslin curtain pinched in at the waist with a blue ribbon. In the spaces made by the pinching she could see Sandilands, her husband. She spoke of him as Sandilands and with deference.

She could see his big head and the bowl of his dirty pipe. He was always smoking, and that was not businesslike. She stood staring at a scene which made her heart sick.

They had always kept a little oil-and-color shop in the suburbs. This was their third and their smallest; for Sandilands had twice gone bankrupt. The postman came into the shop and he left one letter.

Eliza moved away; she laid the supper. Presently Sandilands would put the shutters up. Another day nearly over, and all the days were alike!

He Crossed the Room, Fell to His Knees With a Blustering Sigh, and Put His Head Down on Her Passive Lap

But Sandilands did not put the shutters up; he burst into the parlor like a noisy dog. Something had happened. Her intuition—the delicate intuition of a thoughtful and cheated woman—told her that.

So the days were not going to be alike!

He shut the door. The letter shook in his hand. He was puffing. Eliza waited. She—who was always quiet, fatalistic! His mouth broadened into a silly, yet an anguished smile.

"I've been left a fortune," he said. "Don't stare. What do you see in the shop?"

"A customer. I'll go." She slipped past him.

That was just like her. She was never shaken up by anything. He felt aggrieved.

"What a woman you are!" he grumbled when she came back. "I've been left a fortune, so customers be hanged. My Uncle Joe's dead and he's left me seven hundred."

"You said a fortune, Sandilands."

"Women are never satisfied. Seven hundred's a fortune to us." He gazed at her appealingly

"That ought to bring in thirty pounds a year," she said.

She was looking at him hard, in her quiet, deep way; for she loved him very much. She waited to see what else he would say; she always followed his lead. She believed in him; she stunned herself into believing that she believed. It was her duty as a wife to have trust in Sandilands and to feel proud of him.

"Bring in the supper," he said, "and we'll talk it over."

He made a good supper and directly he had finished he turned round to the fire and filled his pipe. He always did this. Eliza went on eating in her slow, penurious way—a way that was grim.

Presently she got up and cleared away. When she returned from the kitchen the parlor was blue with tobacco smoke. Sandilands blinked at her.

"Come here," he said imperiously, and when she went he pulled her to his knee.

She perched there, feeling silly and not wishing to stop.

"Seven hundred!" he said, and his face was rapt.

"You let me go and sit on the other side of the fire, Sandilands; then we can talk."

He let her go, but he seemed chilled, starved, perplexed. He could not leave her alone to-night. Presently he knocked out his pipe, put it carefully on the mantelpiece, and squatted on the hearthrug beside her. He had not done this for years. With an impalpable sigh she put down the sock that she was mending.

"Remember," he asked, stroking her sharp knee, "how we used to love the country? In those times when we could afford a trip."

She nodded.

"Let's go and live in the country, Lizzie. We've had a hard time and this seven hundred is my first bit of luck. You've done all you could, for you're the sort that sticks to a man. But it isn't as if you'd ever earned a penny or as if you'd had a little bit of money when I married you. That might have made all the difference. I've never had capital."

"It might have made a difference," she agreed, and she looked apprehensively at his flushed face, at his hands clawing at her skirt.

"And then they say," she thought resentfully, "that only women have hysterics!"

"Let's spend it!" he shouted hilariously.

"But when it's spent, Sandilands?"

"I'm coming to that. Look here, Liz! I've stood in three different oil-and-color shops, going bankrupt. I've thought out what I'd do if ever I got left a bit of money. And now I'll do it."

His voice stirred her. It would have frightened her, but she was never afraid.

He flung back his head. "Give me a kiss," he asked humbly.

She drew back, then shoved herself forward. She was feeling, with forlorn wildness running through her breast, that life had been too hard for kissing and the mood of kissing. She could not change. She could never go back.

She put her lips decorously between his brows and felt that his skin was wet.

"Call that a kiss?" he grumbled.

He stared sullenly into the fire, then he said, "Seven hundred would last us three years."

"More than that."

"No"—he was firm—"not a day more than three years. We'll enjoy ourselves at last. We'll have a nice little house and a bit of ground. We'll keep a few fowls, then we can kill a chicken if we want to without thinking twice."

He crawled up on his knees and kissed her, imprisoning her cool and prudent mouth for a long while.

"Now that," he said, dropping childishly back on his heels, "I call a kiss."

He looked into the fire again. Then he said, "We could keep bees. I always did like honey."

"You don't know anything about bees."

"I could learn; or you could. You're never afraid."

"Takes a lot to frighten me."

Her eyes did not leave his transformed face.

"Then you wouldn't be afraid at the last?"

When he asked her this he got up, fumbled himself into his easy-chair and reached for his pipe.

"I won't have another to-night," he said, finding that he had not nerve enough to fill the bowl. The yellow tobacco dribbled between his knees, the pipe hung limp in his fingers. She got up and took it from him.

"You wouldn't be afraid at the last?" he repeated, with a heartrending glance.

"What last?"

She was back in her chair, darning.

"When we'd spent the money."

"But it's a sin to spend it. We should have to start all over again."

He looked at her with a blaze in his eyes.

"We've got no children, and we've never been religious; so that won't stop us"

"Stop us, Sandilands?"

"When the last penny's gone, then we'll go too. Got that?"

"Now you do frighten me," she said to him soothingly.

He stood up, he stretched himself. What a great fine man he was! And her man!

"I'm not mad, and I'm not drunk," he told her. "But think I haven't fretted my soul out all these years? Think I haven't been—ashamed?"

He looked down. The sock seemed to flutter softly in her moving hands.

"I've made up my mind," he continued in his masterful way.

"Yes?" she said softly, and waited.

He studied her passivity with a mystified and irritable awe. That voice of hers! It had never nagged him. It had never inspired. It had never put a thought into his head, for her mind was his mind. Her voice was nothing like lightning. There was no flash in it. He wondered why he thought of that.

"I've had no luck. I'm worn out. Think I'd start again?" he asked furiously. "I'll live a gentleman's life for three years, and then—like this! See?"

There were candles in the old brass candlesticks that had been her mother's, standing on the shelf. She took a pride in them. She kept them polished, and with new candles that were never lighted. Sandilands lit one now.

"Like this!" He stared at the flame for a moment, then blew the candle out.

(Continued on Page 38)

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The exclusive Fels-Naptha process makes the naptha *stay in* till the good golden bar is all used up. Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor

Soap: Soak: Rinse
The Fels-Naptha way is so *easy!* Only an occasional light rub. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha *soaks* the dirt loose.

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FELS-NAPTHA

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

(Continued from Page 36)

Some swift silence swept across the little cozy room. They remained rigid. Eliza rose at last. She also was very tall, but she was lean.

"Now what are you driving at?" she asked. Her voice kept its prosy quality, but her gesture menaced him.

"Come here. Don't deny me to-night, old girl. Let me feel you in my arms."

She went to him obediently.

"When the last pound's gone, when I've drawn my last check, then we'll put an end to ourselves. But we'll have a good time first, we will! The first we've ever had," he whispered, with his sobbing breath hot in her ear.

She said to him, "You go and put the shutters up."

She was quiet, always quiet. But he had never seen a face so awful as hers looked then. These silent women could startle you!

"Shutters!" His arms dropped.

"I can't talk, Sandilands, until we've got the place to ourselves. Why, a customer might come in. You go."

Sandilands went. She sat down and shut her eyes. The sock with its shining needle threaded in and out dropped to the floor. Until now she had kept it. She was stricken by this astounding decision on the part of a weak man. She had thought until to-night that Sandilands was a coward. Yet he now proposed, when the time came, to kill himself and her! This seemed to her great courage, and when he came back she looked at him with respect.

The shutters were up, the lights in the shop were out. Traffic was a dull sound. They were shut away from all the world.

"Thought it over?" he asked her kindly.

"I'll do what you do when the time comes, Sandilands."

He threw back his big gray head and laughed. He looked the courting boy that she remembered.

"You've suffered," she said softly. "I'd have given my fingers and thumbs to save you from suffering."

"Think a man doesn't suffer when his business slips away, when things get muddled up, whatever he does? I've had ideas ——"

"You've been full of ideas."

"If I'd pulled off half the things I've thought of we'd be rich. But I never had any luck, and I lost heart."

His wavering eyes besought her.

"But now"—he laughed again, then sat down suddenly—"we'll have three years of playing the fool. Though you're never one for a lark."

He glanced impatiently at the severe tenderness of her finely lined face.

"No, I'm not. Seems to me foolishness."

"To-morrow," he told her, "I shall go into the country. I shall have a look round. I'll go to Birdham. Remember our spending a fortnight at Birdham?"

She nodded; then her eyes filled suddenly. She wiped them without any fuss.

"I can get a house there." Sandilands was swept by sheer jubilation. "There'll be plenty of houses in a God-forsaken place like that. I may be gone some days, but you can manage. If I find one I'll take it—for three years. You won't"—he turned impressively—"be afraid, at the end of three years?"

"Not if we go together." She was so stout and so quiet. "You wouldn't play me any trick? You wouldn't kill yourself and leave me there alone, miles from anywhere?"

"I swear I won't!"

"How would we do it? Not—not blood, Sandilands?"

"No, no. Don't upset yourself." His wild eyes goggled at her parchment-colored, impassive face.

"Not drowning in dark water—alone? That would frighten me. The tide would wash us away from each other."

There was no change in her voice, yet he sensed resolution, imagination and despair—the things that he had never suspected.

"No, no!" He was testy. "Leave it to me. Don't you worry. And look here"—he bent forward—"after to-night we never mention it. After to-night we have our bit of fun."

"I'll never mention it if you don't want me to."

"You won't think of it?"

"What's the good of thinking? Won't stop it."

He sat staring into the fire; she sat darning his sock.

"Sandilands"—she looked up—"couldn't you sell the business?"

"Sell it!" He was enormously tickled. She had relieved him, she changed his current. "If you can sell it you may keep the money. Why, I'm as good as bankrupt again."

He rose. He slipped that magnetic letter that had come to-night into his pocket.

"Let's go to bed. And, mind"—he towered over her—"not a word about—you know what—now that we've made up our minds."

As they lay wide awake, side by side, in the soft warm dark, he said to her suddenly, "Could you lay your hands on my light suit and air it in the morning? It's May, after all, and Birdham's such a warm place. Remember how warm it was?"

He chuckled. He was a little boy, looking forward to his treat.

She jumped in the bed. She had been thinking of something else.

"Yes; that'll be all right," she answered, and turned over sharply from him on her side.

He was away five days. When he came back she was moving about in the shop.

"Taking stock?" he asked jocosely.

Then he kissed her with a sort of bump, and pushed her before him into the lighted parlor.

"Lizzie"—he fell at once into his elbowchair—"I've got a house; a snug little place with a bit of garden—outbuildings and all. I've settled to take over the other chap's wire netting and fowl house. Why, you've got three cups and saucers on the tray!"

"Yes, Sandilands. I've sold the business."

"You have!"

"Chubb's the gentleman's name; two *b*'s. He's coming to talk it over. I put a card in the window that a business was for sale. And he stepped in. And he'll give fifty pounds."

"Will he? That isn't much."

"He won't give a penny more." She was lymphatic.

"Well, I must think it over. And I'm sorry he's coming to-night. I wanted to talk to you about Birdham."

"There's three years for Birdham, dear."

Sandilands stared. But she looked and sounded quite matter-of-fact. She carried away his overcoat and gloves and hat.

She wasn't thinking of what would come after the three years, because she had promised that she wouldn't think, and that was her all over. It would be easy enough for her. But he would always be shoving aside the ugly and the cruel thought. He could not forget, but she had forgotten already.

"That's him," said Eliza, advancing quietly into the shop, and she brought Mr. Chubb back.

She made the two men known to each other, then she slipped behind her tea tray.

"There's only one thing," she said as she filled the three cups. "I told Mr. Chubb that he must keep the name of Sandilands up for three years."

Sandilands started again, and again stared at her. She remained unmoved. The men did the talking. Sandilands was bumptious. Chubb, who was deprecating, kept looking mutely at Eliza.

"Now, Mr. Chubb, you must talk to Mr. Sandilands, for he's the master," she said at last.

So they settled it, and after tea Chubb drifted away. He was a limp young man, with wisps of hair that looked a shadeless brown.

"He's a poor ha'p'orth of soap," said Sandilands. "He won't do much with the business. He's the soft sort—like you."

"You've put his check in your pocketbook, haven't you, Sandilands?"

She spoke to him over her shoulder. She carried off the tray, then came back.

"Yes. Why?"

"Because it's mine; that's why. You promised me."

"Promise? That was a joke."

"I didn't do it for a joke, and we keep our word with each other. We always have, and we always will."

There was nothing significant in her look; yet he shuddered.

"If you put it like that! If you mean to hold me to what was said as a joke!"

"Yes, I do hold you, dear."

"You can always have what you want for the asking so long as I've got it myself."

"That isn't the same. I shall put it in the bank, and draw it out when I like and buy what I want."

She was almost gay. The ghost of some archness that he half remembered fluttered across her sedate face.

"We won't quarrel about money. Here you are. Fifty pounds, more or less—what difference?"

He watched her take the check and fold it small.

"I'll never be hard on you or close over money again," he said.

He came and kissed her, in the new riotous way; the revived way that she must get used to.

Then he said, "I haven't indorsed the check. Give it back to me."

When he got it he added, "I'll keep this, of course, and give you one of my own in the morning."

She left him and went to the desk in the corner and brought back his check book. There was something inflexible about her—awful. So he wrote the check for fifty and she put it away.

At Birdham they were happy. Sandilands was not afraid of going bankrupt. Yet when he thought of his oil shop he gulped. He never mentioned it until the three years were up.

Then, turning from his desk one Sunday evening, he said, "Chubb's opened two branch shops, hasn't he?"

"Three, dear. One for every year we've been at Birdham."

She was sitting by the open window, watching the people go to church.

"He can make it pay, but I went bankrupt. Been to his branch shops?"

"Yes, Sandilands. I thought I'd like to see. And I've been up in London every week."

"Can't think why you wanted to go. It cost money."

"I'd got the money, and I didn't want to lose sight of my old friends. London once a week has done me good."

"Three branch shops. And I went bankrupt."

"Doesn't matter." Her apathy smothered him. "You needn't bother about shops."

"I needn't bother about anything. Come here."

He called her and she went; just as he had called and she had gone three years ago. She looked into his wild face, saw the secret of his stark eyes, knew that their time had come. It had been drawing toward them with a smooth yet deadly glide. Now it was here. He had drawn a check. It lay on the desk. He pointed.

"There's your housekeeping for next week, and that's all. I've paid the rent and there's three pounds left in the bank."

She had known that this must come, and soon. She had, with patient subtlety, marked his varying way of drawing checks for the last three months. He spoke quietly, with nobility. His arms went round her.

"We've been comfortable at Birdham," he whispered. "People have been kind. And you've done wonders with the garden and the fowls."

His voice drifted. She could feel the hot blast of his anguished breath.

"I never felt better in my life," he added. "You don't want to—to ——"

"No"—she was steady—"I want to stay on; but we swore."

"Yes, it was as good as swearing." His head dropped to that sharp yet yielding ledge, her shoulder.

"Come and sit by the window, Sandilands."

She pulled him and he went.

Church bells were ringing for the evening service. They had refused to go to church, though the clergyman and his wife called and were most friendly. Everyone was kind in this simple, far-away place, where the air was soft and warm and sleepy. They were consistent. They did not go to church.

They sat speechless by the open window, for what was there to say?

Sandilands could see tomatoes trained against the south wall and heavy with green fruit. Tomatoes were his darlings, and he grew them better than anyone in Birdham. To grow tomatoes was the one thing that he did well.

They sat until the room grew dark. There was no moon to-night. Terror grew in the parlor, and every voice that sounded in the road became a personal threat. Sandilands licked his dry lips and he swallowed hard. He blew his nose and then he sneezed.

"I've got a cold," he said.

Eliza never answered, and her silence seemed satirical. For what did it matter if he'd got a cold—now?

He wriggled in his chair, and tilted it, and scraped it on the floor, until she said placidly, "How you do fidget!"

"Good thing, Lizzie, that we haven't got a pet dog or a cat. We should hate to leave it behind."

"We shouldn't leave it behind."

She spoke so calmly; yet to him there was some frightful and well-ordered method behind that limp voice. He was in awe of her. He did not know her, and he never had. Yet she was his wife.

"Lizzie! I've got something—something to send us to sleep."

"Yes."

He could feel that she was nodding.

He leaped forward, gripping her two hands, lifting them from her stiff lap, ruffling their utter lassitude.

"Get up and light the gas," he besought, letting her go suddenly.

When it was lighted they faced each other; Sandilands was shamefaced, strange and shy. He sneezed again.

"Better shut the window. I've got a devil of a cold."

She shut it. They went and sat by the empty fireplace. It was the shivering human demand.

"If it was laid I'd put a match to it, Sandilands. Remember how you would always have a fire in the parlor behind the shop right up till midsummer? But it's nice and warm at Birdham all the year round."

"Doesn't matter about a fire," he said dully.

He was filling his pipe, and he dropped it, as he had done upon the other night. She picked it up and put it right away. Was she thinking that he would never want it any more?

The little room was brilliant, ugly, snug, and—to them—unduly dear. This house at Birdham was their first true home.

Eliza had been free to manage things, and she had managed well. Her fingers were magic; everything seemed to

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Consider Hudson's Price—$2400

How Much Lower Its Cost Than Other Great Cars With Which You Compare It in Quality

Price comparisons are the first inquiry of judicious buyers today.

New and almost incredible contrasts in value command attention. They strike even casual observers.

Particularly, this development directs intensified interest upon the Hudson Super-Six. There is no need to call attention to the quality, ability and distinction of Hudson. Its leadership in these is an old, accustomed position. It is now in its sixth year as the world's largest selling fine car.

But we do urge your specific attention to its price—$2400. We urge you to compare it with the price of cars with which you have always compared it in quality, performance and reliability.

That measures the real proportions of its value in relation to the rest of the market.

With This Saving You Get Hudson Qualities

And to appreciate it you need not be a Hudson enthusiast in the sense of those thousands who hold it essentially the greatest of all cars. Indeed, for personal reasons you may incline to some other among the really great cars. Even so, are these reasons which influence your preference commensurate with the difference in price?

Are they worth their greater cost?

Knowing fine cars, you must acknowledge Hudson's worthiness to its long held place among the most notable cars. In every way that proof can be offered it has established its right to that eminence. Many of its official records are of five years' standing. They have been challenged incessantly. Isn't it significant that five years of intensive competition has produced no rival to outstrip them?

Yet all know that the greater Hudson of today could easily surpass the marks that those earlier Super-Sixes set.

An Owner Loyalty That Grows With the Years

But more important still in binding the faith of men in Hudson is the year-in-year-out dependable duty that more than 100,000 owners expect and receive, as a matter of course, from their Super-Sixes.

No other issue can obscure the solid substance of such a service record. And men will yield their trust to a car in just such measure as it has thus earned it by service.

More than ever this year they are judging cars by those standards of ability and constancy in duty. And they are giving particular weight to what years of service in the hands of thousands of owners show of a car's worth.

Hudson is content to abide the findings of this investigative market. It is especially glad that its position can welcome price comparison. Thus it looks forward to its sixth year as leader of fine car sales, by a greater margin than any that have gone before.

7 Passenger Phaeton . . $2400 — *4 Passenger Phaeton . . $2400* — *Sedan . . $3400* — *Coupé . . $3275*
Cabriolet . . $3000 — *Touring Limousine . . $3625* — *Limousine . . $4000*

F. O. B. DETROIT

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

5019

The Indian Bureau and its Schools

By CATO SELLS

Commissioner of Indian Affairs

MY ADMINISTRATIVE experience of nearly eight years leads me to the conclusion that a large part of the reading public has a serious interest in Indian welfare. The Indian's rights of possession on this continent and his demonstrated mental and spiritual endowments long since established his claims upon the white man's legal and ethical obligation. The earlier affairs of the Indians were largely under military control, and it is only within the span of a generation that complete severance of such control has been accomplished; so that, though the Indian Bureau has a life of seventy years, its effective organization and proper functioning cover less than half that period. It is practically within the last three decades that what had become a baffling Indian problem began to yield to humane and thoughtfully developed policies founded on correct theories of social and industrial life.

Indian Pupils are Taught to Study and Appreciate Art in the Cooking and Serving of a Meal

The powerful arraignment appearing in A Century of Dishonor cannot be applied to present conditions. The Indian Bureau to-day represents a distinctively new era in the Indian's relation to the white man, and constitutes one of the most important and essential branches of Federal administration. It is doing a work that cannot be honorably avoided and that must not be left unfinished. It is helping faithfully and conscientiously to write the history of A Century of Honor.

The segregation of the Indians upon reservations—numbering over two hundred in some twenty-three different states—and the consequent allotment to them of land in severalty have brought to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs the management of extensive and complex interests, none of which can be dissociated from civilizing processes. These interests involve the promotion of the Indians' health; the education of their children; encouragement in the cultivation of their lands and the leasing of such surplus thereof as they cannot handle; the improvement of their livestock; the physical betterment of their homes and the perpetuation of the best in their native arts; the development and operation of their natural resources in timber, minerals, and so on; the adjustment of all heirship matters and the distribution of their property incident thereto; the maintenance of law and order among them in the interest of their property rights and morals; the investment and equitable distribution of their moneys; the determination of their competency and the issuance to competent Indians of fee patents to their land; in a word, the development of their capacity for industrial self-support and of their qualifications for citizenship.

A Broad Educational System

BUT the outstanding feature in all this is the Indian's education. That is the keystone in the arch of his civilization. If there is any principle in our democratic progress that is axiomatic it is the maintenance of free schools. The application of this principle to the Indian made possible, more than anything else, his steady advancement, and it was from this conviction, confirmed by all later experience, that I gave the earliest thought of my administration to an improvement of our Indian school system.

With the assistance of leading school men in the service, and after careful study of the Indian's nature, habits and traditional tendencies, a systematic course of study was adopted and practically applied to all our schools. This course has been highly commended by educators of national prominence. It embraces the cardinal features of symmetrical elementary training essential to physical, mental and moral growth. From the time the Indian child enters school under a medical examination its bodily welfare is under a systematic régime. It is provided with suitable clothing, wholesome food and sanitary conveniences; with games and physical exercise appropriate to the sexes. It is under the care of a disciplinarian or matron and, if ill, receives the attention of a physician. The pupil's academic instruction covers thoroughly the essential common-school branches and is adjusted to actual activities in industry, civics, æsthetics and community interests. The first aim, of course, is to detach the child from its native vernacular. The only slow stage in Indian education is in teaching the use of English so that the pupil will not only read and write it but talk and think in this language, and use it among his associates. With this work well done the Indian boy or girl advances as rapidly as the average white pupil.

Nearly all the eighty-odd boarding schools in the Indian system, carrying enrollments from eighty to approximately eight hundred, have in connection a farm, with herds of cattle, swine, gardens and poultry, besides workshops and mechanical appliances for conducting the usual activities that relate to farming and to a number of the trades, such as carpentry, masonry, blacksmithing, painting, shoe and harness repairing, together with the essential features of household economics. Indian pupils are also taught to design and make useful and beautiful things with their hands; to study and appreciate art in the cooking and serving of a meal, in the fitting and making of a garment, and in the furnishing and decorating of homes; in designing and making useful tools and furniture, in building convenient and sanitary houses and in developing the best uses of the soil.

In agriculture the aim is to produce not a specialist but a practical, capable farmer whose success will depend largely on his skill in doing. In the mechanic arts the purpose is to help a boy find himself; if inclined to craftsmanship, to select the trade for which he seems best fitted, and to give to him such knowledge and training as will enable him after leaving school to become through experience and further study a skilled workman capable of being a foreman or manager.

Special effort is made to train girls to become model housewives and mothers. This work is practical rather than idealistic, and is conducted with the home of the farmer or workman of moderate means in mind, and with a view to fitting Indian girls for efficient home-makers.

The academic instruction is correlated closely with this industrial and domestic training, and it all begins in an elementary way in most of the one hundred and seventy day schools for Indian children, where usually each school is conducted by a man and his wife, as teacher and housekeeper respectively.

The typical day school usually has a garden plot and some facilities for teaching boys the use of a few tools, and girls the simpler elements of household work, and, if located conveniently to the children's homes, often serves as a nucleus for community aid by those in charge. For primary work not beyond the third grade these day schools are valuable as a start in the educational process that must follow in the boarding schools, where equipment, organization and discipline are practicable and effective in giving pupils self-dependent views of life. But a serious hindrance to good day schools lies in the difficulty of locating them within convenient reach of a sufficient number of pupils to justify their maintenance.

Too often the parents encamp much of the time near the school, thus neglecting their permanent homes, crops and livestock, which of course is objectionable for many obvious reasons. Besides, there are large areas of Indian country, as in the Navajo semiarid region, where the Indians must follow their flocks and herds in quest of pasturage, and a stationary day school would consequently be of little use, and also impracticable because of the difficulty of developing a sufficient supply of water.

The reservation boarding schools enroll children from the first grade to the sixth grade inclusive. Their work parallels in all academic features that of the public schools, but introduces in the last three years much prevocational training not obtainable in the public schools of rural districts, yet essential to the domestic and industrial development of the Indian home. In their course of home training girls have regular instruction and practice in cooking, sewing, laundering, nursing and poultry raising. Boys are given agricultural courses and practice in farming, which includes stock raising, plant production, care of implements, roads and grounds, and dairying, together with such knowledge of carpentry, painting, masonry, blacksmithing, engineering, and so on, as is ordinarily needed on a farm. All pupils are taught gardening.

Schools Partially Self-Supporting

THIS instruction and practice in the art of doing the essential things required in the daily life of those who must later support themselves is further greatly enlarged in the nonreservation boarding schools, some of which continue vocational work through the eighth grade, but seven of the larger give four-year vocational courses above the sixth grade. Under the course of study in use all our educational work contemplates the transfer to nonreservation schools of the largest possible number of pupils who complete the six grades of the reservation schools. The work of all boarding schools is thoroughly systematized, and the pupils are under such control as to acquire the most useful education possible, and those who complete the higher vocational training are equal and in some respects superior in qualification to the graduates from public high schools.

In our Indian schools a large amount of productive work not only affords the practical training desired but is necessary to the proper support of the schools, as they could not possibly be maintained with the legislative appropriations hitherto provided. In fact, at many of the boarding schools much of the upkeep and some construction labor requiring knowledge of mechanics are performed by the students, in addition to the farming, gardening, dairying and other activities which yield considerable subsistence and occasionally a marketable surplus. Well-equipped schools with good-sized farms furnish notable instances of this kind and are able to fabricate in their sewing rooms and shops many useful articles, from a napkin to a set of double harness, thereby meeting some of the essential needs. Thus what may be termed school earnings, which the students themselves contribute toward their support and education, becomes an important factor.

As a result of this practical training there are many hundreds of young men among the Indians who can shoe a

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The Man You Ought to Know

DIFFICULT his task and little his reward. Countless the exasperations of his business. You—who think you know the merchant who supplies your table—do you really know him *at all?*

You know his *name*, but do you really know *him*—this man who deserves for his service to you more than your trade can ever bring him?

Do you know him for the long hours he works?

Do you know him for his spirit of accommodation in carrying in stock an almost endless variety to satisfy the whim of this customer and that;—many things providing almost no profit?

Thanks to him, the pick of the world's market, in season and out, is laid out for your choice without any guaranty that you will come and choose. Cheerfully he takes his risks and manfully he pockets his losses.

And, as this merchant looks with concern to quality and service, so also he looks to his *weighing*. What more could be asked of a good store-keeper?

Know your merchant, then, not alone for his name and face, but *know* him for a man whose belief in a square deal on both sides of the counter is equal to your own.

Quality—Service—Honest Weight

These are the factors to be considered in buying food. The merchant alone is responsible for quality and service. His scale determines the weight you get.

Toledo Scales automatically give honest weight.

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO
Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World
CANADIAN FACTORY: Windsor, Ont.

106 Sales Rooms and Service Stations in Cities in the United States and Canada Others in 34 Foreign Countries

TOLEDO SCALES
NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT

Would you buy a key-wind watch?
Back home in a drawer—I've treasured away—an old-fashioned watch—with a little round hole—in the back of the case—and long years ago—I used to sit down—on the knee of my dad—and take out this watch—that weighed half a pound—to hear the "tick-tock."
Then dad used to put—a little round key—in the hole in the case—and wind up the watch—and put it away.
And there is no doubt—that thousands of homes—have treasured away—an old-fashioned watch—which no one could buy—because memories live.
But YOU wouldn't carry—an old key-wind watch—that weighed half a pound—why then should you try—to wear old style links—like dad used to use—in stiff-laundered cuffs—when everyone knows—the new Kum-a-part (with the name on its back)—is built for soft cuffs—that men wear today?
It clicks open and snaps shut without removing from the button hole. Each pattern with the unmistakable beauty of fine jewelry craftsmanship
from $2.50 to $25 pr. At Jewelers
from 50¢ to $6.25 pr. At Men's Stores
The Name Kum-a-part is stamped on the back of each button for your protection. Insist on seeing it.
Write for Style Book Kwith Correct Dress Chart
The Baer & Wilde Company
KUM-A-PART
UFF BUTTON
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
-a snap to button

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horse and repair its harness, set a wagon tire, lay a concrete walk and even build a respectable sort of house, and there are as many young Indian women who can do successfully any kind of housework, care for their children according to the more sanitary and hygienic practice of modern living, and give to their homes a touch of art and comfort that makes them attractive and worthy of imitation.

This product of the schools, asserting itself in the new generation, is not returning to the blanket life, as is sometimes carelessly reported.

It will surprise many readers to know that a recent inquiry concerning the occupations and earning power of Indian school graduates disclosed the fact that among those of one of the large schools the combined annual salaries of the thirty best-paid graduates amounted to sixty-seven thousand one hundred and seventy dollars. Of these, the sales manager for a milling company received seven thousand five hundred dollars; an employee of an oil company received five thousand seven hundred dollars; and another in the service of a lumber company was paid four thousand dollars a year. Out of three hundred forty-five graduates of this school all but four had a good or fair standing in the community, and but three were reported as failures. Results from this inquiry relative to Indian students graduated from twenty-six nonreservation schools within the last twenty-five years show that of those living about whom reasonably reliable data were obtained, ninety-three per cent were self-supporting, ninety-nine per cent were fully or partly successful and of good standing, and that only one per cent were of poor or doubtful standing in the community.

Gratifying Results

Hundreds of young men have gone from our schools into automobile factories and earned excellent wages from the start. Many are employed by railways in capacities from shopman to engineer. I have in mind several machinists whose wages exceeded two thousand dollars a year before they reached the age of twenty-five. One of our largest schools has an excellent commercial-training course, and many of its graduates are successfully employed in business concerns and in the government service. Many Indian school students have become successful lawyers, physicians, clergymen, teachers, matrons and trained nurses.

The graduates of our full-course vocational schools are given, with their diplomas, certificates of educational competency, and thus far I have accompanied these with a personal letter of appeal and encouragement to the recipients calculated to stimulate their ambitions and initiative and to quicken their purposes to become worthy examples to their race.

The gratifying results coming from our advanced schools are the basis of plans now formulating for enlarging the scope of one of them situated in the center of a very large Indian population and ideally located as to soil and climatic conditions for diversified agriculture. I am convinced that there is opportunity here for giving the Indians of that and other states an institution that will furnish progressive Indian boys and girls special training in farming and stock raising and all the requirements of sanitary and modern home making.

Though we emphasize for the Indian the utilitarian side of education, and develop his inclination for companionship with the field and the flock and those physical industries which must fundamentally support all civilization, we have definite regard for the influences that foster his spiritual and artistic aspirations and that put into his life the refinement and accomplishments which lift humanity everywhere to a higher existence.

We recognize that in the Indian's tribal lore, his art, handicrafts and some of his ceremonies were cultural elements of value, which should be retained and encouraged; and accordingly in our boarding schools we have literary and debating societies, musical and religious organizations, athletic clubs, physical culture and art classes, with various other means of promoting the cultural training to which the Indian temperament inclines. It is also aimed to preserve all that is best in Indian folk tales and hero stories as a race heritage to be handed down by parents to their children as an inspiration for racial progress, and in our school libraries are many carefully selected volumes, some of them by Indian authors, for the use of teachers in such instruction, and suited to the various grades.

The literary work of our advanced students in the various boarding schools compares favorably with that of public high schools. These young men and women take great interest in American history and general literature, and keep posted on current events through periodicals, with which the school reading rooms are generally well supplied. They prepare theses on historical, social and many live subjects, and their discussion of questions in debate shows a wide range of investigation, frequently with keen impromptu remark. In these literary societies they, of course, gain a knowledge of parliamentary usage and orderly procedure, with much in the way of initiative and self-reliance that enters into the best of student life. I regard the educational benefits of these organizations as a very strong factor in favor of the systematized boarding school for Indian youth. Their members are responsive to patriotic and commemorative occasions, and I doubt if educational activities anywhere have entered more studiously or eagerly into the celebration of the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims than the pupils of the Indian schools.

In all our school work we give prominence to moral training and set apart definite time for instruction in manners and right conduct. We urge every teacher to be true to the moral element in personal example and classroom methods. General regulations for religious worship, applicable to every government school, provide for the attendance of pupils at Sunday school and church, and superintendents are expected to see that impartial privileges are extended to all Christian denominations. In our preparation of the Indians for citizenship we place nothing above character building, but hold firmly to the truth that good men and good women are the safety of society, that in no form of government is civic righteousness so essential as in a democracy where the rulers are the people, whose individual rectitude must determine the collective morality of the state and the standards of public ethics.

Any brief outline of our educational work must not omit its health-promoting activities. In fact, the health of the pupil is our first purpose, and the daily routine of the boarding school as to balanced diet, bathing, calisthenics, sleeping facilities, periodical weighing and examination of pupils, supervised nursing supplied by the Indian girls, and many other features, gives us an organized system throughout the school year for the formation of health habits. Two of the most obstinate diseases known, tuberculosis and trachoma, which in the past have spread unspeakable havoc among the Indians, are now practically eliminated from our schools. During the influenza scourge a number of Indian schools, among them one of the largest, were able to resist the contagion without a single case.

Practical Thrift

A concerted movement is under way among leading American educators for the teaching of practical thrift and economy to the school children of the nation. Surely nothing is more timely as a means of stemming the present tide of waste and extravagance, or more thoughtful in behalf of coming generations. The Indian Bureau has done some pioneer work of this kind. The Indian's aboriginal life and his later partial dependence upon governmental support have not developed the saving habit. The uneducated Indian is generous to a fault. He is not naturally an economist. He has shown great mental alertness without a corresponding grasp of cause and effect. He has not generally learned to think of to-morrow in terms of to-day. Many have shown ability to acquire and retain property, but ordinarily they do not realize the value of individual ownership. It has been our endeavor to overcome these tendencies with the young in our Indian schools, and we give emphasis to the pupil's practice of economy in the classroom, sewing room, kitchen, industrial shops, and in the care and use of implements for gardening, dairying and farming, as well as of the products from these activities.

Under what is termed an outing system, pupils are encouraged to earn wages during summer vacation, and they are generally required to deposit a definite part of such earnings with the school for personal needs during the year, and are urged to make such judicious expenditures as will enable them to start a bank account. The necessity for providing against illness or lack of employment and the saving of some part of one's income is strongly impressed upon pupils. Our educational system keeps prominent and practical the thrift idea, and our special efforts to cooperate in the sale of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps met with surprising responses among the Indians, young and old. An investment of twenty-five million dollars of Indian funds in war bonds has carried its lesson of economy as well as patriotism to thousands of Indians; and upward of two million dollars in thrift stamps, purchased largely by the student class, is teaching the value of small investments in a way that spells domestic and civic security in the years to come.

It is a part of our thrift doctrine that there is no better barometer of a boy's successful future than his disposition to save his earnings rather than to spend them foolishly. The ambition to accumulate leads, through the feeling of personal ownership, to thoughtful judgment, good conduct and habits of safe economy. Contentment with mere well-doing is destructive of energy and frequently invites dissipation. A growing ownership of property strengthens the boy, dignifies the man, and awakens like purposes in others. The fact that a man more than exists, that he owns a home and has a share in the material welfare of his community, intensifies his interest in public affairs, increases his feeling of responsibility, magnifies his concern not only for his own fireside but for his country and his countrymen.

Indian Boys in the Service

When the time came to go to the rescue of European civilization against the devouring dangers of autocracy our schools were centers of patriotism that radiated to and through the reservations the principles of self-determining government. Our young-men students eligible for service joined the colors by enlistment almost to a man. Others from the reservations swelled the number to ten thousand. With little exception these Indians were mingled with white troops. Their experience was distinctly educational. They learned a better use of English. They profited by discipline. They discovered the value of organization. They exchanged timidity for self-confidence. They saw the world and acquired much of the self-reliant quality that makes for good citizenship. Scores of them came home wearing the war cross. I have heard of no more brilliant achievements in battle overseas than are recorded of some of these splendid young Americans. For this unflinching service alone we owe their race the essentials of an education that will fit every boy and girl to become a self-supporting unit in our population. In justice to the Indian's loyalty, and in view of what it will at no distant day expect of him, this nation is morally bound to hasten his advancement through the medium of good schools specially adapted to his needs.

Many Indian children are now in the state public schools. This is desirable and is encouraged where conditions reasonably permit, and in the case of mixed bloods who do not invite race prejudice and have had initial training in Indian schools, the results are satisfactory and often of advantage to the pupils of both races. But it is difficult to secure acceptable attendance of full-bloods in white schools, and experience has proved that the groundwork, at least, of all Indian education can best be laid under government supervision.

It is probably not generally known that Indians of different tribes speak entirely different languages and ordinarily marry within their own tribes. The nonreservation school effectively operates as a melting pot, breaking down tribal barriers both as to language and marriage.

The existing boarding-school system has demonstrated very effectively its value and adaptation to the needs of Indian boys and girls. Its results are now unmistakable and the best argument for its continuance through some years to come. It has enabled the Indian to make greater progress than any other primitive race in a like period of which there is any written record. Most of its great body of workers put into their labors a lifting spirit of altruism above money value. Under the service of this educational system the Indian is casting away the things which typify his old barbarous life. He has gone from the moccasin

(Concluded on Page 45)

A garden spade must dig, tamp, pry, cut roots, split wood, break rock

When the common or garden citizen goes out with his common or garden spade, either the citizen or the spade is going to get some punishment. Our motto is, "Make the spade bear the brunt."

If your spade isn't on the job for everything that a spade has to do in this hard world, you're going to get a lame back and sore hands, and the darkness will fall before half your chores are done.

Some manufacturers will tell you, "Treat your spade with respect. Don't try to make it a tool of all work."

This is all right if you figure your spare time as worth nothing, if you're just puttering around the place raising vegetables that cost $1.00 apiece.

We say, "Go to it." You don't want to keep running to the cellar or to the shed for an axe, or a hoe, or a fork, or a hammer. Make your spade dig, tamp, pry, cut roots, split wood, and break rock. Make it do any darned thing. A Red Edge will stand it.

A Red Edge won't buckle when you step on it. It won't bend or nick so that earth catches on the edges and has to be rapped off. It won't get dull, or turned on the edge. The handle won't split or splinter. The rivets won't work loose and cut your fingers.

This versatile tool is a hound for work. The more you use it the better it gets. It thrives under hard knocks. Strong, sturdy and well-balanced, it will get better with wear. It is sharpened to start with and wears sharper.

We don't claim that Red Edge spades are going to start a new vogue in garden parties. Digging never will be the easiest thing in the world. But with a Red Edge it becomes much easier.

Red Edge spades are made of a special Chrome-Nickel steel which has made the name "Red Edge" famous with big railroads, mines and contractors. In our own factory the billets are rolled into sheets from which the Chrome-Nickel blades are fabricated. The handles are second growth Northern White Ash.

Every completed Red Edge spade is given three severe tests for strength and hardness before it can leave the factory. (Note on the blade the mark of the Brinell test.)

For six years we made Red Edge only for the biggest purchasers. Now we have trebled our capacity and can put them within the reach of everybody.

Even before you buy your seeds, go to your local store and ask for the "ace" of spades. You will get a Red Edge.

How Red Edge shovels became the leaders is an absorbing—yes, romantic—story of modern industry. It is told in pamphlet form. Ask our distributor—probably the leading supply house or hardware store in your town—for it, or write us.

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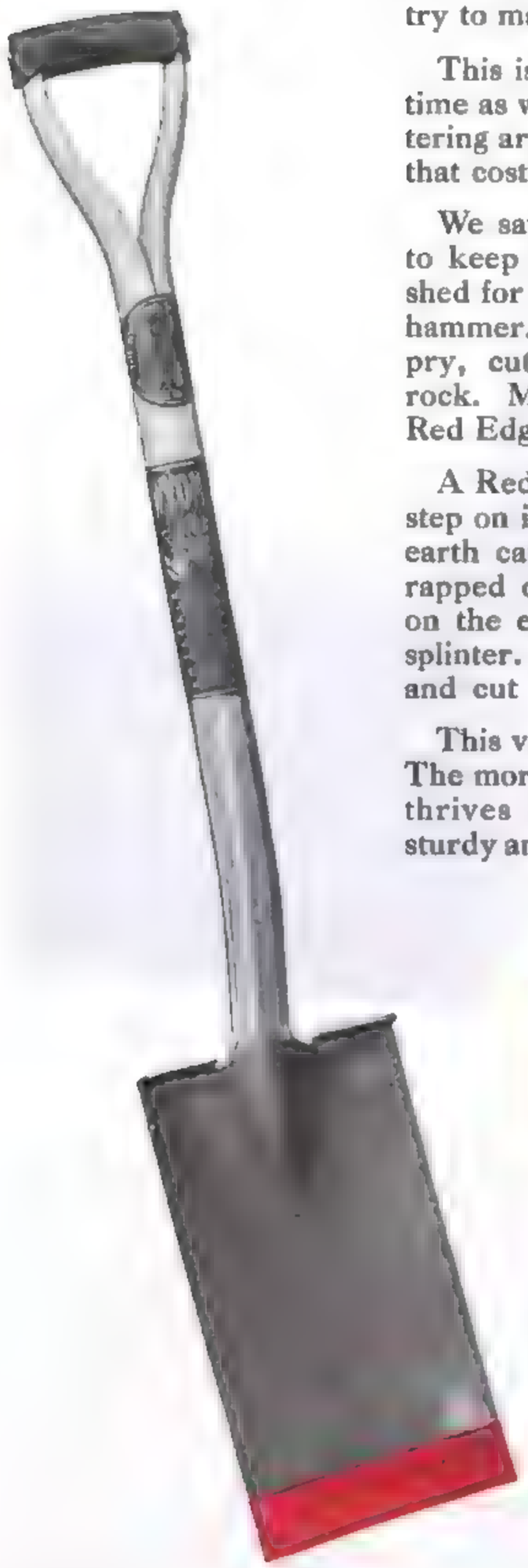
Wyoming, Pennsylvania



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And He was Out o' Luck

Ever see a green seal? Ever hear tell o' one? Ask the Prest-O-Lite Service Man about

GREEN SEAL

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Some motorists there are who take a chance with a battery that has no reserve power. And some day they will *need* a start to pull their motor out of a stall, and the starter will report: "Nothing doing!"

The Prest-O-Lite Battery uses less than one four-hundredth of its power-reserve for a single start—and the generator quickly replaces that.

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Service and Sales Stations everywhere: U. S. A., Canada, Foreign Countries

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to the shoe, from the blanket to the coat, from feathers to the hat. He has exchanged the gun for the plow and turned from the buffalo to the white man's herd and flock. He is forsaking a weird and uncertain conception of divinity for the church and organized Christian benevolence of his white brother. He is lifting drudgery and burdens from the women of his race and granting them higher ideals of home keeping and womanhood. Generally speaking, the former students and graduates of our schools are the transforming forces of the American Indian race. The Indians of the schools, and many others through their influence, have taken on the genius and spirit of our democratic institutions. They have demonstrated their ability to do this and our schools are the proved medium for accomplishing it. If we give the unenlightened Indian property he may or may not make wise use of it. If we give him education he has a working capital of which he cannot be deprived, and which should make him and keep him both progressive and solvent.

In our combined academic and vocational training we have that equipment for making a living, for inspiring individual effort and responsibility which the Indian most needs and which the Government should be in no haste to withdraw.

FIGHTING THE CHINESE FAMINE

(Continued from Page 13

With so many examples to be observed in recent years you would think the Chinese would have learned the near-Oriental and Occidental art of rising up and yelling for help when an unusual disaster threatens them. But they have not. If as long ago as last August the Chinese had intimated to the world in general that as winter advanced they would find themselves in the grip of famine covering an area of 575,000 square miles and involving approximately 45,000,000 people, I think perhaps the world would have detached itself from its other interests at least long enough to listen and express its astonishment. And in that case the world in general would not have had the legitimate excuse it now offers for having come so tardily and so inadequately to China's rescue. The world now says if it had known that such a vast calamity was impending it would have taken more timely measures to combat it. But the Chinese just didn't put up a holler. They didn't know how. Yet as long ago as last August they knew just as well as they know now what they had to face. It was then that the final catastrophe was visited upon them. It was then that the song of the locust was heard in the land—the song which increased in volume until it drowned the winds already woe-beset. It was then that this ancient enemy of the people, as though sensing an opportunity to make calamity superlatively calamitous, came in swarms so dense as to obscure the sun, which had beaten unceasingly upon the parched and suffering earth for a full long year, and the Chinese knew they were facing the most widespread and complete famine in their famine-storied history.

The Plague of Locusts

In a good many sections for more than a year such conditions had existed as would be regarded in any other country as unbearable and unbelievable, but the Chinese are used to scratching through on margins so narrow as to be all but invisible, and in the late summer of 1920, having scratched through one lean winter, they looked out over the burned and stunted crops to be gathered, summed up their average food supply, and prepared to make the best of the worst they had ever known. It was then that locusts came in wide areas to strip the land of the little there was and reduce millions of people to destitution.

In order to understand the famine conditions in China it is necessary to consider the fact that there is no such thing there as food distribution as we know it. In North China there are tremendous open plains that remind one for all the world of our own great Western prairies, except that though wholly unfenced they are divided up into small holdings of two to eight acres, are more carefully and minutely cultivated, and have no farmhouses on them. They are dotted here and there with mud-walled villages, built largely of mud, in which the cultivators of the soil huddle together for sociability and mutual protection, and it might be said that each village produces on its own surrounding farmlands the food for its own consumption and nothing more. From various sections of China come many commodities for export—tea, rice, cotton, wool, minerals, what not—but the average farmer of North China raises kaoliang, millet, wheat and vegetables, to be consumed by people who live in his own village or in villages within walking distance. There is nothing communistic about the farming system. Each man guards jealously and makes the most of his own little patch of ground and in the final apportionment of grain each man looks out for his own clan first, but always in a certain measure his product must be exchanged for other necessities, and it so happens that a kind of communistic result is attained in general living arrangements. If it happens to be a fat year, with food plentiful and cheap, everyone may have an abundance, and no one need be subjected to the necessity of mixing his meal or finely milled flour with chaff. But if it is a lean year the mixing process begins at harvest time. Each family head counts the "mouths" he has to provide for—among the lowly, struggling Chinese millions members of poor families are usually referred to as mouths—and then proceeds to calculate the amount of chaff and other unnutritious substances he will have to mix with his supply of grain in order to make up a sufficient bulk of food to carry him through the winter. This is true of the landowner as well as of the man who exchanges other commodities or labor for the grain he eats.

If the crop shortage amounts to only 20 per cent, let us say, the sacrifice the people have to make in food value in order that their stomachs may be filled is not so great, but go on down the scale from a 20 per cent shortage to a total crop failure and you find them under all circumstances living or trying to live, not from day to day but from harvest to harvest, with each day taken into consideration. If they were not habitual conservers of food and frugal to a degree beyond any but Chinese comprehension they long ago would have begun to die of starvation by hundreds of thousands. The conditions which now exist have developed gradually, like creeping paralysis, and are the result of a succession of economic disasters such as never before occurred even in this land of disasters.

Nearly all previous famines in North China have been caused by flood. The Yellow River, which never misses an opportunity to live up to its reputation as being "China's sorrow," overflows its banks and spreads out over the plains of Shan-tung and Chi-li, reducing millions of people to homelessness and famine conditions, but the flooded area is easily defined and the duration of the flood can be anticipated and the damage caused by the flood can be computed. The duration of a drought cannot be reckoned, and how is anyone going to anticipate or calculate the effects of drought which occurs in streaks and strips and in varying degrees over an area of several hundred thousand square miles? There was a terrific flood in Chi-li and Shan-tung in the fall and winter of 1917, which submerged the homes and resources of about 1,500,000 people, and the same populations were involved in the present calamity before they had time even to rebuild their wretched villages.

Misfortune Upon Misfortune

The average rainfall in North China is about thirty inches a year, and the rains, beginning early in April, are usually quite evenly distributed over a period of six months, and this enables the Chinese farmer with his unmatched industry to produce two crops each year. There was a fairly good yield of all grains in 1918 and the spring crops of all kinds in 1919 were satisfactory, but in the late summer of 1919 in the provinces of Honan, Shan-si, Shen-si, Chi-li and Shan-tung it stopped raining; or, rather, in certain wide sections of these provinces the rain ceased, and in other sections the rainfall was diminished to anywhere from 2 to 50 per cent below normal. The result was that the fall crops of 1919 were a total failure in some areas and a partial failure throughout the whole region.

But the Chinese are philosophic if they are anything at all, so they garnered every tiniest blade, stalk and grain of wheat, millet and kaoliang, and made customary preparations under such circumstances to put in a lean and hungry winter. They planted winter wheat in the dry soil with the expectation of the usual snowfall, but there was little snow—in many sections none at all—and in the spring of 1920 the rains again failed to come. The spring crops were put in and all the gods of the winds and waters were appealed to with tomtoms and extra propitiatory ceremonies, but day after day the burnished sun rose upon a despairing world, and it is now eighteen months since its brightness has been obscured in any part of the five stricken provinces by a sufficient raincloud.

In the fall of 1920 there were literally no crops to harvest in many sections, and in others were fields of dwarfed kaoliang and nothing more. Nowhere was there as much as a 50 per cent yield of grain unless it might be in an occasional spot here or there upon which the gods of the winds and waters had chosen erratically to bestow their blessings.

I have said in no part of five provinces has it rained, but I must except these curious spots. In traveling through the famine-stricken regions far away from railroads and all lines of ordinary communication one comes upon such spots now and then, and they are exactly like oases in the desert.

There is no explaining them. It is just that upon them rain has fallen, and often as not their happy but benighted inhabitants are in utter ignorance of the fact that millions of their brothers beyond their narrow horizon are in immediate danger of death by starvation.

April the Critical Month

There were no crops to harvest in the autumn of 1920, so the people garnered the leaves and bark of the elm trees and dried in the sun all the sweet-potato vines, upon which no sweet potatoes grew. There is considerable hoarded money, of course, and there are dealers in nearly every town or village who manage somehow to cart in a certain amount of grain that is shipped down from Manchuria and Mongolia, but in every town and village there is a submerged percentage of the population, ranging from 10 to 90 per cent, that has nothing at all, and the shock resulting from an examination and enumeration of these percentages caused the foreign relief committees to flash to their own peoples the somewhat hysteric statement that 15,000,000 Chinese are doomed to die of starvation, no matter what measures may be taken to save them. The truth is that some 15,000,000 will be very likely to die if no measures are taken to save them. But a complete and unusually capable organization has been formed to handle the situation; much already is being done; and the lives of the 15,000,000 Chinese now depend upon whether or not funds are forthcoming with which the relief forces may carry on. Many are dead already, many are dying, many must die; but it is not possible the world will stand by and permit a tragedy on too colossal a scale to take place in this already too tragic land.

The awakening of the foreign elements of the population in China to the gravity of the situation came about in a curious way. Down along the Peking and Hankow railroad the troops of the Chi-li military party were fighting desperately against the forces of Anfu—the party then in power—for control of the central government, and Peking was expecting a siege. The foreign legations laid in plentiful stores of food and employed special guards to protect them, the funds to make possible such extra precautions being specifically appropriated for the purpose. In the meantime the somewhat alarmed but still nonchalant members of the diplomatic corps had hied them from the oppressive heat of Peking to Pei-tai-ho, which is Peking's fashionable summer resort, and there they began suddenly to overhear Chinese servants talking about famine, drought, locusts, thousands of people bound to die, a fearful winter ahead.

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LOOK how your old *shoes* have stretched and run over, trying to fit the *shape of your foot.*

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Wear shoes that don't need to be stretched or shaped. Wear Educators—the good-looking, ease-giving shoes that "let the feet grow as they should," without corns, bunions, or other foot-ills.

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"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" tells, in an easy-to-read way, just how foot troubles start and how easy it is to prevent them. *Unusual pictures.* Free. Write for it. Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 14 High Street, Boston, Mass.

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Then appeals for aid began to come in from far-away mission stations, and for the members of the diplomatic corps the curtain was lifted just high enough to give them a brief glimpse of what was coming to pass. The Anfuites were defeated in the field and danger of a siege of Peking no longer existed and foreigners were able to laugh at their own fears while they bolstered their self-esteem with talk about the wisdom of preparedness no matter how unnecessary preparedness might prove in the end to be. But for the guard for the siege provisions they had a fund of $1600 and had spent only $600 of it, so they got together and voted to donate the remaining $1000 to the Chinese famine relief. This was the first subscription and became the nucleus of a foreign fund that has since run up into hundreds of thousands.

As the situation developed and conditions out across the provinces were gradually revealed to the people in the well-provided cities the Chinese began to prod their government and the foreigners began to look to their legations for some kind of humanitarian action. It was about then that everybody began to talk about the famine, and I assure you nobody in China has talked about much of anything else since. It is a subject that cannot be escaped. If you are light-minded it will bore you to distraction; if you are a serious person it will plunge you into deepest depression; but in any case you cannot possibly be light-hearted. A curious thing is that the curtain began to lift along in early September, yet it was not until sometime in December that it occurred to someone to poke up the people of the United States and invite them to have a looksee. This inspiration came about three months late, but at that it will prove to have been timely if the American people are moved to sufficiently quick and liberal response to the appeal made to them.

Organizing for the Fight

To their everlasting credit be it recorded that the Chinese in Peking got busy long before the foreigners who live among them did anything. One after another all-Chinese famine-relief committees began to spring up until there were more than twenty engaged in collecting funds, buying and bringing in grain from the north and receiving and establishing in camps the crowds of refugees who began straggling in from the desolated areas. In the meantime the mixed Chinese-foreign committees were getting under way in all provincial capitals, in Shanghai, and in other cities on the Yang-tse River, while a number of foreign business concerns, such as the Standard Oil Company, the British-American Tobacco Company, the Asiatic Petroleum Company and others, began to undertake private relief measures, financed by themselves and carried out by their own employees scattered throughout the country. There are persons who accuse these firms of indulging in philanthropy by way of taking advantage of the unique opportunity for advertisement, but I have caught from the heads of various companies a tone of real human decency that could hardly be mistaken for anything else. I made a light remark to one of them about using the great famine as a stepping-stone into the better graces of the Chinese people, but being a serious-minded Britisher he failed to get my humorous intent. His company is operating gruel kitchens and feeding thousands of people at its own private expense, while its own business is slowed down almost to a standstill in the affected regions.

"Well," he said, "we couldn't carry on very profitably with the whole bloomin' population down and out, but we couldn't close up shop either and wait for the thing to be over and done with. We might have without hurtin' ourselves any—but there they were—damn it!—the people—nothin' to eat—tryin' to live on leaves like a lot of insects—somethin' had to be done about it. So we began by putting a hundred thousand dollars in a fund to open feedin' places. We have more than a hundred thousand employees of various sorts in the country—most of 'em Chinese, of course—and the next thing was to send out an appeal to them. I don't think many of them have failed to respond, and the fund amounts to a good bit by now. It does take an awful lot of money to feed thousands of people every day. It gives one a kind of curious attitude toward one's own food. I find myself tryin' to figure out how much money I eat up in a year and how many Chinese could feed for a week on what I pay for lunch. But we are nearly finished.

"We think the company has about done its share and we can't very well go back at the personnel with another drive, so I'm afraid we shall have to close down along about the first of April unless the committee takes over our organization and carries on from where we leave off."

"But April is pretty sure to be the worst month of all," I replied. "The people will be wholly dependent on relief by that time, and you simply can't quit."

"Well," he said, "we'll cross that bridge when we get to it, but I want you to understand anyhow that as far as we're concerned 'tain't advertisin'."

The committee—the committee of first importance now—the Chinese Famine Relief Committee, didn't get itself to the fore until late in December, and by that time a lot of water had gone over the dam. The first step was taken by the American Minister, Mr. Charles R. Crane. He had already cabled to the American State Department detailed information regarding the situation and performed his purely diplomatic duty with the painstaking thoroughness we have the right to expect from our diplomatic representatives, however completely their efforts may be wasted in the mystic labyrinth of the State Department filing system. But it suddenly occurred to him it might be a good idea to have an active American group organized for famine relief right in Peking, so he called a meeting of all resident Americans, with the result that the American Famine Relief Committee was formed.

Whereupon the proudest among the other legations, not to be outdone, took similar action, and within a few days the British, French, Italian, Belgian and Japanese legations had got resident nationals together to discuss the situation and had launched committees to represent them and take charge of their respective philanthropic interests. Meanwhile there were the twenty-odd Chinese committees in Peking, with similar organizations functioning in Tientsin, Shanghai, Hankow, Paotingfu, Tsinanfu and other large centers of urban population, and each attempting to do its work independently without reference to the efforts of any other society. The result was confusion completely confounded, not to speak of a series of interorganization misunderstandings—the usual thing. The first step toward unification of effort was taken by the Chinese, who got together and amalgamated all the Chinese famine-relief organizations in Peking and adjacent territory into the North China Central Famine Relief Committee. After which the foreign committees had a joint meeting and voted themselves into the International Famine Relief Committee.

This may all sound very uninteresting and you may not care in the least how the committee in China was evolved to which you intrust your big or little contribution as the case may be, with the hope that it may save some Chinese from a terrible death or from too deep descent into the horrors of slow starvation. But never mind; it is just as well to have a [illegible] one thing and another, and I can think of nothing more diverting than the maneuvers of the various members of the Peking diplomatic corps in their efforts to fix themselves up as sufficiently impressive and sufficiently esteemed relievers of Chinese distress. But again never mind. Out in the tremendous areas which lie to the south and east and west of Peking are the starving millions. They know nothing about international pleasantries or unpleasantries, know nothing about interests and influences, know nothing about social precedents or precedence; for the most part, know nothing about committees or councils, sources or resources; all they know is a little sack of grain or bowl of gruel when they see it; and all we need to know is that our contribution, whatever it may be, is going to buy that little sack of grain or that bowl of gruel for some one of them. And that, at least, we know is assured.

One Mr. Hsiung Hsi Ling, former Premier of China, who was director of the National Relief Bureau during the great flood of 1917, came along with a third independent organization, fairly well backed with Chinese funds, but was induced to sacrifice his splendid isolation for the general good; and the eventual outcome of the extremely diplomatic negotiations among three philanthropic bodies was the merging of their several identities into the United International Famine Relief Committee. The Committee was too fat as to membership to get around and really make itself useful, so another discussion took place and an executive council was finally elected, of which there are eight Chinese and eight foreign members, intrusted with full power to act. These councilors fortunately were selected with a view to their ability to serve, and many of them have given up all other interests for the time being for the big business enterprise the famine relief has grown to be.

For example, the Peking organizations were immediately followed by local societies in all large cities and the result is about the neatest and completest coördination of effort anyone has ever witnessed. If the local societies had given themselves shorter names it would give me great pleasure to write them all down, but it is sufficient to say that, respectively, they function at Tientsin, for East Chi-li, Paotingfu for West Chi-li, Tsinanfu for Shan-tung, Kai-feng for Honan, Tai-uan for Shan-si, and at Hankow and Shanghai. All operating units are of mixed foreign and Chinese membership and all of them work under the supervision and direction of the central executive committee in Peking, so there is no overlapping or confusion at any point. All funds are pooled under the control of the central committee and are dispensed according to the ration adopted at the early conference, modified from time to time to meet developments of the situation. The Committee for West Chi-li—having the largest territory to cover and some of the worst conditions to contend with—is disbursing about 26 per cent of the funds available to date. East Chi-li is using 20 per cent, Shantung 14 per cent, and Honan 20 per cent, while Shan-si and Shen-si, having lesser demands, are carrying on with smaller appropriations.

Official in Charge of a Refugee Camp

Shan-tung would require a great deal more if it were not for the American Red Cross. The American Red Cross has divided that province with the famine-relief organization and is taking care of the west half all on its own, and performing a most remarkable and interesting service. But that story shall come later.

I am writing away as if there were a plentiful supply of money in hand, as though the question of finance were the least of the worries of the workers. As a matter of fact, the treasury has never been quite two jumps ahead of utter depletion, and the amount of relief being given does not cover more than about 2 per cent of the actual need. It has had to be a case all the way through of the selection of the most desperate sufferers or victims regarded fittest to survive. The others, by tens of thousands, have to be kept away from the relief stations by main force, because to admit a larger number than the organizations have adequate ration for would be to spread assistance out too thin and render all unavailing. The idea is not to attempt to satisfy temporarily the hunger of vast numbers, but to carry through as many as possible and save their lives.

I have said that in the beginning the Chinese began to look to their government for action, and it is a pleasure to record that the government responded promptly and whole-heartedly. The government has no money; but *maskee!*—what's the difference?—the government has the people and the public utilities. No government ever went quite so broke but it still managed to survive. The little emperor himself in his gilded cage within the forbidden city is jestingly referred to as a famine victim. A combination of the unpatriotic drainage of the national exchequer and long drought in the various fields of national resources has created a governmental famine, and I cannot think of a better proof of its acuteness than the fact that the little emperor has not had a dollar of his allowance for three years. He can't even get married, because he has no money to pay for the ceremonies.

Transportation Difficulties

At the outset the government established famine-bureau officials, who have since directed all governmental relief participation, and it is noteworthy that the first measure to suggest itself to them was to proceed at once with the building of two projected lines of railroad in order that famine labor might be employed. These roads—one connecting the Peking and Hankow line with the Tientsin and Pukow line, two hundred miles long, and the other from Chi-fu to Wei-hai-wei—are in rapid process of construction and are carrying thousands of utterly dependent men and their families through the winter. The government even submitted to a general supervision of all expenditures of the relief organization. The first thing the central committee did was to employ a firm of expert accountants to audit all books and keep the various financial records straight, and the Chinese could do no less than likewise, so what must have looked to interested parties in the beginning like a lovely chance to squeeze resolved itself into a chance for Chinese officials to prove they can be honest if they are compelled to be. And many of them have been very generous, too. The president came across the other day with a contribution of $30,000, and other officials have given very liberally.

The famine bureau immediately arranged for free transportation on the state railways for all famine-relief grain from Manchuria and Mongolia into the stricken areas. It should be noted that Manchuria and Mongolia, with great grain-producing territories, have been shut in by the war many years and have accumulated sufficient stores to feed the world if transportation were available. The chief difficulty with China has always been one of transportation, but if the present horrors are teaching the Chinese anything they are teaching them the value of railroads. I imagine that hereafter foreign builders of railroads in China will meet with less prejudice and opposition on the part of the people, even though they do not receive a unanimous welcome or hearty cooperation, because the railroads are justifying themselves in the eyes of the people in a very striking manner. Wherever they run the suffering populations have been reached with prompt and adequate relief, while off in

(Continued on Page 48)

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Swings into Popularity with a Sensationally Low Price

POLLYANNA—the last word in high-class electric washers—as fine a machine as money can buy—full standard capacity—with *copper tub*, and big, beautiful cabinet—

NOW $135 With copper tub and Swinging wringer

(Price west of Rocky Mts. $150)

This wonderful machine with the *Swinging Tub* has the most natural mechanical motion of any oscillating type washer. The Pollyanna tub swings *50 times a minute*—creating a *"Double Whirlpool"* agitation that washes clothes to perfection in *double-quick time!*

Write for Free Booklet

which gives full details of this washer of top-notch quality at a *real rock-bottom price* Easy Payments if desired. *WRITE!* Ask for name of nearest dealer.

Manufacturers Distributing Company
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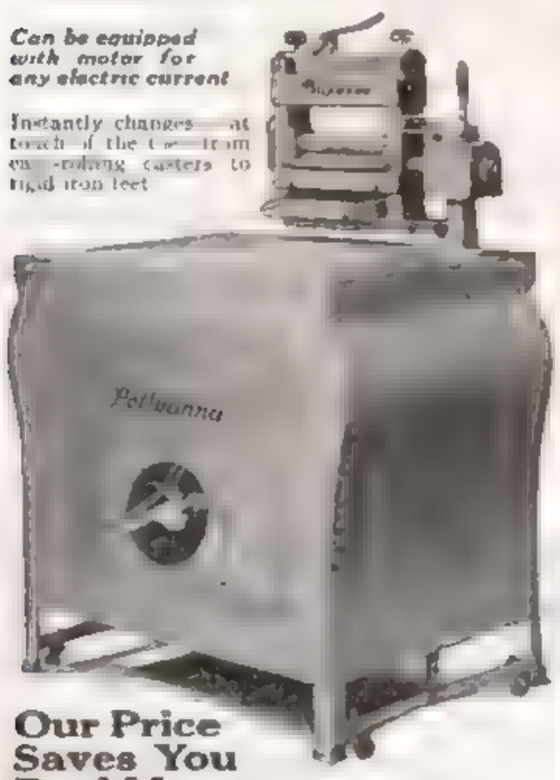
415 Fullerton Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

Can be equipped with motor for any electric current

Instantly changes at touch of the foot from swivel-rolling casters to rigid iron feet



Our Price Saves You Real Money

Dealers! Write for full details of interesting proposition on Pollyanna. Some very desirable territory still open.

(Continued from Page 46)

railroadless interiors the stricken millions must depend on lumbering mule carts which have a capacity of just about enough to keep the mules and carters on their journey, and which move along at a snail's pace over ancient and execrable trails that nobody has attempted to improve since the days of Confucius.

The government railroad systems in operation are not models of efficiency by any means, and in the beginning it looked as though the few extra shipments for grain-relief purposes would paralyze traffic altogether, but Mr. J. E. Baker, the American engineer in the Ministry of Communications, was put on the job and told to develop grain-transportation facilities to the maximum without delay—which, with characteristically American short-cut methods, Mr. Baker proceeded immediately to do. He was all over the place in no time. He rearranged schedules, assembled freight cars and engines, organized a working outfit including guards for the food trains, set up special purchasing, shipping and receiving stations, and did all that needed doing, and within a few days was moving 3000 tons of grain a day down from the north with an available reserve capacity of 3000 tons more. There is now no difficulty at all on the railway lines. The difficulty is to get food into regions far removed from these modern conveniences. The next thing the government did was to place a surtax on exports and communications, and this was brought home in the form of a considerable extra charge to everyone who sends a telegram or buys a railroad ticket. The famine tax is becoming as familiar a phrase here as the war tax has been to us for lo! these several years. After which the government raised a loan of $4,000,000 from foreign banking concerns and pledged the surtax and one-half of one per cent of the imports tax to secure it, this loan to be administered by a special commission composed of government officials and the foreign members of the international committee. All famine-relief representatives in the field—agents and workers of all grades and descriptions—have passes on the government railroads; all telegrams relating to relief business are franked to all parts of the country where telegraph wires or cables run; office space, storage warehouses, clerical personnel, whenever possible are furnished; and all in all the government is doing as much as reasonably could be expected.

Devoted Missionaries

When people in China, the foreigners particularly, first began to realize the famine and gauge its magnitude two distinct courses of action presented themselves. The first was to do what could be done to put an end to the famine itself. The second was to give direct aid to as many victims as food could be provided for, and save as many lives as possible. It began to be known that in their desperation people were resorting to expedients to keep bodies and souls together such as never before were heard of, so it was not thought likely there would be much seed wheat in their possession for planting the winter crop. A quick campaign for funds was instituted in a number of cities simultaneously, and the money obtained was sent to Christian missionaries here and there, to be distributed among the farmers for the purchase of wheat. At the same time some seed grain was shipped to various points, but as early as that it was still possible to buy grain in the larger centers along the railroads, and even some places in the interior. And it is an interesting fact that not a great deal of the seed money was needed, because the same thought which disturbed the anxious foreigners also occurred to the starving farmers, only it occurred to the farmers first. Moreover, the interior populations have with them always the Christian missionaries, and missionaries everywhere recognized at once that the most important immediate consideration was to get winter wheat in. They supplied seed whenever necessary, urged discouraged farmers on, and it was not long before reports began to come in from Hsien, or county, officials that the winter wheat in famine areas was all in, and that a larger acreage had been planted than ever before.

But here it is, getting along to the first of March, and it has neither snowed nor rained. Even the cheerfulest among the optimists is beginning to admit that a part crop of winter wheat is all that can possibly be hoped for, and unless it rains in April and May there will be no crop at all. Incidentally, because there was no feed to carry them through the winter the farmers everywhere began in the early fall to sell their farm animals. These were bought up and shipped to the south by hundreds of thousands. It is said that in some districts as many as 90 per cent of all animals had been disposed of, with the result that the spring planting will be seriously retarded and in many sections reduced to a fraction of its normal extent. The missions are taking care of a good many animals, but there is sure to be an unprecedented shortage when animals are most needed.

The missionaries are everywhere, and considering the various kinds of work they do one wonders how the interior populations ever got along without them. They may have their peculiarities, but it has to be admitted that these peculiarities are such as to create prejudice against them in the minds of none but the godless. I have been out among them recently in far-removed, isolated, sometimes rather terrible places, where so many of them choose to spend their lives in service; and so far as they are concerned my hat is off to them for keeps.

Plucky American Women

I am not very enthusiastic about evangelization among the heathen, but I am strong for sanitation and health, and sanitation and health are what the missionaries are teaching the heathen these days. Not that they have grown lax in evangelization or have ceased to preach the gospel—this would be impossible. The gospel is their own anchor and without it they would have nothing to sustain them in their monotonous, long-drawn-out, and nearly always repulsive labors. If it were not for the missionaries there would be mighty little famine relief available for the interior multitudes of China to-day. They all speak the language of the tribes they work for, and in recent years they have gained the esteem and confidence not only of the people but of the officials as well, so that they are now able to go anywhere and form contacts no other foreigners could form and get results no other foreigners possibly could hope to attain. The mission stations, schools and colleges are supplying practically the entire working force in the outfields famine relief, and have at the same time converted their own establishments, great and small, into relief centers which are overrun constantly by beseeching throngs of people, who regard the women Christian missionaries as kind, Heaven-sent mothers whose plain duty is to look after them.

I spent a couple of days last week at the American Board Mission in Techou, and there I saw a demonstration on a large scale of the Chinese tendency to lean on Christian charity in times of dire distress. This mission is a fine institution. It was started a good many years ago in a village a few miles away, but they put a railroad through Techou and when the mission got the money really to establish itself and spread out and add to the personnel and the variety of its activities it decided to move up on the line of communications. Its group of buildings is very creditable and an example to the mud-hut-sheltered populace of what can be done if they wish and will to build strong enough to overcome all obstacles and difficulties. There is a gray stone hospital, to begin with, this being the largest building, as usual; after which are a fine school building for boys and girls, an administration building, dormitories, a home for the nursing staff and unmarried teachers, a few cottages for married teachers and doctors, power house and some outbuildings—all built out of the same set of blocks, but well built and most impressive. The country round about is all flat and rather desolate. It is in an area which "China's Sorrow" laid under six to eight feet of water in the fall and winter of 1917, during which period the inhabitants of the grand foreign buildings lived in the upper stories only and went about their various duties and out on expeditions of mercy on rafts. After this they built a strong flood wall, which makes the compound now look considerably like a fortress.

There is no use of my trying to describe the streams of humanity that flow in and out the always open gates of this compound. They are almost terrifying in their abject misery. And I want it understood that this abject misery is not normal. I know China fairly well. During the past seventeen years I have spent more time in the East than at home, and I know that the average person among the people who now stand in dignified appeal at the gates of charity in China would almost rather die than beg. For the most part they are ordinarily comfortable farmers, victims now of a great natural calamity that has narrowed their margin of self-reliance to the vanishing point. The sight of them is, I think, the saddest thing I have ever seen. The mission cannot do much for the throngs except to get individual records and try to place an occasional person here and there where relief is being dispensed; but some buildings have been cleared out to make room for women and girl refugees. As many women as possible have been put to work of various kinds; unnecessary sewing—anything to keep them busy and make it possible for them to believe they have earned the food which is given them, while the little girls—many of them rescued from the purchasing agents of the city houses of bondage—are set at the study of Chinese phonetic script, the idea being to open their minds. I saw a good deal of the women, but there were seventy of nearly two hundred little girls who had mumps. Their dormitory was jocosely referred to as the mumpery, and I was not permitted to go near it. The hospital had in every kind of case, from tuberculosis, typhus and typhoid, to starvation dropsy and frozen feet, and I wondered at the nerve and self-sacrifice of the American women who were conducting it. I can think of any number of things I would rather do than nurse a Chinese coolie, even after I got him cleaned up.

While I was at the mission I made a trip down the American Red Cross Road and was reduced to silent wonder that my countrymen should be engaged in such an extraordinary enterprise. When it began to be evident that North China was in for the most terrible winter in China's recorded history the American Red Cross sent over $500,000 with instructions to spend it where it would do the most good; and at once the Red Cross directors saw visions of something in the way of constructive philanthropy that would not only meet the immediate necessities of large numbers of people but help in some measure to insure these people against a repetition of the catastrophe which had overtaken them. At first there was the possibility of undertaking some greatly needed extension and engineering work on the Grand Canal, but there were some governmental and other complications in this connection, so it was decided that the Red Cross money should be used to build roads. The question was where, but in the final apportionment of territory among various relief bodies the western half of the province of Shan-tung was given the American Red Cross along with permission to build roads wherever it was thought they would be most useful.

Sunken Roadways

I wish I could describe this area. It is practically treeless, flat as a table top and the color of sun-baked clay, without so much as a single gleam of green in winter to relieve its dreadful monotony, but the soil is a loose formation of crumbling earth of extraordinary depths, and it seems to me the dreary history of middle-class China is written in the cart tracks which cross and recross it at every imaginable angle. These tracks—unbelievably rough and torturesome trails—are almost invariably sunken; not cut down by the efforts of human hands to improve, but worn down by centuries of use. In some places they are as much as eight or ten feet below the surface plain, and travelers along them know that the carts of antediluvians have passed where their own carts are passing. When the rains are heavy or when the Yellow River breaks out they become impassable, and many populations remain shut up in their villages for weeks and sometimes months on end.

The Pukow and Tientsin Railroad runs right up through the center of this territory, but there are hundreds of miles on either side whose inhabitants enjoy none of its benefits because they have no connecting roadways. The American Red Cross decided to shoot a hundred miles of good highway off to the southwestward, and to connect it to the railroad with branches into all important stations. And the idea was to raise the road above flood level and make it serviceable all the year round. I can imagine the hemmings and

(Concluded on Page 50)

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BEEMAN'S

ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Eat Slowly

The next time you go out for a quick lunch take a look at the people about you.

You will find that you and they are all eating too rapidly, are not masticating their food thoroughly, and hence are not preparing it properly for its journey through the digestive apparatus.

So, put on the brakes, eat more slowly, masticate your food more thoroughly, then after each meal chew a stick of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum, and soon you will find your digestion improving and your efficiency increasing.

American Chicle Company
New York Chicago
San Francisco

(Concluded from Page 48)

hawings of the local Chinese officials before whom the proposition was laid, but whatever they may have thought of the judgment of the American engineers they grasped the fact that only famine labor was to be employed and that the main object of the undertaking was to give work to a few thousand destitute men to enable them to carry their families through the winter, so a complete and wholly amicable understanding was arrived at between the officials and the philanthropists, and work began.

The Red Cross recruited labor throughout the territory for which it was responsible, making surveys in every town and village that would have done credit to a secret-service agency, and selecting the neediest only to be enrolled among the road builders. It is not much exaggeration to say the entire populations applied for jobs, but recruiting was done on a percentage of the population system: so many men from each town and village, according to conditions found; and the recruiting agents had to harden their hearts to abide by their instructions. Many times large numbers of men in a community, all equally in need, would be left over when recruiting was practically finished. There would be places for two more, let us say, and these men would get together in solemn assembly and draw lots to see which among them should have the opportunity to work and live. It must have been heartbreaking business.

The hours of labor are from sunrise to sunset, but the implements provided are of modern American make instead of the antiquated implements these Chinese are accustomed to toil with, and I am told they regard twelve hours' digging with a shining shovel or a sharp pick as something in the nature of a rest cure. I could write reams about this road and the human interests encountered upon it, but the kind of space I am filling with words is not illimitable. I went down to the end of the line where construction is in progress and saw 1000 men in what looked to me to be positively feverish activity. There are some 12,000 of them at work, and this means more than 60,000 mouths accounted for. It is now proposed to extend the road another 100 miles and take on another 10,000 men.

I rode over the finished section of eighteen miles; I observed the excellence of its construction with all the pride with which the inhabitants regarded it, and could not fail to consider its enduring benefit; but I think I pondered most deeply upon the fact that this, the first modern highway to be built in the interior of China, will always be known as the American Red Cross Road. The international committee has collected and disbursed a total of $4,054,000; different Christian missions—notably the Canadians—have suspended or partly suspended normal operations and have turned their annual appropriations in full or in part over to the famine relief; the community of Manila has sent $50,000, with a promise of more and, fortunately, American funds are now beginning to come in in substantial amounts; but the American public has been taught to realize what it costs to save lives, and will not be surprised that the appeal to America is for many millions.

As I write, a national appeal is being organized for China, by which it is hoped every corner of the tremendous country will be reached. It will be conducted along lines with which all Western peoples have become familiar as a result of the war and its dire effects, but it will be something entirely new in the lives of the Chinese people—a new and beneficial awakening to conceptions of mutual service such as they never yet have dreamed of. Even political differences will be put aside for the occasion, and the North and South alike will be appealed to as though the disunion of China had ceased to be. And who can tell but that the occasion may serve to hasten the settlement of the disagreements which divide the country against itself?

Editor's Note—The Editor of The Saturday Evening Post will be glad to receive and forward contributions to the China Famine Fund.

TROUBLE WITH JOHN BULL?

(Concluded from Page 34)

Industrially, Argentina is the most advanced country in South America. Out of a population of perhaps eight millions, fully two millions live in Buenos Aires. Once a cattle and cowboy country, with no particular living problems, she swung into world markets with her wheat, beef, wool and hides, suddenly becoming a country of stiff living costs. Congestion in Buenos Aires and the beginning of manufacturing industries intensified economic problems. Wages have not kept pace with living costs. Seventy per cent of the families in Buenos Aires live in one-room homes. Naturally there is discontent. Within the past two years Buenos Aires has seen strike riots approaching revolution and railroad riots throughout the country marked by great disorder and the destruction of property. Even where violence has been absent, strikes have paralyzed industry and trade. Through a recent extension of suffrage the national government has a strong labor and radical influence.

To make some headway out of these difficulties an organization called the Asociación del Trabajo was formed. "Trabajo" means "work." The organization includes manufacturers, merchants and labor leaders, publishes a weekly journal dealing with industrial and economic matters, and studies Argentina's economic problems, seeking rational solutions.

When American manufacturers proposed to hold their exposition, Dr. A. Del Ora Maini, secretary of the Asociación del Trabajo, asked that exhibits be sent to show our welfare-work, housing, technical-training, thrift and insurance plans and industrial betterment generally.

He not only knew through reading what we had in this line but also knew the corporations and communities in the United States that have carried out betterment work most successfully.

Labor organization is new in Argentina, and radicals are likely to give it sinister tendencies. Both employers and workers need constructive ideas and the get-together spirit. The American exhibits will be educational, showing what has been accomplished in the United States, and will suggest ways of bettering conditions in Argentina, offsetting radicalism and violence. Rather curiously, our friend John Bull himself is just now paying a good deal of attention to Yankee efficiency and welfare methods.

Our sales of automobiles abroad involve the export of our good-roads spirit and organization. Our sales of railroad equipment must be backed by the same transportation development that linked our own continent together. Our sales of many other commodities involve improvements in sanitation, production, distribution, earning capacity and purchasing power for our customers in other countries.

John Bull has his spiritual exports, too, represented by terms like "*palabra inglés*," or "English word," which throughout Latin America means scrupulous respect for one's bargain or appointment.

Rivalry between Briton and Yank looms large in several directions—sales of merchandise in world markets, rivalry in shipping and banking, far-reaching changes in basic things underlying world trade, such as coal and petroleum, friction, propaganda, pin pricking, fear and conceit—both elevated to the false plane of nationality.

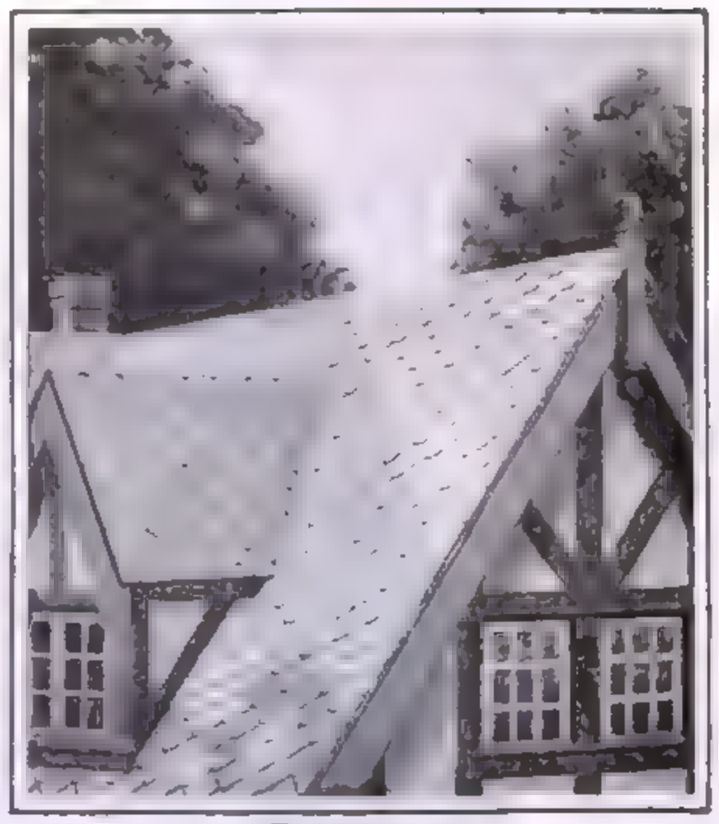
That we have made much headway against John Bull in world-wide selling organization is a hope rather than a fact.

On the other hand, we have some definite advantages—good will and better acquaintance growing out of war trade, surplus output of characteristic Yankee products in which we excel, as automobiles, agricultural implements, machine tools, office equipment; new shipping and banking facilities; a more vivid appeal of world trade to the American imagination.

As salesmen, both Briton and Yank will unquestionably generate a lot of heat and noise while hustling after the same order. But the real job for both is creating new business by development of the resources and purchasing power of countries where trade is sought. The world is still so large in that respect that there seems to be ample room for both, each working in his own way, each utilizing his distinctively different genius for business and its methods. Working thus, better acquaintance is bound to come, and with better acquaintance will disappear most of the present misunderstanding and suspicion.

Dilapidation

Application



Restoration

Re-roof for the last time

—*right over the old shingles*

WHEN a house owner is in the market for a new roof in these days of costly labor and materials, he thinks twice before he buys. First he thinks of permanence; second he thinks of economy—two considerations met perfectly by laying Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles over the old shingles.

An economy from the start

Of course, you save money this way, since you do not have to tear off the old shingles, nor do you have to put on new sheathing boards. But it is not so much a question of being able to afford tearing off the old roof; by leaving the old shingles on you have that additional insulation and protection.

Tearing off the old shingles was always a nuisance and even a destruction—broken shrubbery, littered lawns, and a great clutter of splinters and dirt in the house and around the house—and all this destructive labor had to be paid for before the constructive work was started.

Increases property value

The condition of a roof is strongly reflected in the market value of the house. It is not surprising then, that Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles when laid over an old roof more than prove their worth in increased property value.

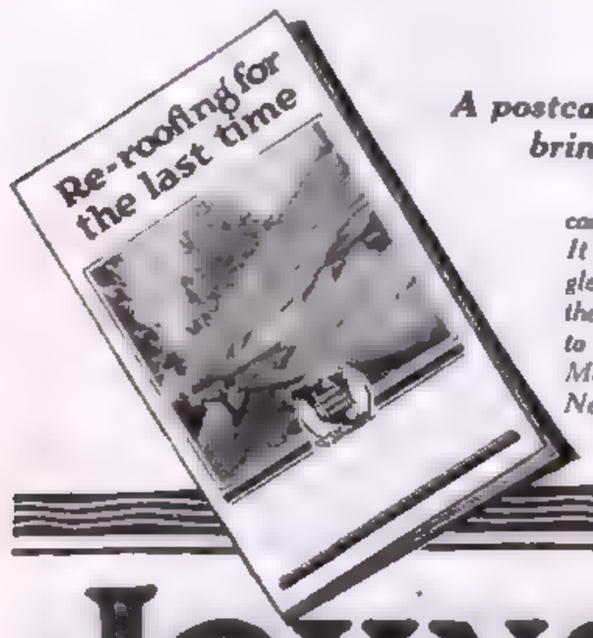
Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are made from asbestos rock fibres combined with Portland cement under tremendous pressure. They have all the permanence of the asbestos rock from which they are made—and that has endured for uncounted ages.

Each shingle is an artistic slab of everlasting mineral.

No more re-roofing

These shingles can neither curl nor chip, warp nor shale. As there is nothing in them to decay, rust or burn, they are practically indestructible. So you can be sure that the next re-roofing bill you pay will be the last one if you use Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

The Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., whose business it is to classify building materials in regard to fire risk, give to Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles the highest ratings.



A postcard will bring this booklet

You'll want it when you come to decide on re-roofing. It proves that the best shingles are, in the long run, the least expensive. Send to Johns-Manville, Inc., Madison Ave. at 41st St., New York City.

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Serves in Conservation

Heat Insulations, High Temperature Cements, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Brake Linings, Fire Prevention Products

HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

THE new 11-story addition to the Bond Hotel, Hartford, Connecticut, to be entirely equipped with Haughton V-groove single-gear passenger elevators.

Haughton machines of the geared type are noted for rapid handling at floors, and ability to give continuous service at the lowest cost of operation and maintenance.

THE HAUGHTON ELEVATOR & MACHINE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

THE LEGACY

(Concluded from Page 38)

blossom and fruit. So they had lived in luxury. Sandilands had been safe and comfortable. He was a harmless man, and these were his only demands. Drama sat upon him like an ill-cut coat.

Yet often through this easy life the great dread had come. He pushed it away with the flat of his hands; yet he knew all along that he had only three years to live. And to-night, this Sunday night, the future was the present. Their time had ended, their time had come!

"I'll have a cigar." He roused himself. "I've got two left."

That had been one of his luxuries at Birdham, a good cigar after dinner every Sunday.

"You've had one already to-day. It won't upset you?"

"Upset me!" He stared. "What's the matter?"

What did she mean? What was going on in her head all this time? He hated her placid face and idle hands. She never sewed on Sundays.

He fetched the cigar, and then he put it down.

"I won't have one if you'd rather not," he said sullenly. After a pause he added: "We've got to go some time or other. It's a better way—the way we're doing it—than a long illness or an operation. I've always dreaded an operation."

"I know you have."

"My people don't make old bones, but yours live forever."

He was thinking of her relations—lean old women, gnarled old men, and most of them living round ninety. He choked. His eyes changed. His mad glare filled the room. He blundered up, then flopped down. He was kneeling at her feet, as he had kneeled that other night. He was kissing her, and he had kissed her then. But this was a more poignant caress; it was finer, wilder. That night he had seemed a young man, in spite of his gray head. To-night he was unearthly, old.

"I've got the stuff," he said, falling back upon his heels at last and looking into her eyes.

"When did you get it?" She was sharp with him.

"Day before we came to Birdham."

Then she respected him, and he was, to her mind, heroic. He was not always Sandilands going bankrupt, Sandilands smoking his pipe. He had bought the stuff. He had kept it by him. He had never said a word.

"Sandilands"—she was grave, she coaxed him in her serious way—"we could make a nice living selling things. We've had more than we could eat. I've got two hundred eggs put down, and a cupboard full of jam, and enough honey to ——"

"No buying and selling for me!" He became violent.

"I could manage a pig if we had one," she persisted. "And then there's vegetables. It would mean hard work and getting up early."

"Think I'd get up early, after breakfast in bed for three years?"

"I've spoiled you." She was almost arch. "That's having no children."

Sandilands started up; he walked about. Then he turned on her.

"Where's that fifty Chubb paid?"

"I've been waiting for you to ask me that, dear. I spent it, every penny; and it was mine to spend."

"Yes, it was yours right enough."

He looked funny, and he knew now that he had been counting on that fifty. She was like a man, with her plain black bodice, her stern face and her rigid hair.

He sat down stiffly in the chair opposite. Suddenly he burst out crying, rubbing his big knuckles into his big eyes. He was making an ass of himself, but he did not care. To-morrow, or the next day, or next week perhaps, he would be dead. She also would be dead. She, with her quiet voice and noiseless feet, would be quieter than ever.

"It's funny what a little thing upsets you," he frankly sobbed. "I was thinking of my tomatoes, and they bowled me over. I did want to see them turn red!"

Eliza seemed to pause, to pull herself together, to prepare to spring. She went to him.

"Stand up," she said in her dull way.

Then something swift, hungry and violent overtook her. She changed. She flung her arms round him. It was a new passion, and he was staggered. Her arms were as long as his, and harder. She set the blubbering form upon its feet.

"It isn't as if you'd got a bit put by in a stocking. Lots of wives manage that."

"Stocking!" She sounded light. "You come upstairs and look at my stockings. You watch me unroll every pair, and you won't find sixpence."

She laughed. It was very rarely that she laughed. Sometimes a dry chuckle dropped from her like grain; but this was a laugh.

Her mood of caprice—her first caprice—startled Sandilands, and it cleared his head Even when they were courting she had been serious, painstaking.

"We mustn't lose our nerve," he said. "We said we'd do it when we'd spent the money—and why the dickens do you keep on laughing?"

She was going mad, that was it. Poor soul! It was too much for her. Presently she would start shouting. All the village would come running in.

"I'm not mad," she said, with her eyes fixed upon him.

"You're not? Then I'm hanged if I know what you're driving at!"

"Sandilands, the branch shops are yours; all three, and the other shop too. Chubb's managed for me, that's all. I gave him the fifty pounds to pay you with. It was my savings, dear."

She was quiet now. She spoke now in her commonplace way, and the fire died out of her face. Sandilands' eyes were popping from his head.

"You're a deep one!" he said indescribably.

She seemed to hesitate, then she loosed her arms from him and went staidly to her chair. He watched her go. He stared through the window toward the dark garden.

"Thinking of tomatoes, Sandilands?"

Who and what was she, this woman, his wife, who had worked such wonders? He had gone bankrupt three times—or as good as. She had three branch shops! His shame and pique shook him; his exuberant faith in masculinity lay dead.

He was grateful, relieved, redeemed. They were well-to-do, and they could always live at Birdham. Yet this was not the ending he had meant. For three long years he had been screwing himself up to something big.

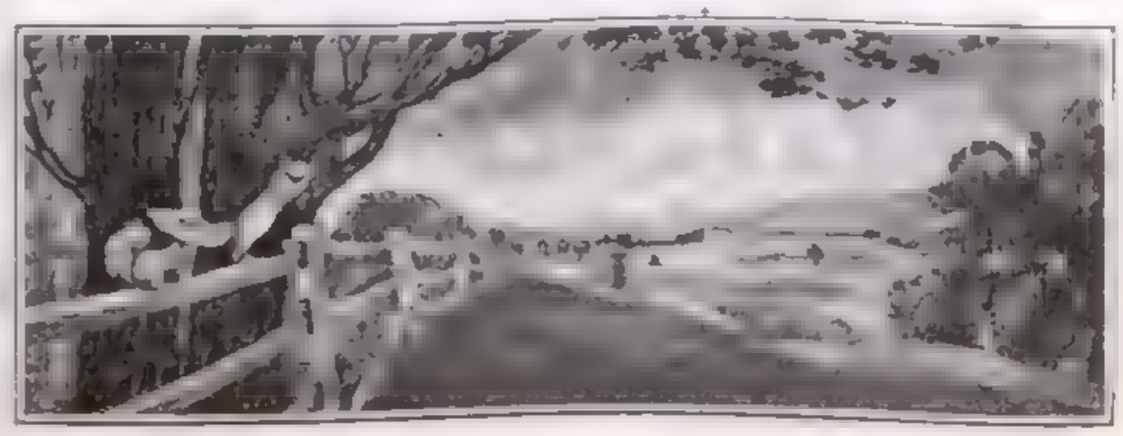
And why? Where was the good? In a sense, he was cheated. She was half play-actress and half puzzle. He had never known her.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" he demanded. "You've known all along. It's been cruel."

Her eyebrows implied the faintest, mildest uplifting.

"But, Sandilands, we said three years."

And again he looked at her. Then, half reluctant, he crossed the room, fell to his knees with a blustering sigh, and put his head down on her passive lap.



Made to grow or stunted at will—

by adding or subtracting one single element in food

Science's startling discovery

Thousands of men and women, it is now known, lack this vital element in their daily meals

"A SCRAWNY, lethargic animal, rapidly dwindling in size, will completely change its appearance in a few days at most on a diet unchanged except for a tiny bit of yeast."

This is how one noted scientist describes the almost incredible results of experiments with yeast, the richest known source of the newly discovered "water-soluble vitamine."

One mysterious element of food on which we are dependent for full vigor!

Primitive man secured an abundance of vitamine from his raw, uncooked foods and green, leafy vegetables. But modern diet—constantly refined and modified—is too often badly deficient in this vital element.

This explains why it is that so many people have "nothing the matter with them," yet never enjoy full vigor and health. Physicians say they are vitamine-starved. Day after day, they are failing to get enough of this single food element which supplies vigor and zest. Thousands whose tables are loaded with wholesome foods are yet actually underfed.

The richest known source of "water-soluble vitamine"

This vitamine exists in various common foods—notably in the leafy vegetables; but many of us seldom get enough to give us the vigor and the store of surplus energy we all should have.

But in yeast we have a food that will help us out of the difficulty—a food that is always ready, always in season and always cheap.

Yes, just plain, everyday Fleischmann's Yeast—in the cake, just as you buy it from the grocer's.

Already yeast is being eaten by thousands

Thousands of men and women are now eating yeast—not only those who feel the effects of undernourishment but the many who are only occasionally conscious of a lack of energy. Housewives are making sure that they have enough of it in the regular meals by providing yeast either plain or in some familiar dish.

As a result, many are being freed from minor ailments, are building up increased resistance to disease; and—best of all—are feeling a bounding sense of vigor and energy they have not known for years.

Increased appetite, improved digestion, the regular and normal elimination of waste matter from the body, naturally result in the increased health enjoyed by those who are supplementing their diet with yeast.

Yeast may be eaten at any time with or between meals. One precaution: people who are troubled with gas would do well to dissolve the yeast in boiling water.

To learn many interesting facts about the health-giving properties of Fleischmann's Yeast, what it has done for others, what it can do for you, fill out coupon below and send for booklet on this subject.

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast; but not more than two or three days' supply at a time, because yeast, like milk, should be fresh to be palatable. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. N-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Everybody likes yeast spread on a buttered cracker like cream cheese. It is also popular to dissolve it in water or milk.

Fleischmann's Yeast, uniform in quality and strength, is delivered fresh daily in the familiar little air-tight package

Health built up

Investigations carried on at leading institutions have demonstrated the value of Fleischmann's Yeast as a conditioner—a food that builds up health.

Yeast furnishes a large quantity of the water-soluble vitamine which acts to help the digestion of other foods and to stimulate the appetite. It helps digest the increased food which the stimulated appetite demands.

Make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. Eat from one to three cakes a day.

Laxatives replaced and skin disorders cleared up

Skin impurities are, as a rule, the result of lowered vitality. In leading hospitals yeast has been found successful in treating these common ailments. Yeast was also successful in replacing laxatives. Being a food, by its very nature it is well suited to the system. It should be eaten regularly over a period of time. It tends to restore normal conditions, and it cannot form a habit.

Eat from one to three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

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701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost a copy of your new book, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

My name_____

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TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 19)

good-natured tolerance for both classes, and as long as it cost him nothing would as soon be kind as cruel. He was a man of leisure, enjoying a free ride upon the coat tails of the rich, and getting a deal more satisfaction out of their money than they did themselves. He had no restraints, and being highly discreet he had no anxieties. He had noticed Clarinda, and the idea of treating her with severity pained him. Mr. Jonas really had a heart. He would much rather have administered to her such comforts as he could.

Still, he had to do what Mr. Winterbottom said, and Mr. Winterbottom regarded himself as having no choice whatever in the matter. If he saw a guilty head he thought it was up to him to hit it. Therefore, the only thing left for the secretary was to follow his cue and make a demonstration of devotion to his employer's interests.

"No, no! It's my duty to make an example of this woman, just like any other. The fact that she happens to be one of my own servants only brings the duty nearer home," Mr. Winterbottom said, sitting at his desk in his wadded silk dressing gown, to Mr. Jonas, who stood tentatively at the door of the study.

"I quite understand, sir," returned the latter. "But of course she insists that she had no intention of stealing. She says if you will only see her she can explain everything."

"I! See her!" retorted the old fellow. "My time is entirely too valuable. Send for the police and let the law take its regular course. Where is she now, by the way?"

"In her bedroom. Mrs. Widdicomb took the precaution of locking her in there so she couldn't get away."

"That was prudent," commended his employer. "These things are unpleasant—but like all duties they must be gone through with. That is all for the present, Mr. Jonas."

But Mr. Jonas hesitated.

"If I might suggest," he remarked deprecatingly, "would it not be wise to turn this whole matter over to some reputable lawyer familiar with such things? One constantly reads in the papers of strike suits brought against — er — well-to-do people for libel and false imprisonment, and you know how the ordinary jury ——"

His employer nodded with a gleam of shrewd approval.

"An excellent suggestion, Mr. Jonas. Which of my attorneys do you think ——" He paused. "I'm not sure that any of 'em would be much good in a case of this sort!"

"It occurs to me that if you secured the services of a regular criminal lawyer you would really be safer than if you employed more distinguished counsel less familiar with what might be called—er—the tricks of the trade."

"But," protested the old man slyly, "I don't want any criminal lawyer getting mixed up in my affairs! He might turn round and blackmail me, later—eh?"

"Not if you exercised care in your selection, sir," Mr Jonas assured him. "There are well-established firms of excellent standing, like Lewis & Lewis, and Tutt & Tutt ——"

"Oh, I've heard of 'em! But they'd be sure to take advantage of me somehow before they got through," complained the old man. "They'd send me a bill out of all proportion to the value of their services — charge me a hundred dollars very likely!"

Mr. Jonas took the liberty of a step forward.

"If you please, sir, I have considered that point already. You know how cheaply you get your regular legal advice, because even the leaders of the bar are willing to make substantial concessions for the privilege of being known as your attorneys. Now, I feel sure that any criminal firm would for a similar reason be glad to attend to this matter for you, gratis."

"Maybe they would. But I'm not looking for cut rates. I'm willing to pay full value for everything I get—including lawyers. Only I don't propose to be cheated. It's my duty to set a proper example of prudence and economy as against carelessness and extravagance; of justice as against sentimentality. However," he added, "suppose you write Tutt & Tutt a letter in which you say that I have a case in which I am thinking of retaining them, but that if I do the amount of their fee must be left absolutely to my discretion."

"Very well, sir. I will do so at once."

"The sooner the better," grumbled the old man. "There is no use turning my house into a jail for any longer than is necessary."

It was already dusk as Mr. Ephraim Tutt paused before the portal of the Fifth Avenue residence of his prospective client. Across the park the purple sky line of the West Side smoldered red gold, and transformed the cold stare of old Winterbottom's windows to so many bleeding hearts.

As the lawyer turned away from it and began ascending the steps he observed that he was not the only visitor, for a soldier on crutches and in overseas cap was standing at the front door, which was presently opened by Mr. Kahler.

"Does Miss Murchie work here?" inquired the lad.

Max scowled.

"No," he replied coldly. "She does not."

The soldier examined a slip of paper in his hand.

"She did work here, didn't she—once?"

"She is not here any longer," returned the butler. "If you want to see any of the servants why do you not go to the area door?"

"I want to see Miss Murchie!" persisted the soldier on the crutches. "She wrote me she was working here."

"I told you she has gone away!" repeated Max. "Who do you wish to see, sir?"—to Mr. Tutt.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Winterbottom," answered the lawyer. Then he smiled at the soldier and asked in a kindly tone: "Just back from the front?"

The boy nodded appreciatively.

"Yes," he said. "Landed this morning. I got a piece of shell in my hip and they sent me home. I'll be all right in a few months. I'm looking for my girl. She wrote she was working here."

"I overheard what you said," remarked Mr. Tutt. "Have you got any friends in New York?"

The boy shook his head.

"How would you like to have dinner with me?" suggested the lawyer. "I shan't be long here."

The soldier's face lighted. "I'd like it grand!" he answered. "I'll wait for you."

"And then perhaps we can get a line on the young lady you are in search of," concluded the old lawyer. "No doubt she is as anxious to see you as you are to find her."

Mr. Kahler having ushered Mr. Tutt into a waiting room hung with tapestries and paintings, presently returned and conducted him up the long flight leading from the main hall of the house to the second story. These steps, upon reaching a mezzanine landing, divided to give place for a large church organ upon which an organist permanently engaged played whenever Mr. Winterbottom felt musically, or perhaps religiously, inclined. The butler did not pause to allow the visitor to examine this magnificent instrument, but led him down a corridor to an antechamber where a short, plump, carefully dressed gentleman was sitting at a desk.

"Mr. Tutt," proclaimed Mr. Kahler, magnificently stepping aside that the lawyer might pass in.

The plump gentleman rose with an ingratiating smile. "I am Mr. Jonas, Mr. Winterbottom's secretary," he informed Mr. Tutt. "I will tell him of your arrival. I am sure your punctuality will please him. He is very insistent upon punctuality."

He said this in much the same tone and manner that a lady in waiting might have used in confiding to an intimate friend that Queen Victoria was passionately devoted to beans. Having made this momentous disclosure, Mr. Jonas disappeared behind the arras which concealed the door of the adjoining apartment.

"Mr. Winterbottom will receive you," he announced reappearing almost immediately and holding aside the arras.

"Um!" thought Mr. Tutt, unimpressed by this almost royal condescension. "He will will he!"

For a moment he was unable to see Mr. Winterbottom, owing to the subdued quality of the light. Then he perceived a little old man with close-cropped white hair and small accurately trimmed burnsides sitting under a lamp behind a table at the other end of the room.

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Winterbottom, eying him sharply without arising.

"Good afternoon, sir," replied Mr. Tutt.

"Take that chair, won't you?" continued the other. "You've come in answer to my letter?"

"I have."

"And the terms outlined in it are satisfactory to you?"

"Entirely."

"Very well," announced Mr. Winterbottom suddenly. "You are retained."

Mr. Tutt looked round, saw the chair referred to by his host, which was in fact an elaborately carved Gothic choir stall, and deposited himself in it, his discomfort only slightly alleviated by a consciousness of elegance.

"What is the matter upon which you wish my advice?" asked the lawyer.

Mr. Winterbottom thoughtfully rubbed his lower lip with the forefinger of his left hand.

"There is a thief in my house," he said slowly. "But before I send for the police I want to make sure I'm not running any risk of pecuniary liability for false arrest or malicious prosecution. You know we supposed millionaires are made the target for all sorts of blackmailing actions at law. I don't want to take any chances. That's why I sent for you."

"Who is the thief?"

"One of my women servants. She's been caught stealing household supplies in large quantities. In fact, I'm informed her trunk is full of unopened boxes and packages."

"H'm!" remarked Mr. Tutt, glancing round the room. "What are these groceries worth?"

"That isn't of much consequence," replied Mr. Winterbottom. "Undoubtedly a very considerable sum. However, it is not their value but the principle involved that has led me to take this step."

Mr. Tutt nodded.

"Quite right!" he answered. "There aren't many crimes the resultant damage from which would make it worth while to invoke the law. The man who has his pocket picked of a hundred dollars may easily lose a thousand in time, money and trouble trying to punish the thief."

"I know that well enough!" chuckled Mr. Winterbottom. "I've not lived for nothing! But," he added, "I've got a duty to the public and also to myself. If I didn't prosecute this thief everybody in my employ would imagine he could steal from me with impunity. Now, what's the safest way to go about it?"

Mr. Tutt crossed his long legs and placed his finger tips together to indicate legal meditation.

"The first point is to make certain that a crime has actually been committed and that this particular person committed it."

"There is no question about that. Her trunk is full of my property."

"But are you sure there was a criminal intent to steal it?"

Mr. Winterbottom regarded Mr. Tutt with surprise tempered by incredulity.

"What other kind of an intent could she have had?" demanded his host.

"'Criminal' intent is a somewhat technical thing," replied Mr. Tutt. "Even the courts sometimes have difficulty in properly defining it."

"You don't mean to suggest that this woman didn't intend to steal my groceries if she had 'em packed away in her trunk?" interrupted Mr. Winterbottom.

"I don't know what she intended," returned the lawyer in a detached manner. "She may have been going to eat them! What does she say about it?"

"I don't know and I don't care!" said the old man, closing his lips like a trap.

"Well," answered Mr. Tutt, "you're asking my advice; and the law says every accused is entitled to put in his or her defense. If this woman should ever sue you for false imprisonment and it were proved that you refused to hear what she had to say for herself it would put you in an awkward position before the jury."

"I never thought of that!" admitted Mr. Winterbottom. "That's a different kettle of fish. Perhaps we'd better send for her."

He pressed a concealed button and Mr. Jonas automatically materialized from behind the curtain.

"Bring the woman in here," ordered his employer.

"Very well, sir!"

During the six minutes preceding the arraignment of the criminal the two old men sat silently appraising each other. To Mr. Tutt there was something almost medieval about the conduct of the whole affair, and the impression was heightened by their physical surroundings. Mr. Winterbottom sat beneath a masked crystal globe that poured down a liquid glow upon his bristly white head and threw his shrewd calculating little eyes into deep shadow—like a Rembrandt. Behind him the arches of the window raised their delicate tracery, suggestive of a cathedral. On the right, the room for its length was paneled to the ceiling in quartered oak. Against it hung a single oil painting. Opposite, a huge hooded fireplace of carved stone—brought from the château at Blois—filled almost the entire wall space; and on either side of it was suspended an Aubusson tapestry, upon which smiling stags, castles, nuns, trees, dogs, mills, donkeys, villages and hunters grouped themselves harmoniously to the eye, but regardless of either anatomy or the laws of gravitation. An antique rug, even more priceless than the hangings, covered the floor.

Mr. Tutt was engaged in speculating upon the probable amount of the personal-property tax which his client paid upon his household effects when there was a subdued sound behind the tapestry which concealed the door, and Mr. Jonas appeared, leading Clarinda into the inquisitorial chamber.

For the first time in the course of her employment she stood face to face with the man who temporarily at least controlled her existence. She was a servant dwelling in his house, eating his bread, warmed by his fire—but less to him in fact than the policeman upon the corner. Had he met her on the street perhaps he might have been struck by the intelligence of her mobile face and the natural grace of her carriage; but because she was in his pay she ceased, as far as he was concerned, to be a human being with ideals, dreams and ambitions, reacting to every word and act about her, who could be made or marred at his whim, and became merely a slave or a serf doomed to labor so many hours each day in return for so much money. So Cyrus Winterbottom did not see in the pale shrinking girl whom he had caused to be dragged before him a sensitive bundle of nerves and emotions—a being only a little lower than the angels—but an investment in flesh and blood which had gone bad on him.

"Why did you steal my groceries?" harshly challenged Mr. Winterbottom, after Mr. Jonas had departed, leaving Clarinda standing alone in the center of the room. "Tell us the truth or it will be the worse for you."

Mr. Tutt was not only astonished but shocked at the old man's insensibility. Whatever this young girl might have done and the lawyer could not bring himself to believe that she had knowingly done anything wrong—she was a woman, and as such entitled to respectful and gentle treatment.

"Pardon me," he interposed apologetically, "it's customary—even if not always legally obligatory—to warn an accused person that anything she says may be used against her.

"This woman is practically under arrest in a sense under duress. Moreover, if you'll pardon the suggestion, you have assumed that she did steal your groceries, whereas the purpose of this inquiry is—ostensibly, at any rate—to determine just that question."

Mr. Winterbottom shrugged his shoulders. He was not used to being interrupted or having his methods criticized. However, he had invited Mr. Tutt's presence and—he was paying him.

"Perhaps you had better do the talking then," he conceded with barely concealed irritation.

"Come over here, please!" directed Mr. Tutt kindly, while Mr. Winterbottom scowled. That was a queer way to talk to a thief, he thought.

Clarinda automatically obeyed. Terrified by Mr. Winterbottom, she had no fear of Mr. Tutt.

"Do you understand that anything you tell us may be used against you later if you are ever tried in court?" inquired the old lawyer sympathetically.

(Continued on Page 59)

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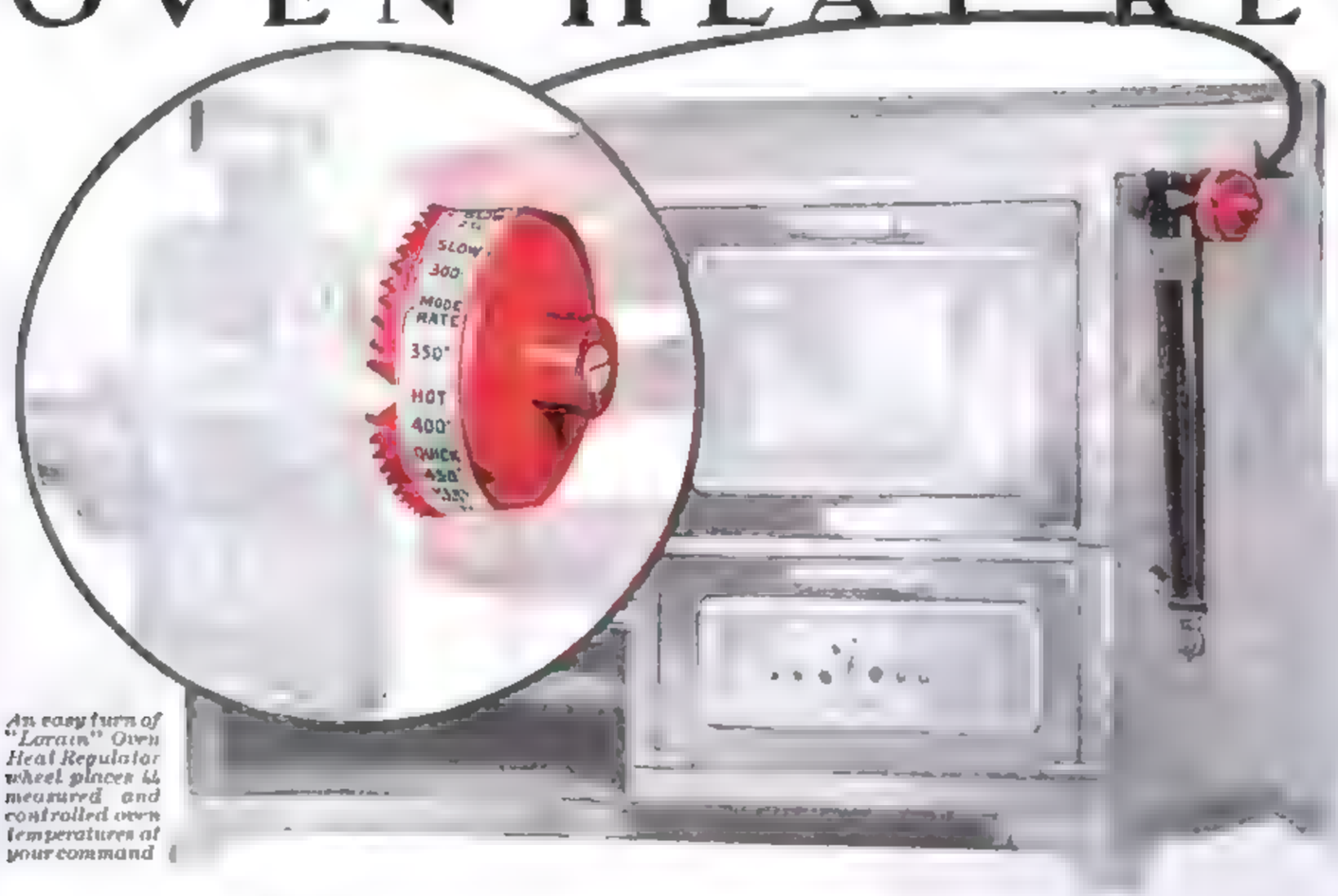

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When mother was ill

12-year-old Mabel cooked dinner every day with "Lorain" and never missed a lesson

"I don't know what I should have done without my 'Lorain' range during my recent illness

"Mabel, my little 12-year-old daughter, prepared all our dinners and put them in the oven. She set the indicator for slow cooking for a five-hour period and then went to school, as usual, never missing a single lesson.

"The meals were deliciously cooked, thanks to 'Lorain,' because Mabel never cooked anything before and but for 'Lorain' couldn't do it now."

Every day reveals new uses and advantages for "Lorain," the oven heat regulator.

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Its 44 controlled, measured heats insure success in baking. There are no "unlucky" days with a "Lorain," because it gives you exactly the right degree of temperature for pies, for bread, for cakes, for meringues, for roasts, etc. All cooks know that cooking failures most often are due to inability to control oven heats.

"Low temperature cooking" is emancipating thousands of women from the drudgery of "pot-watching."

You can put the whole meal in the oven, like the child quoted above, including roast, entrée, vegetables, potatoes and desserts, and then go and enjoy yourself.

When you come home your dinner will be deliciously cooked and ready to serve.

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There is a dealer—perhaps more than one—in your city who has "Lorain"-equipped gas ranges. Watch for his advertisements in your local paper. Ask the dealer to tell you what "Lorain" is doing to free women from household drudgery. Ask him for our book "An Easier Day's Work," or write us. We'll mail you a copy.

Important Notice

Hereafter the "wheel" of the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator will gain a distinctive color. It will be enameled in a beautiful shade of red. Not all the "Lorain"-equipped ranges now on sale have the new red wheel, because the change has but recently been made, but be sure that the indicator hand bears the name "Lorain."

Read This

If you have a good range you don't feel like discarding for the present, use a thermometer in getting oven temperatures, watching the oven to see that the temperature is maintained. This is only an approach to "Lorain" regulated heat, but it will help. Later you will want a "Lorain"-equipped gas range when you realize the advantages of measured heat.

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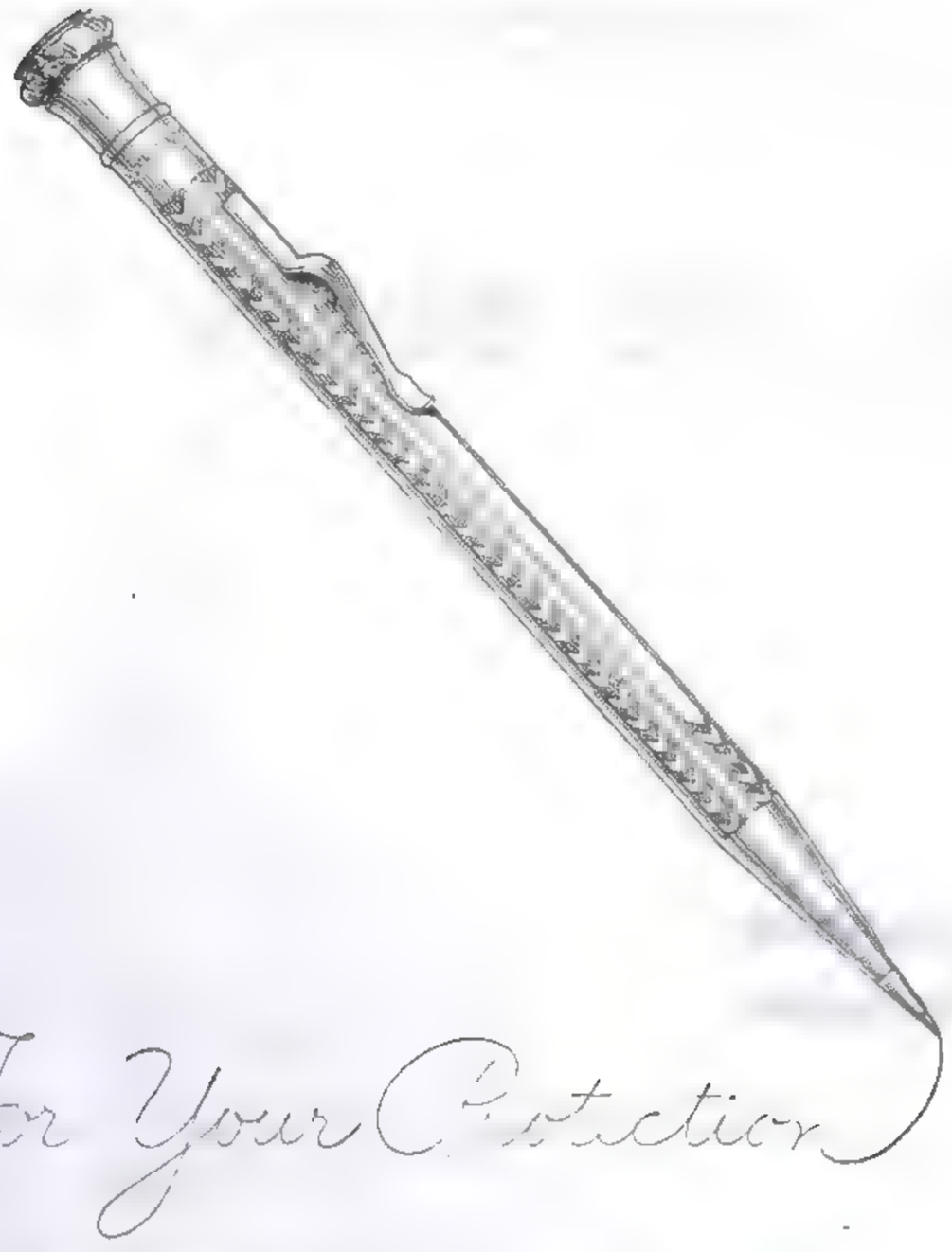

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EVERSHARP LEADS

The Name Is on the Box with the Red Top

(Continued from Page 54)

The girl's heart stopped beating and the blood rushed to her throat. It was true then! They were going to put her in prison! What would become of her mother? Unable to speak, she nodded assent. Mr. Tutt noticed the quivering of her hands.

"Did you take groceries belonging to Mr. Winterbottom and put them in your trunk?"

"They were not his —they were mine; I took only what I did not eat," faltered Clarinda.

"What's that?" interposed Mr. Winterbottom sharply.

"She says she put only what she did not eat in her trunk," explained Mr. Tutt.

"Of course she couldn't put what she did eat in her trunk!" grunted the old man sarcastically.

"I think I understand her position," said Mr. Tutt. "She regarded the food given her as rations to do with as she liked."

"What nonsense!" ejaculated Mr. Winterbottom impatiently and with manifest disapproval.

"Pardon me!" retorted Mr. Tutt. "Let us hear what she has to say about it."

"It seems to me you're saying it for her!" expostulated the client.

"Very well," answered Mr. Tutt. "Let her speak for herself. My dear, why did you put those groceries in your trunk?"

Clarinda, responding to the first genuinely kind tone that she had heard for months, turned eagerly to Mr. Tutt and poured forth a broken but passionate explanation of her possession of the groceries, in which her mother, Jimmy Carey, Mr. Max Kahler and the loss of her savings all figured more or less incoherently. With the tears staining her cheeks she thrust into Mr. Tutt's hand the last letter from her mother. It was for her sake, she explained, that she had denied herself the food that was hers of right. Two lumps of sugar in the morning coffee, two in the tea at noon, and two at supper. The servants all of them had put two in each cup, and some three. Some even took two cups with three lumps in each. But she had allowed herself only one cup at each meal and two lumps for each cup. She had regarded these as hers for the reason that she might have eaten them but had not. So with the marmalade. She had allowed herself only the minimum amount and when that amount had equaled what was in the jar she had put a jar in her trunk. The same way with the other groceries. She had gone without, in order that she might turn them into cash. Her employer had lost nothing. She looked timidly but hopefully at Mr. Tutt, not knowing who this long, queer-looking man was, but feeling him instinctively to be a friend.

Mr. Winterbottom gave a dry laugh.

"Well," he croaked, "now are you satisfied?"

"I am," replied the lawyer shortly. "I believe the young woman is telling the truth."

"She stole my groceries all the same, didn't she?" demanded the old man. "What I want to know is whether it's safe to go ahead and have her locked up."

Mr. Tutt looked with contemptuous amazement at the bald head beneath the lamp.

"This isn't exactly stealing, is it?" he asked. "Anyhow you wouldn't care to put a woman in prison for it, would you?"

"I certainly would!" replied Mr. Winterbottom. "Why not? It's the old excuse of 'stealing marsa's chicken to make marsa's nigger!' Why, anybody could invent a defense like that! How do we know it isn't all a lie?"

"We don't," returned Mr. Tutt quietly. "But we ought in common decency, it seems to me, to give her the benefit of any doubt."

Mr. Winterbottom's face hardened.

"It strikes me," he said coldly, "that you're taking a highly quixotic position! The foodstuffs supplied to my domestics aren't rations to do with as they choose; they're given 'em so that they can do their work. In fact, it's their duty to eat so they can give me full value for my money. I've had the whole matter worked out scientifically upon the basis of calories. This woman has not only cheated me by lowering her capacity for work but besides has stolen what I gave her to eat. She's a thief, pure and simple. If I didn't make an example of her I should be robbed right and left!" He gave Mr. Tutt a forced smile. "Of course I'm sorry for any young female who has been guilty of a crime. But," he added with stern resolution, "my duty to the public demands that I permit the law to take its course."

"Do you propose to take any steps to find and punish whoever robbed this girl of her savings?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"That isn't my business!" retorted Mr. Winterbottom. "It's hers. I can't be involved in every servant's quarrel. And how do I know that she lost any money? You seem to go on the assumption that whatever she says is true. Now I ——"

"And you," commented Mr. Tutt, "assume everything she says to be a lie. Even the law presumes every defendant innocent. The least you can do is to listen to what she says with an unbiased and open mind."

"My mind isn't open where a thief is concerned!" said Mr. Winterbottom curtly. "It's easy to see you've been more accustomed to defend criminals than to prosecute 'em. You forget that my position in this community is—er—an unusual one. What I do influences a great many people. If I should connive at theft—compound a felony—I should stultify the commandment which says 'Thou shalt not steal.' I should be equally guilty with the thief."

Clarinda all this time had been standing at high tension, apprehensive of the worst and faint from hunger, for nothing had passed her lips for over twenty-four hours. Now she suddenly collapsed in her tracks. With a cry of sympathy Mr. Tutt swiftly bent down and loosed the collar of her dress. Old Winterbottom got up slowly, walked over and peered down suspiciously into the livid face.

"Shamming!" he muttered.

Clarinda's eyelids fluttered and the color came back faintly to her cheeks. Presently she opened her eyes and recognized her employer.

"I'm not a thief! Not a thief!" she sobbed, turning away her head.

"Poor child! Poor little girl!" whispered Mr. Tutt to himself.

"Bah!" sneered Winterbottom. "Women's tricks!"

"She may have fainted from lack of food!" said Mr. Tutt. "How long since she had anything to eat?"

"I don't know and I don't care! All my servants are given plenty to eat!" answered the old man, returning to his armchair. "She fainted because she was frightened—that's the matter with her. What better evidence of guilt do you want?"

He pressed the button again for Mr. Jonas.

"Take that girl out," he ordered, "and give her a glass of water."

Mr. Tutt raised Clarinda gently to her feet and led her to the anteroom sacred to Mr. Jonas.

"Better make it a cup of hot coffee and some toast," he remarked dryly.

"I'd hardly dare," began Mr. Jonas, "under the circumstances ——"

But Mr. Tutt did not wait to learn why he wouldn't dare. Instead, after making sure that the girl could be properly left to herself, he strode back to the presence of Mr. Winterbottom and took his stand with his back to the carved Caen-stone fireplace, where a tiny blaze smoldered in a great desert of ashes.

"Do you mind if I light a cigar?" he inquired nervously.

Mr. Winterbottom looked annoyed.

"Really, if you wouldn't object," said he, "I'd prefer you waited. I never smoke. I don't think it a cleanly habit."

"Very well, certainly!" hastily replied the lawyer. "It is a dirty habit, but sometimes, I fancy, it helps me to think, and sometimes—to keep my temper. And then, I've smoked for over half a century. Habits of a lifetime are hard to break, aren't they?" he added significantly.

"Well! Well! What are we to do?" interrupted Mr. Winterbottom.

"What would you say to giving her another chance?" asked the lawyer. "After all, she's hardly more than a child. If you should send her to the reformatory she might form evil associations there and become a criminal."

"Criminal! She's a criminal already!" retorted Mr. Winterbottom.

"Well," answered Mr. Tutt with patience, "granted that she is—if she once goes to the reformatory that will probably be the end of her. You don't want to ruin her whole life and that of her sweetheart—it would kill her old mother!"

"She should have thought of all that before she stole my groceries!" cried Mr. Winterbottom harshly. "The judge who sentences her can consider those things if he wants to. It's my duty as a citizen and a Christian—much as I regret doing so—to prosecute crime when I see it, in justice to the innocent!"

Mr. Winterbottom snapped out this altruistic sentiment almost as if he really believed it.

The old lawyer raised his eyes to the painting opposite him, in which against a fading sunset three crosses stood out sharply against the sky. From the compassionate face of the dying Christ—whom Winterbottom had invoked—he glanced down again upon the bloodless visage of his client. The wrinkles in his own face drew together in a frown.

"Mr. Winterbottom," he said deliberately, "you have retained me as a lawyer and it is my duty to give you a lawyer's advice. I shall do so. In my opinion it would be suicidal for you to attempt to prosecute this young girl. I have many reasons for thinking this.

"In the first place there's a grave legal question whether she had any real criminal intent, besides which there are various technical difficulties, such as identifying the property in her trunk as yours—for after all, one lump of sugar looks very much like another!—and as to whether there has been what the law regards as an asportation. On your side you have suffered no pecuniary loss, whereas she has had two hundred dollars stolen from her—probably by another of your servants. These facts are irrelevant, perhaps, but they will have a sentimental weight with the jury, who would certainly acquit her, even if the judge allowed them to pass upon the case.

"You haven't a chance of a conviction, and once she were acquitted she could put you to unending annoyance and expense by bringing suit for false arrest and malicious prosecution—for she could easily find a lawyer to take her case on a contingent basis. I advise you to take no criminal action against her, and either to let her go or to retain her in your service. That is definite and positive."

"Well," admitted Mr. Winterbottom reluctantly, "I admit the force of everything you say, except your last suggestion—but it's rather disappointing—I mean, disconcerting—to find that I can't safely punish a thief! Why, every servant I have will feel free to help himself."

"I doubt it!" answered Mr. Tutt laconically. "It's even quite possible that if you deal mercifully with this girl your domestics may have greater respect for you than they do now."

"No," said Mr. Winterbottom, "it doesn't work that way! They'll think I'm an easy mark! I know."

"At any rate, I'm perfectly clear as to my advice," declared Mr. Tutt. "Now, if you no longer have need of my services ——" And he rose as if to go.

"Well, of course you must let me pay you!" replied Mr. Winterbottom in a protesting tone, as if Mr. Tutt had declined any recompense for his services—hoping that he might thus perhaps get out of it for nothing. "On the whole, as you really haven't had much of anything to do, suppose I leave the matter to you, after all? How much is it?"

But the lawyer did not take the hint.

"Two hundred dollars," briskly answered Mr. Tutt.

Mr. Winterbottom's face assumed a sickly hue.

"Two hundred dollars!" he choked. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"I never accept a retainer in a criminal case—for the prosecution—for less," asserted Mr. Tutt. "In this instance my advice has probably saved you several thousand dollars—and much humiliation of spirit."

A faint glow spread over Mr. Winterbottom's scalp under its white bristles.

"It's preposterous! Ten dollars would be quite enough for you, sir! Your demand is outrageous! But I suppose it serves me right for listening to that fool secretary of mine. You've got me once, but it will be for the last time. Jonas!" he shouted, forgetting the bell in his fury, while Mr. Tutt stood calmly before the fireplace caressing his long lantern jaw. "Bring me two hundred dollars and send in that thief so that I can pay her off and discharge her myself. I'll finish this business here and now!"

Mr. Jonas, who was by this time quite as much intimidated as his prisoner, timidly reappeared and then beckoned Clarinda to follow him back into the tyrant's presence.

"Jonas," snorted Winterbottom, "you've made a mess of this! Hereafter you'd better confine yourself to things you know something about. I find I have got to let this girl go—and pay her her wages into the bargain. What do I owe her?"

"Eleven dollars and eighty-eight cents—up to midnight," quavered Mr. Jonas. "I'm sure, sir, I'm most apologetic ——"

"Fiddledeedee!" interrupted Winterbottom. "Give me ten dollars! Here you! Take this and get out. Mind you leave those groceries behind you too. You're a thief—a miserable thief—and I ought to lock you up, but I'm going to have pity on you—understand that? pity on you!—and let you off! Now, sir"—and he turned furiously on Mr. Tutt—"here is the two hundred dollars which you are extorting from me. Take it and leave my house!"

He threw the two one-hundred-dollar bills across the table so that they fluttered to Mr. Tutt's feet.

The old lawyer bent over, picked them up and handed them to Clarinda.

"Here, my girl!" he remarked. "Here's the money that was stolen from you. Put it in the savings bank. It's safer than one of Mr. Winterbottom's mattresses. Now," he advised her, "you'd better get away before he changes his mind."

Clarinda mechanically received the money. Her mind, as such, no longer functioned. Once more Mr. Jonas, taking the stupefied girl firmly by the arm, led her from the room.

As they disappeared beneath the arras Mr. Tutt said suddenly: "Mr. Winterbottom, I know now why I've never heard a kind word spoken of a man who has given away millions of dollars. Pardon me, please!" The old man had leaned forward preparatory to getting up, his lips set, his scalp now beet red. "Listen to me for a moment!"

"I'll not listen to you!" gasped Mr. Winterbottom. "You've been paid—leave my house!"

"You shall listen to me!" insisted Mr. Tutt, stepping directly in front of him with a restraining gesture. "You thought you had a duty with regard to that poor girl. Well, I've got a duty to you! As a multi-millionaire patron of religion you've got a tremendous power for good or evil. I give you credit for all you've done for the physical betterment of mankind—hospitals, athletic fields and soup kitchens. But that's the end of it! You can make people healthy and comfortable and fill their stomachs without doing them a particle of good. And—you do 'em harm!"

Mr. Tutt shook his fist violently in front of Mr. Winterbottom, who began to think him mad. He didn't want a scene or to have to call in the police.

"You're crazy!" retorted the old man, sinking back into his seat. "Absolutely crazy!"

"No, sir!" replied Mr. Tutt vehemently. "I'm not crazy. I know what I'm saying. You preach material prosperity—'A penny saved is a penny earned'—'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy and wealthy,' and so on—the religion of Poor Richard's Almanac instead of the Bible. What men should be taught is not how to be rich but how to be brave; not how to get but how to give! What they need is not comfort but character!"

He looked up reverently at the picture opposite.

"Come to think of it, that idea isn't new—it's a couple of thousand years old."

He glanced round the magnificent room with a gesture of contempt.

"No, sir!" he cried. "You're all wrong! Your gifts don't cost you any sacrifice, either; as examples of generosity they don't count. Charity isn't quantitative; it's qualitative! The widow with her mite—not Solomon in his glory!"

"I won't hear another word!" gasped the old man, struggling to his feet. "What you say is a condemned lie!"

"Lie!" returned Mr. Tutt, towering above him like an avenging fury. "Lie! You old Shylock insisting on your pound of flesh! Demanding your every cent's worth—full damages—civil and criminal! What sort of an example would you have set if you'd sent that poor girl to prison?"

"A lawyer with no respect for justice!" shouted Mr. Winterbottom, backing away and feeling unsuccessfully for the bell while he kept his eyes fearfully upon Mr. Tutt. "Get out of here or I'll send for the police!"

"Justice!" roared the old lawyer. "Justice! There it is again! An eye for an eye,

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a tooth for a tooth, a dollar for a dollar! You can't see straight. You're warped, narrow—a pinhead! You go through life with a bookkeeper on one side of you and a policeman on the other. You haven't sense enough to see that mercy is better than justice!"

"Jonas!" called out Mr. Winterbottom wildly, failing to find the push button. "Jonas! Send for the watchman to put this man out of my house!"

"Don't bother!" replied Mr. Tutt scornfully. "I'm through—I'm going. I can stand for a spendthrift or a gambler or a drunkard, but an old pinchfist like you—never! You're as stingy with your forgiveness as you are with your money!"

Mr. Winterbottom had found the bell and was pushing it violently. There was a sound of running footsteps on thickly padded floors.

"Out with you! Out of my house!" gibbered Mr. Winterbottom. "Outlaw! Anarchist! Boishevik!"

"I'd rather be any of 'em than a tightwad!" bawled Mr. Tutt, pushing back the arras at the end of the hall, just as Mr. Jonas and a thickset man in an overcoat appeared in the doorway.

Mr. Tutt did not recognize the route by which he regained the front hall and eventually the stoop; he was vaguely conscious only of a broad-shouldered, blond young man with a filbert-shaped head and pink face who appeared so anxious to get rid of him that he almost banged the door upon the old lawyer's coat tails.

"Skinflint!" snorted Mr. Tutt, shaking his fist at the bronze grille behind him. "Old Lickpenny!"

Then his wrath cooling somewhat he pulled himself together and started down the steps. Two figures awaited him at the bottom—the girl whose cause he had espoused, and the boy on the crutches, who with his overseas cap in his hand now swung himself eagerly forward toward the old lawyer.

"I—we ——" he began awkwardly. Then seeing the benign smile on Mr. Tutt's face he burst out: "Clarinda—I found her after all, you see! She's told me all about how you stood up for her. I'll never forget it! Neither of us will! He might have put her in jail—the old skunk!"

"Thank you, son!" replied Mr. Tutt gratefully as he took the soldier's hand. "I was looking for just that word. Yes, yes! Quite so! If it was a crime to be a mean man—and it ought to be—he'd go to jail for life!"

"But I really can't keep the money!" protested Clarinda, holding out the bills. "Now Jimmy's come back, everything will be all right."

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Tutt. "It's your money—hang on to it! Now, you two, how about some dinner? It will give us a chance to talk things over. I want to hear the whole story."

Quite unexpectedly Clarinda began to cry.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Jimmy, drawing her against his crutch, while Mr. Tutt with intense concentration lighted a stogy and then stood gazing abstractedly toward the embers of the sunset. "Everything's all right now—except for that lobster, Kahler—and when I'm well again I'll chase him up and knock his block off!"

"I don't know why I'm crying!" she sobbed. "It's just because a few minutes ago the world seemed so hard and rotten and beastly, and now—now, all of a sudden, I'm so happy—and everything!"

LITTLE EVA ASCENDS

(Continued from Page 17)

sacred company for making love to her. She was queen of ten poor, inexpert players and a carload of frayed scenery. She wanted the Crispville Opera House as an asset, something to get her funds for fresh dresses, better actors.

He promised, "I won't tell Roy, mamma."

"That's right. Gee, I'm tired! There's just no use denyin' that emotion tires a person out."

John found Roy practicing a heel-and-toe step in their bedroom. The Dalmatian bloodhounds watched the boy peaceably among the crumbs of dog biscuit. Roy's fit of temper seemed soothed out of his tough body and he smiled at John.

"Let's walk the dogs, huh?"

"All right," said John, picking up his hat.

Susie and Shafter trotted down the stairs into the lobby and stopped to look at the hotel cat, which was strolling on the desk before Mr. Wilson as he smoked a cigar. Again the burly man nodded to John and smiled at Roy, who came to stroke the cat.

He asked pleasantly, "And what d'you play in Uncle Tom, sonny?"

"I'm the other bleedhound," said Roy. "He died, a ways back, and we got to have three."

Wilson gently laughed, opening the case at the end of the desk, where reposed boxes of cigars and bars of silvered chocolate. He tossed John a package of cigarettes and handed Roy a long slab of chocolate, over the cat. The bloodhounds wagged their tails and lifted their noses hopefully.

"I haven't seen Uncle Tom since 1894. How many Topsys have you men got?"

"One's enough," said Roy, giving Shafter some chocolate.

"And what's your Little Eva's real age?"

Roy giggled, "Goin' on sixteen."

"Nonsense!" said Wilson, folding his arms on the desk. "I bet she's close on forty and has a couple of grown-up sons."

Roy choked, "Honest, our Eva ain't married, nor likely to be."

And John felt dizzy. Roy's freckled, wide-eyed face was within two yards of their father's chin. The boy commenced jigging restlessly while the dogs nibbled fragments of stale chocolate.

"How long have you been trouping, sonny?"

"'Bout four years."

"Your dad in the company?"

"Got killed, Battle of San Juan Hill. Hey, Johnny, one of my heels is comin' loose. Honest, these is the punkest shoes!"

The man behind the desk said, "Johnny's not much of a name for an actor. You people mostly have fancy names. I expect yours is Rupert Saint George or something."

"Roy," said Roy, examining the loose heel of his shoe. "Come 'head, Johnny. Let's get some air." At the door he remembered the chocolate in his hand and nodded back, "Thanks."

John seemed to have fallen sleepy. Anyhow, he was silent as they strolled up the street. It wasn't a big town. Here and there smaller streets branched off, and Semple ended in a slope of meadows.

Roy reflected, "It's pretty good pasture. Kinda rocky, though. This ain't much good of farmin' country, huh?"

"I guess not. How—would you like to live here, kid?"

"Wouldn't mind. High up, here, ain't it? Guess it keeps cooler than Crispville. Hey, what the dogs got?"

Shafter and Susie had pointed a garter snake and uncertainly trailed it over a stone wall into a pasture. John watched Roy follow the white-and-black tails and stood tapping a cigarette on his thumb. Roy's thickening shoulders grew slight on the green of the meadowland. John peered after him and heard a rattling motor.

His father stopped the small car in the middle of the clay road and placidly inquired, "Nice view, isn't it?"

"Yessir."

"I've got a sixty-acre farm about two miles out, up the hill. Why don't you and Roy come along out to supper?"

"We—we better not," said John. "Mamma wouldn't know where —— Say, don't tell the kid! He's got to act to-night, and—he's a nervous kind of kid, and ——"

Wilson answered, "I won't tell him, Johnny," and sat smiling at his son. After a time he said, "The last I saw of you, you were having your supper. That was end of April, 1898, night my militia company went off to camp. You've grown some."

John dropped the cigarette in the road and babbled, "Mamma—ain't like most folks, sir. She don't think of nothin' much but actin' and—the comp'ny. I don't guess she thought any harm of runnin' off. She—there ain't any harm in mamma."

"Never was," said Wilson. "No, no more harm in Blanche than there is in in the kid there. What do you think of acting, Johnny?"

John said, "I don't," and his father laughed, patting the side of the car.

John mumbled, "Mamma's always called us Cullen, sir. I'd clean forgot our name's Wilson. Cullen's mamma's real

(Continued on Page 63)

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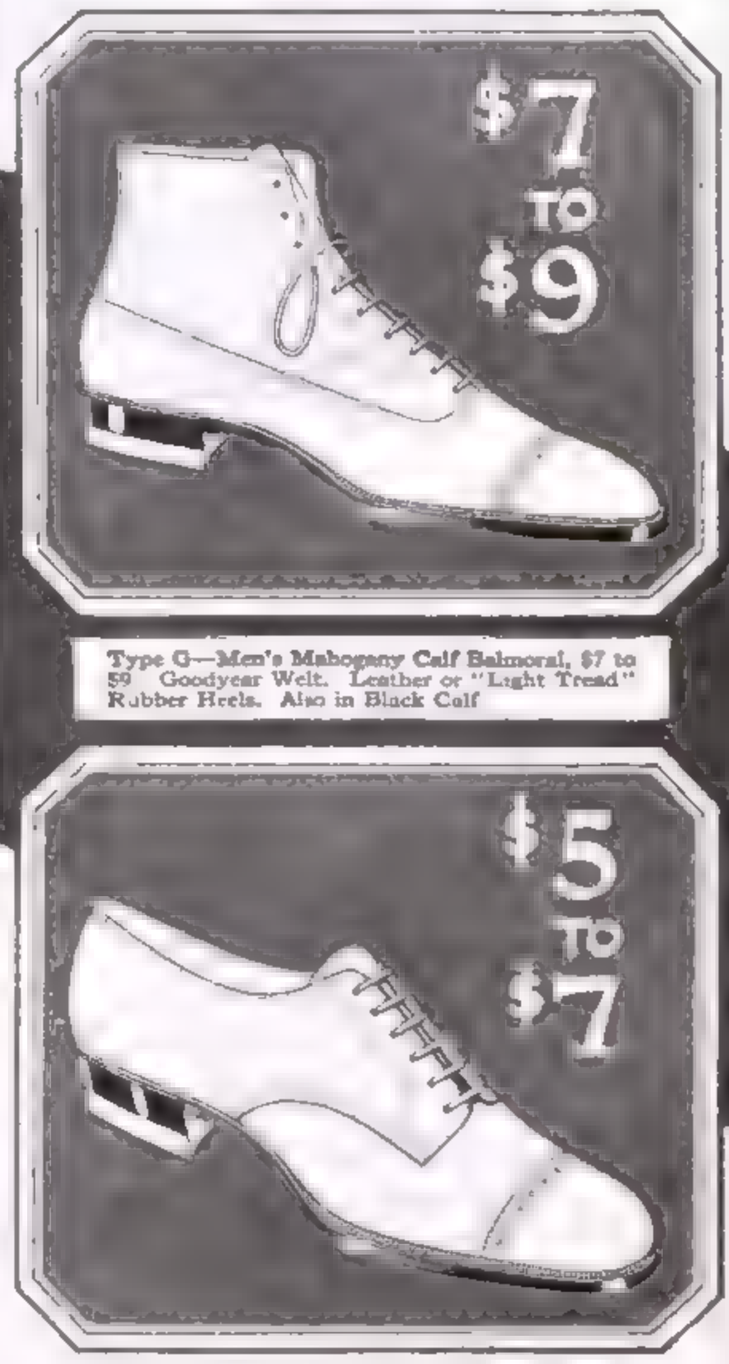

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(Continued from Page 60)

name. We live out with grandfather in a place named Crispville, in ——"

"I know. Just been talking to one of the men in the troupe. But I don't like this thing of you and Roy trailin' round the country with a bum stock company. And I'm pretty well fixed since my uncle died. I guess your mother and I'll have to talk business. Truth is, Johnny, I'm forty-three."

"Yessir," said John, puzzled by the p[illegible]

"Well, I'm pretty easy to get along with. You and Roy might get to like me pretty well. Better think about it. Nice private school over here in Burley, a couple of miles off. Plenty of room at my house. You think about it. Here's Roy coming back."

He drove off up the road. John wondered how many cows he had and whether some of the sixty acres were in corn and if the farmhouse had a windmill or one of the preferable hot-air engines. With these practical fancies went twining the fact of his and Roy's claim on the tall man. Cool wind blew from the orange sunset between the hills. Roy and the dogs scrambled over the wall.

"Who was talkin' to you? That feller Wilson?"

"Asked us out to his place to supper."

Roy's mouth fell into an oval of disgust.

He cried, "Well, why didn'tcha yell for me, you big bonehead! Get a chance for a square meal and turn it down! 'Sgot into you, anyhow?"

"Mamma wouldn't of knew where we went, kid."

"Yah," said Roy. "Mamma!"

And he sulked as they walked back into the town, where people rocked dimly on porches or, in lighted, visible dining rooms, ate food. His good temper shredded off. It was six. At eight, after an abhorrent dinner at the hotel, he must get into Little Eva's wig and white robe. It would be ten before he ascended to heaven. What a life! And another month of it, too!

Roy complained, "And this gink asked us to supper!"

"Don't call him a gink, bud," John said queerly. "He's a nice feller."

"Did I say he wasn't?"

"It might turn out," the big boy continued, "that he's some kind of a relation to us. Papa's name was Wilson, y'know, and this feller kinda looks like ——"

"He looks some like you," Roy cut in, still annoyed. "And that's all the more reason we'd ought of went out to supper with him."

He angrily brooded. John wasn't showing his usual good sense. This was disappointing and alarming. If John got silly there would be no admirable or certain thing left in a foolish world. Roy's spiritual level sank. He slouched down the darkening street and even presentable beefsteak in the hotel dining room didn't lift him. The company had its early meal at a long table, and purred, soothed by the steak. Mrs. Cullen bloomed in her mauve blouse and listened without interrupting the comedian's tale of his triumph in Seattle when he played the lead in The Banker's Daughter at an hour's notice. Roy wondered how often he must hear that yarn again before this season finished. And how many towns would there be where Mrs. Cullen wouldn't have the company show anything but Uncle Tom's Cabin? Roy partly understood that his appearance as Little Eva did something for the ancient play and that his mother's screams as she fled over the ice thrilled audiences. People liked this nonsense, for some reason.

"Now, honey," said Mrs. Cullen, crossing the street, "act nice to-night, and it'll be a dollar in your pocket."

"That'll be the first piece of change I've seen in a montha Sundays!"

"A nice way to talk! Now keep your voice real high and ——"

"Yeh," Roy groaned; "all right. Only if there ain't a better ladder here than that dump last night I'll likely bust my neck ascendin' to heaven."

"Quit crabbin'," said his mother; "I want you to show your talent here."

"Whaffor?"

"I got reasons. Now get dressed quick."

They passed down an alley and into the usual everlasting corridor of dressing rooms. Roy shed his clothes and pulled on the one-piece bath suit that was Little Eva's basis. He hitched the girl's white stockings to this, brooding, and watching John methodically blacken his face, his thick forearms and the top of his chest. John, with his slow and deep voice and his height, wasn't unimpressive as Uncle Tom. He couldn't and didn't act, but he was solemn and sober.

"I'd give three thousand four hundred and twenty-two dollars to be home right now," Roy mourned, smearing cold cream on his cheeks

"I'd as soon stay right here in this town," said John. "Cooler'n home."

"Sure, if we knew folks and had some place but a hotel to live in! I'd like to burn every hotel there is in the whole United States!" Roy hauled his wig of fuzzy yellow curls, tied behind with a blue bow, over his black head and then got feet foremost into the flounced white dress. He mechanically turned his back and John hooked the garment. "If we show Uncle Tom tomorrow night mamma'll have to loose this thing up. I can't breathe!"

His rage increased with the first note of the piano outside the curtain. It was all well enough for John to take this outrage stolidly. At the worst, John wore trousers, didn't have to talk in falsetto, or be kissed by the idiotic woman who played Marie Saint Clare. And John had a chance to dance a breakdown in the steamboat scene of the second act. That was something! Roy flattened his hat, covered with cornflowers, on the odious wig, and went to look at the house through the peephole of the curtain. It was like all these audiences. The tarnished gold frosting of the four boxes contained young fellows and their girls. Bucks with slick hair wandered the aisles, greeting friends. The people sat in ranks of dark coats and light gowns, resolute to enjoy what they had paid fifty cents to see. The gallery showed the pale faded blue of overalls. There must be forty or fifty dollars' worth of boys and farmhands in that gallery. This wasn't such a small theater. It was bigger than the Crispville Opera House. A happy fight began in the rear of the gallery, and whistles accompanied it. Roy beamed, rather consoled by the sight. He sniffed as one of the combatants gave back.

And then Mrs. Cullen charged up to command, "Quit scratchin' your foot with your shoe! You'll get those stockin's dirtied!"

"They're too tight, like everything else I got on exceptin' my skin!"

"You do what I say! Quit scufflin' your ankle or ——"

"You better not swat me," Roy said. "Or I'll talk right out of my chest and gum every line I got in this show! It's bad enough havin' to show myself off in pantalets with lace on 'em and a bleach-haired wig!"

Mrs. Cullen put a hand on her red turban and declared, "Kid, with the training you're getting you could waltz into any office on Broadway and ——"

"Get out," said Roy. "The only two things I can do is this hellishin' Eva junk and lug in the supper in Camille! Or be the feller that says 'Aim, fire!' in La Tosca! An' who wants to be a actor, anyways?" He waved his fist at all drama and yelled, "Soon as I'm old enough to get a job in a garage and ——"

"Shut up, kid," said John, behind him. "They can hear you out front."

Mrs. Cullen stated, in a sob, "Men! They dunno a woman's got a heart!"

"Aw, mamma," John urged, "Bud's tired to death. Time to ring up, anyhow."

Roy watched the smooth, stale motion of the first act from the wings. The footlights vaguely lit the nearer heads of the audience. The amiable Mr. Wilson was sitting on the aisle, third row. He often rubbed his nose while Mrs. Cullen stormed through Eliza's speeches, but kindly applauded John's appearance as Uncle Tom. But his being there made Roy fretful. The man had looked him over so carefully at the hotel desk. He might recognize him now, for all that Little Eva was listed on the program as played by Virginia Rochester. The joke of a boy playing Eva would spread about the town, and lads would whistle from the gallery to-morrow night as they had done once when the truth leaked into an Ohio village. Roy got the vile taste of grease paint in his mouth, chewing a lip while he thought of this. It would serve his mother right! He scowled at her as she came hopping across the six lumps of ice, escaping Susie and Shafter. In the other wings John encouraged the Dalmatians to howl with a system of whistles and hisses. They howled quite well, but Susie stopped to look for a flea and faced away from the icy Ohio.

"I dunno why Johnny can't manage those dogs better!" said Mrs. Cullen, after

(Concluded on Page 65)

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French Ray-O-Lites and Dry Batteries

(Concluded from Page 63)

her bow before the curtain. "Honest, after four years' experience!"

"Johnny's got enough to do," Roy growled, helping strip back the white ice cloth.

"I've heard enough from you for one day, young man," Mrs. Cullen retorted, whipping off her Eliza turban.

"Well, look out you don't hear some more, then!"

"If I hear much more I'm likely to leave you right here in this two-cent town!"

"I wouldn't give a whoop if you did," said Roy.

His mother glared, then stalked off to dress. She played Miss Ophelia in the other acts of the show. Roy boiled toward explosion. He could stop this business in a minute by simply refusing to play his part. He sat in the dressing room, thinking. The greasy, warm smell of the theater helped his rage onward. He tripped on to the bright stage of the next scene when Mrs. Cullen exclaimed "And here comes our darling Eva!" and heard a female "Oo!" from the audience. It was bad enough to play this fool of a part. It was worse to have women gurgle about it. Roy advanced on John, who sat mournful among the cotton bales of the steamboat deck, and put a hand on the white wool of John's wig.

"What is your name, poor fellow?" he asked, and added through motionless lips, "I gotta mind to talk bass."

John drawled, "Mah name's Tom, little missy, and back in Kaintucky the chillun call me Uncle Tom. Don't gum the show, kid, for lordsake!"

Roy thinly chirped, "And have you any children, poor Uncle Tom? That Wilson feller's three rows back."

"Seven," said John, and wiped a tear from his moist paint.

They stood exchanging this nonsense and Roy beamed at the audience. Mr. Wilson was rubbing his nose with a thumb, as John did when he was worried over anything. He stared at Roy levelly until Roy retired to the rail and fell into the Mississippi. The tall man was still staring when John carried Little Eva down to the footlights, and the curtain dropped.

"Say, Wilson knows me, Johnny," Roy said back in their dressing room.

"Wouldn't be surprised, Bud."

"Then he'll tell folks. It'll be all over town to-morrow night! Say, I ain't goin' to play this stuff and get laughed at, Johnny!"

"Hold your hosses, kid. Mebbe he won't tell."

Rank dread shook Roy. Mr. Wilson wasn't in his seat when the New Orleans scene began, and didn't appear for some minutes. He might be telling people already. The laughter for Topsy's dance lasted a moment and interfered with Roy's line of "Dear papa, I do wish you would set all our slaves free," and Roy wasn't sure that the lads in the gallery weren't laughing at his falsetto. But Wilson, in his chair on the aisle, looked serious. The scene finished and Roy went to kick off his clothes while his deathbed was being made of two barrels, a sheet and a mattress. He shed his gown and stockings, pulled the nightdress of thin cheesecloth up his legs and was wriggling his hot arms into the sleeves when a man said, in the corridor, "I'm looking for little Roy. Where's his dressing room?"

The stage manager snapped, "Can't talk to performers while the show's goin' on, mister. Rule ——"

"Tell him I want to talk to him as soon as he's gone to heaven," Wilson said.

"Dunno what you mean, sir. You'll have to walk out of here. Against the ——"

Wilson answered, "I'm walking," and his feet moved down the corridor to the alley.

"Knew me," Roy whispered to himself.

Well, if he was to be a joke in Semple, Connecticut, he must make the best of it. Part of the audience wouldn't know to-night. Roy snorted, splashing pearl powder on his face, gathered his robe and trotted to the rear of the garden drop, where stood the ladder on which he would mount to heaven as soon as he was dead. The ladder was firm, at least. Its top was below the circular flap of the back drop, which would be raised to show Eva with her hands crossed in a glow of rose light against a sheet of pink-and-gold clouds. This was the best effect of the show. Roy shook the ladder to see if it would wabble unduly, then ran about the back drop and let his mother arrange the sheet over him.

"You got too much white on your face again!"

"Matters a lot! They've caught on out front that I ain't a girl. We'll get the bazoo to-morrow night."

"Your fault if they did!"

"How's it my fault? I been squawking like a chicken all evening."

"Will you lie still while I get the flowers spread right?" Mrs. Cullen cried, and slapped Roy's leg viciously through the old sheet. The sting bit. Roy seethed. He was sick of this!

"All right," he said. "That's just about all!"

He lay sickly smiling while the scene of Eva's death progressed. Mr. Wilson wasn't in his chair. News of the fake might be spreading. Roy waited for a laugh as he chirped his lines. The company's soprano began Angels Ever Bright and Fair in the wings. Roy heard the stage manager muttering to the electrician behind the back drop. Mrs. Cullen yawned under her handkerchief. The boy wanted to pinch her as she kissed him, sobbing.

He lisped, "Good-by, dear Cousin Ophelia. We shall meet in a better land."

"Poor—poor little gurl," said Mrs. Cullen; and softly, "Get your last line over real loud now."

Roy smiled and lifted himself on the mattress. The lights waned on the signal. He said briskly, "Poppa—mamma—heaven—home." And the bulbs went black. In the dark he snarled to John, "They've caught on, Johnny!"

"How y'know, Bud?"

Mrs. Cullen hissed, "Quit talkin'! Get back up the ladder or I'll ——"

"Yeh!" Roy panted. "I'll get up, all right! Make a fool of me in a lotta sissy clothes and ——"

"Mah Name's Tom, Little Missy, and Back in Kaintucky the Chillun Call Me Uncle Tom"

Her hand landed between his shoulders. Roy leaped from his deathbed and scuttled into the wings. Then in the black gallery some hoarse lad yelled, "Hurry and get to heaven, sister!"

The shout slapped Roy's ear like a palm. Sweat broke on his face. He stumbled about the back drop and found the shadowy ladder.

"Don't git up too far," the stage manager whispered. "Hustle!"

The martyr clambered up the steps and stubbed a toe on the edge of one. Searing wrath took hold of Roy and shook him. This was the end.

He planted his feet on the slab at the top of the ladder and faced the circular flap. He should fold his hands on his breast and gaze upward. He seized either side of the infamous robe and lifted it right and left in a fan, knee high. Then he mumbled, "Let her rip, Murphy," and the stage manager stamped.

The rosy light bored through the circle of painted clouds. Roy saw his mother kneeling with the other players on the stage. As the roar came out of the audience she seemed to bend backward. Roy flung his wig as far as his arm could send it and shook a fist at the people with a desperate baritone howl of "All right, you big buncha stiffs!"

Then the ladder toppled into the back drop. He grasped the circular door of heaven and the aged canvas ripped. The curtain hid the wriggling heads of the audience. Roy thudded on the stage, bounced and fled, stumbling on his gown, into the wings. He could hear his mother shrieking. Men bawled in the theater. Then all was black as he staggered into the corridor of dressing rooms and someone pounced on his wrist. He began to float toward the alley.

"C'mon," said John. "I jammed the switch down. Scoot! She'll kill you."

She certainly would! Roy clutched his robe and galloped up the alley to the street. A steady whistling rang from the opera house. John swung the boy toward the country and gasped, "Run! Beat it! Get out to father's place!"

"Huh?"

"Wilson's, I mean. Get!"

Roy bunched the nightgown under his arms, flung its tail over his shoulder and sprinted. The dark bath suit with the band of white robe for a cape receded up the tunnel of elm trunks under the few lamps. The kid could run! John chuckled and turned back into the alley, jarred into Wilson and gave a relieved grunt.

"You can catch him. Told him to hide at your place."

"Come along," his father said.

"Can't. I'm in the last act."

"Damn the last act! Come ahead."

"No, sir," said John drearily; "I can't gum the show any more'n it's gummed. You'll get along fine with Bud. He's an awful good kid."

He went down the alley and into the restored lights of the stage, where the men were trying to set the last scene. Through the curtain came a pounding and rending sound. The whole house was still laughing. The women of the company surrounded Mrs. Cullen in a corner by the proscenium. John sighed, although he couldn't hear her outcry. She would miss Roy, after her rage had worn off. Or would she? He stood fumbling with a cigarette, and a tall man strolled past him into the knot of women, singled Mrs. Cullen out and supported her off into the wings. They vanished. John lit his cigarette and mused. His father might get her calmed down. She didn't appear in the last scenes.

The girl who played Topsy came to him and gabbled, "Her heart's just plain broke, Johnny! I dunno what gets into you men! And all the trouble she took trainin' Roy!"

"We better play La Tosca to-morrow night," said John.

He would have to play the wicked Scarpia in La Tosca, and hated it worse than his other parts because the velvet breeches cramped his long legs. But they couldn't play Uncle Tom without a Little Eva. He wondered how the kid would like this new farm, and ordered the curtain up. The audience listened and chuckled. Waves of mirth trickled down from the gallery and invaded the floor. John didn't have to bother about most of his lines. His wig slipped while the cruel Legree was beating him to death close to the footlights. The people shrieked again and John died, grinning with his face on one elbow.

"Mrs. Cullen wants you," said the stage manager as he got up.

John flexed his arms and walked into the star dressing room, where his mother was wiping paint from her face. Her eyes sparkled in the lather of cold cream and rouge.

She gurgled, "Well, it's an ill wind that don't blow someone some good, ain't it? And it's mighty hot trouping in this weather. I'll be real glad to get home."

"Ma'am?"

"And boys will be boys," she nodded. "And your father's right, I guess. And your grandpapa's always said you was a natural-born farmer."

"Yes'm," said John. "That's so, but ——"

"And as long as your father's willin' to pay transportation for the company West—why, I'd just as soon close the season right here. And you'd better fetch the dogs out to your father's place when you go. Bud likes 'em. Guess I won't use Uncle Tom next season. It's passey, no gettin' away from that."

She hummed, sponging the lather from her handsome face. At her elbow on the soiled dressing table lay a green oblong of paper. John picked up the check.

"Two thousand," Mrs. Cullen smiled. "Mighty gen'rous. I think I'll pay seven thousand for the Crispville Op'ra House and get a couple of classy people for the company next year. I'll expect you to write your grandpapa every week, now, and keep in touch with me regular. And you never hadn't any real feelin' for the stage. You take after your father. 'You ain't changed so much,' he says. I says, 'My Gawd, Grant, I know enough to keep my weight down!' Guess I'll go home by way of New York and pick up some clothes. Better get out to your father's, John. Bud'll likely be nervous with a lot of strangers."

John leashed Shafter and Susie when he was dressed, bundled Roy's civilian clothes under his arm and tramped to the hotel. He was packing the suitcases in the bedroom when someone knocked and a tanned farmhand drawled, "Your father's sent the car fer you."

The town was getting to bed. Moonlight covered and discolored the meadows. Susie and Shafter sat on either side of John on the rear seat, damp with dew. A sleepless cow lowed somewhere in the hills and the car rattled into a flat tableland spotted with brushwood.

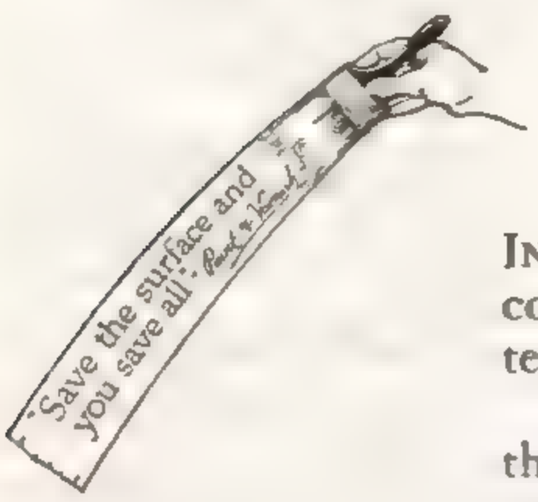
"Yessir," said the driver, "pretty high, here. Your father, he rents this piece for grazin'."

John sniffed clover and a subtle undercent of pennyroyal. He asked, "What's the cows?"

"Jerseys, mostly. Mr. Wilson's strong for Jerseys. Got forty. Blowout! Well, you can walk on up. There's the gates."

The white gates supported a curved iron arch that had for center a placard readable by the moonlight: G. Wilson. Paradise Farms Dairy. The dogs went snuffling up the drive toward a broad lit house. When John shyly climbed the steps he heard chuckles and a faint, continuous patting sound. Roy was dancing a breakdown for his father and a dozen farmhands on the matting of the bright parlor, the paint of his mouth erased in a rim of cream from fresh milk.

SHERWIN



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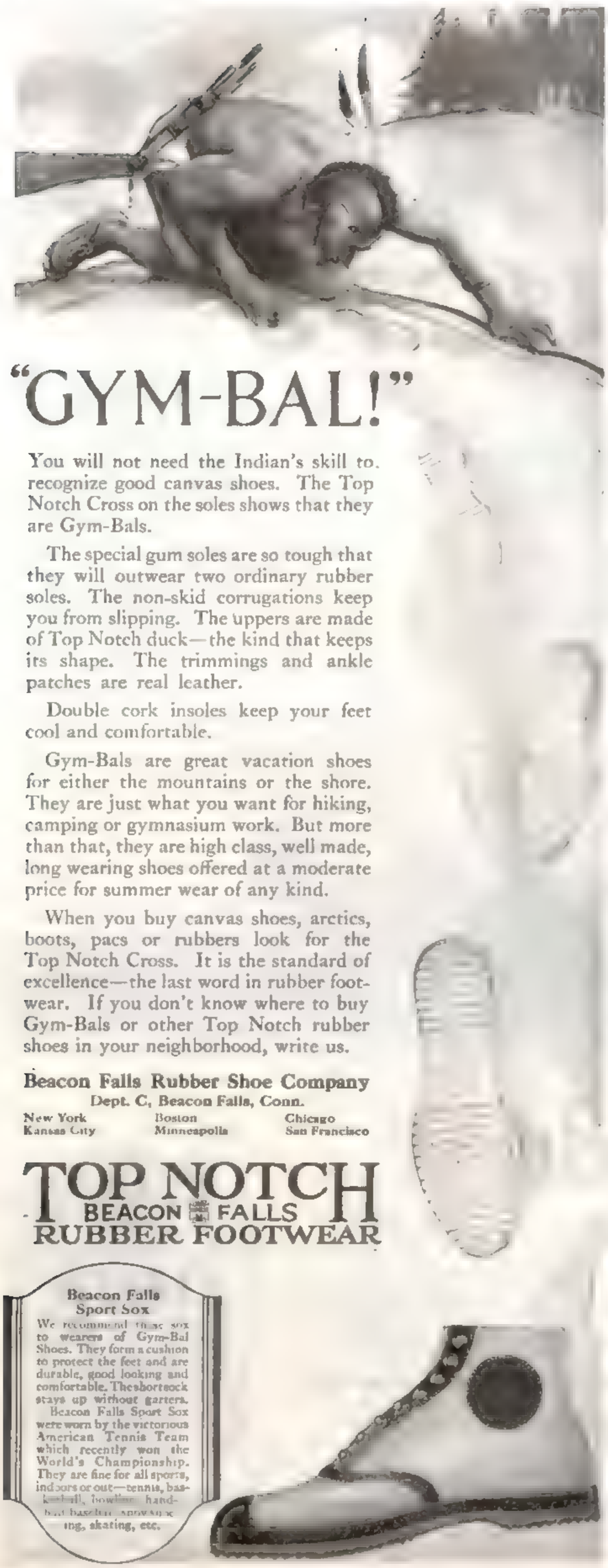

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WHO'S WHO?

(Continued from Page 15)

his change and handed over the package of impossible note paper.

"Miss Barbara ——"

Casper paused and cleared his throat. At the name she stood back and regarded him with a look that was afraid and a little hostile.

"I'm sorry," he persisted. "I don't know you by any other name."

"Know me?" Her face was blank, her eyes wild as she asked it.

"I didn't come here to buy paper. It's really very nice, and I'll keep it. But I just dropped in—it was another little matter."

Thus boldly Casper had stepped into the breach. And now that he was in, how was he to go on?

"My name's Green," he fairly barked out. "It's a coincidence, but I happen to be named Casper W. Green."

The girl leaned against her counter, and her dark eyes took on a hunted look as she gazed warily round the shop, then turned to him and replied coldly, "I don't know anything about you."

"I know you don't," he replied in a fit of desperate courage, "and I don't want to be presuming. But you see the name is about the same."

"The same as what?"

If a fawn, the hunter's knife at its throat, could speak, it would utter a note no more pitifully afraid.

"To tell you the truth, I got a letter from you—written to somebody else. I thought maybe you'd like to have it."

He delved into his pocket and brought out the torn pink envelope, which he thrust into her hands. She stood turning it over and over, the pallor of her cheeks deepening to a shameful flush.

"I don't understand," she said in a voice so small that it was scarcely audible in the busy scene.

"I'm sorry," said Casper quite genuinely, for the impulse of that blush had touched his kindly heart.

"How—did you say you got it?" she asked, her glance refusing to meet his.

"It just came through the mails," he replied with specious cheerfulness. "Another post office blunder, I suppose. I'm always getting that other fellow's letters."

"Are you a writer too?" She now looked at him frankly. Therefore he lied without hesitation.

"Rather not! I'm—I'm a traveling salesman."

Her next question betrayed no interest in him, but an effort to hide a fear behind a commonplace.

"What's your line?"

"Line?" Casper hardly understood the term, but when it became intelligible to him he replied briskly enough, "Automobiles."

"You'll have a hard time in Patchogue," she said. "There's an agency on most every corner."

"I'm introducing a novelty," he explained, and was a little vain of his professional manner. "I'm investigating—ah—business conditions on Long Island. I aim to stop over in Patchogue a few days. I don't suppose you could suggest a good boarding house."

"There's the hotel," she informed him coolly.

"I've tried that. Not a room in the house. I like home cooking too. They told me at Port Jefferson that I could find one or two places here ——"

"There's Mrs. Beevin's," she said, her innocent eyes quite frank now. "That's a very good place. I board there."

Casper was formulating a reply suitable to a gallant commercial traveler conspiring to board in the same house with a lovely saleslady, but at that instant a stubby little man with a dyed mustache stepped briskly forward and clapped his hands in a manner to indicate that he was Mr. Leffman and would brook no cross-counter philandering.

"Cigarettes, Miss Troy!" he snapped.

With a quick and not unfriendly look across her shoulder, Barbara hurried away.

Barbara Troy! Casper had got that much, and more, almost without an effort. The detective's lust quickened his veins as he strode out into Patchogue's main street, a traveling bag in one hand, a paper parcel in the other. The momentary triumph all but banished from his mind his yearning for revenge upon the man who had stolen his cigarette case and his name. A fat boy pumping gasoline at a service station directed him up a lane, and with a new ambition in his heart the famous author of Men of Mercy went questing after Mrs. Beevin's boarding house.

At half past six he brushed his hair before the woggly glass in his little bedroom and came down to supper. Mrs. Beevin, a dark woman with a jowl, had taken him on sufferance, much as she might have accepted an ex-convict. He was an outlander, quite unknown to Patchogue. She knew only that his name was Green and that he paid for a week in advance. When he had sought to question her as to the habits and tastes of Miss Barbara Troy she had drawled simply, "She pays her bills," and glared at him out of eyes which were yellow and abnormally wide apart like a ram's.

The favored of Mrs. Beevin ate at a long table, but Casper was banished to the realm of outer darkness to sit under a steel engraving of The Stag at Bay. He occupied a table for two—which is an ideal arrangement under ideal circumstances. But the circumstances were not ideal. For vis-à-vis he had an ancient lady, very deaf and very German, who helped herself to all the mixed pickles and maundered over her soup.

Barbara Troy came in a little late, and took her place at the main table beside a small girl with a long upper lip whom Casper guessed to be the Rosamonde mentioned in the pink letter. There were fourteen boarders at the large table, middle-aged people in the majority. An elderly man in ministerial clothes occupied a chair next to Mrs. Beevin, and was helped first to Irish stew. The younger set kept to themselves and babbled in the voice of youth, mostly of movies and dancing. Barbara and Rosamonde held aloof, their heads close together, their eyes serious. Only once did Barbara look across the room to catch Casper's glance and smile a little recognizing smile. In the midst of the meal she rose and went away.

After doing battle with Mrs. Beevin's farina pudding, the boarders by ones and twos strolled toward the sitting room beyond. A phonograph began to snarl its nasal orchestration, and by certain regular creakings of the floor Casper concluded that they were dancing. How he detested it all! How his stomach, attuned to delicate food, and his art, vibrating only to Tudor castles and noble dames, detested the sights and sounds and smells of Mrs. Beevin's boarding house! He vowed to endure as little of it as possible. He would leave Patchogue by the first morning train and turn the matter over to professional detectives, or—more properly—forget it.

No other amusement presenting itself, Casper went into the big, bare sitting room, and there encountered Rosamonde seated under the lamp and making a great show of reading. Her little jaws were going busily to the cadence of her after-dinner gum, and she seemed quite oblivious of the dancers who brushed her knees and hopped across her feet.

Casper took his stand at her side where he could gaze down upon the book. It was Men of Mercy. The pages showed the wear of many eager thumbs, and Rosamonde turned rapidly, her little round eyes intent upon the theme. Apparently she was one of those greedy readers who devour a novel by the method known as "skipping."

Casper cleared his throat. Rosamonde glanced up, giving him a bright look like a bird's, full of suspicion and curiosity.

"You like it?" he ventured, gaining courage.

"The book, you mean?" she asked, somewhat pertly.

"Yes. I see you'd rather read than dance."

"Oh, the book's all right to pass away the time, I guess," she admitted.

"It's by Casper Wing Green, I see," persisted the book's author.

Rosamonde turned it over in a listless hand and stared at the cover.

"Oh, so it is!" said she. "I never look at the author. They're all about alike, anyhow. Barbara lent it to me. She's just crazy about that man's works. She thinks he put up the moon. Of course, when you know a person like she does ——"

"You mean Miss Troy actually knows Casper Wing Green?" asked the amateur

(Continued on Page 71)

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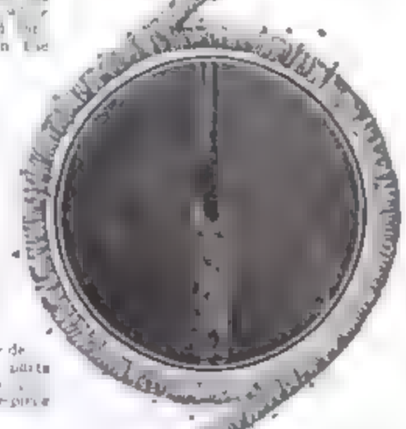
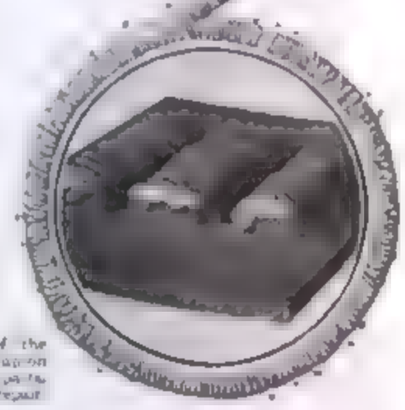


Joining Parts

The drops of metal are deposited between the parts and fused with them, making a solid one-piece product.

Filling Defects

Holes and cracks are filled with molten metal, saving pieces from the scrap heap.



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Columbus
Pittsburgh
Boston
Philadelphia
Charlotte, N. C
Minneapolis
Hartford, Conn

(Continued from Page 68)

detective, striving in vain to make his tone nonchalant.

"Know him! My dear!" Rosamonde's little round eyes seemed to work on a swivel. "Natchelly, when you're born literary like Barbara is—she handles the books at Leffman's, you know, and she's a great reader."

This seemed to account for everything.

"She handles the cigars, too," suggested Casper with more than usual wit. "But that doesn't make her a great smoker."

"Fresh, ain't you?" giggled Rosamonde. They were getting on swimmingly.

"So Barbara is an admirer of Green," persisted Casper.

"I guess she's read everything he ever wrote. And that's some liberry! Barbara says he began writing when he was fourteen. I know a fella in the song business. It makes 'em kinda dotty. We girls thought it kinda queer that him and Barbara should come together just like that. But those writers are awful stuck on themselves, and I guess he don't meet many girls that have read all his works like Barbara has. But I don't see why anybody should fall in love with a writer, do you?"

"Not while they have actors to practice on," he agreed, and added, "especially movie actors."

"You've said a mouthful! But this Mr. Green is a lovely man, just like a great writer ought to be. He talks a little too grand for me, but it suits Barbara, because she's got a fine intellect."

She paused to watch the dancing, then turning suddenly asked in her birdlike chirp, "What did you say your name was?"

"Green," replied Casper quite candidly.

"Oh," chirped Rosamonde, "what a coincidence!"

"Isn't it!" agreed Casper. "It's worried me a great deal. I'm quite an admirer of Green's books. I get a great deal of time for reading while I'm on the road. I'd really like to meet the man and have a talk with him."

Rosamonde devoted a full minute to the inspection of his bulky, middle-aged person ere responding, "A fat chance you'd have!"

"Is he difficult to meet?" asked Casper very humbly.

"Well, wouldn't you be if you was only twenty-six and had done all those great works and was getting seventy-five thousand a year out of the movies?"

"I rather think I might. But there's no reason why I shouldn't be permitted to admire at a distance. Does he come to Patchogue very often?"

Rosamonde looked slyly round the room, then began in the most secretive air possible, "Between you and I ——"

She drew down her long upper lip and looked volumes.

"Between you and I," prompted Casper, afraid to employ his own grammar lest he might interrupt her train of thought.

"What we don't know won't hurt us," suggested Rosamonde. "Do you dance?"

Casper, whose dancing days had passed with the popularity of Washington Post March, martyred himself to the extent of a two-step, which he did so badly that Rosamonde must needs devote her evening to giving him instruction in modern dancing. It was not difficult to see that the plain and sprightly young lady considered herself in sole possession of an admirer.

Late in the evening, Barbara, looking pale and very lovely, came in and sat in a corner to watch the dancing. Rosamonde, proud of her rare achievement, was quick to present her newly acquired beau.

"Meet Mr. Green," she commanded, not without malice. "Ain't it peculiar—the name and all? But I forgot—you've already met."

"You aren't dancing this evening," Casper said, fishing clumsily for conversation.

"The store's open Saturday nights," she explained, her soft brown eyes looking up at him wearily.

What was it that stirred in Casper's seared heart? That which had slept its score of years awoke like Rip Van Winkle to dodder in its rags. The sensation alarmed and irritated Casper Wing Green. A feeling that his name had won her under false pretenses and that he must woo it back again worked havoc with an instinct which is as mysterious as primal things must ever be. In the slang of psychoanalysis, he had a complex. In the slang of Harlem, she had his goat.

"Perhaps Miss Troy might teach me a few steps, too," suggested Casper. "Miss Sweetser has been so kind."

"Yes, Barbara, darling, do take him on," urged Rosamonde spitefully. "He's almost ruined my shoes."

The conductor of the phonograph had chosen a waltz, and Casper, at home in that old-fashioned element, swung round the room with the graceful young thing against his shoulder. He was ecstatic to know that she did not insist on modern steps, but that she permitted her feet to follow his in perfect time to the mechanical rhythm of the music machine. How young she was! How supple of body! How surcharged with the mystery which has made woman dangerous from the beginning of time! Poor old Casper sighed—the glory of September danced round and round with young Spring, winning and gusty, clasped tightly in his arms.

When the record was played out and they stood together by the door he looked round to see that Rosamonde had vanished.

"I must go to bed now," said Barbara. "I've had an awful day."

"I'm sorry," replied old Casper, aware of the hurt she was nursing in secret. Then he asked impulsively, "Are you going to let me see you again?"

"Oh, you'll be round Patchogue for a while, won't you?" she inquired.

"I'm not sure how long. To tell you the truth, Miss Troy, I wanted to tell you a little more about ——"

He had managed it awkwardly, he felt, for she stood there, the look of a trapped little animal coming into her eyes.

"About that letter," he finished brutally.

"Not to-night," she begged.

"Any time. I'll wait as long as you wish."

"The store's closed to-morrow morning," she said, turning toward the hall.

"Good night, Miss Troy."

"Good night."

She gave him a wan little smile over the shabby stair rail as she mounted toward her room. Against her breast she was clasping a damaged book, and Casper guessed—and hoped—that it was the copy of Men of Mercy which jealous Rosamonde had thrown aside.

III

CASPER had planned to stay overnight in Patchogue, but his visit was protracted into a week. It was another one of your cases where business becomes the salve of inclination. However dearly he loved his souvenir cigarette case, it wasn't worth a week of his time. However desperately he thirsted for revenge upon the counterfeit author of his works, he might have done far better had he put the job into expert hands and gone back to the neglected Countess of Dorne.

Casper fed himself with an illusion—and what artist does not? Every morning as he arose from the creaky iron bed at Mrs. Beevin's he would resolve to devote the day to plotting out more adventures for the lovelorn countess. Patchogue, he felt, was an ideal place for a literary man to hide and sit upon the egg of his idea. He was not idling away his time, he felt sure—by no manner of means. Never once did he confess to himself that he was giving his empty days just to be looked at for a little while by soft brown eyes, always on the brink of tears. Poor novelist, already gone to seed, for whom were those eyes so brilliant with heart's dew? Not you, poor Casper!

Every morning he would go down to breakfast and see Barbara looking over the boarding-house mail and smiling bravely when no letter turned up for her. Mrs. Beevin had promoted him to the main table, where he had a seat next to her and could chat pleasantly within hearing of Rosamonde, who had grown satiric as the intimacy advanced. Then after breakfast he would make one clumsy excuse or another to walk over to Leffman's with the brown-eyed girl, who listened to every word he said and seemed to like him, although she made responses which were like those of a sleeper half awakened from some pleasant dream.

Twice he took her to the motion-picture theater. Rosamonde went along on both occasions. Once he hired a jitney and they went to a dance in the social hall at Bellport. Rosamonde was their chaperon.

Only once had he mentioned the pink letter and the man who had failed to receive it. Upon that occasion—they had gone together to sit in sunshine on the wharf—he had made up his mind to tell her. It was not fair to himself, certainly not fair to her, he had argued, to carry this farce into another act and permit a

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dastardly adventurer to go unpunished. But the sensitive, heartbroken look that had come over her face at mention of the letter had caused him to stammer foolishly an apology for the hurt he had brought her. Strive as he might to assure himself of his own rights in the case, he was baffled by a feeling that he was intruding in an affair that was not his own.

For any sufferer has a right, according to the code, to accept or reject the offices of a surgeon. In this case the surgeon had presented himself, but the patient held aloof. What remained then but to sit by and admire her anguished beauty? To his horror and chagrin, he felt old sap stirring in his veins. Was she to make of him such another fool as the editor's daughter had made? Oh, no! September learns wisdom.

It was on the morning of the seventh day that literary conscience caught up with Casper again and met him just as he was tumbling out of bed.

"You fool," said conscience, repeating its formula, "stop this and go back to work!"

It was Sunday morning, and he found Barbara reading a paper in the shelter of the chicken wire on Mrs. Beevin's veranda. He came up behind her to see that she was holding the book supplement of a New York paper and studying the headline:

CASPER WING GREEN GIVES VIEWS ON ROMANTIC LOVE

"Age of Chivalry Still With Us," Says Eminent Author

The eminent author indulged in a sigh, then lit a cigarette and cleared his throat by way of introduction.

"It's a lovely morning," he suggested. "Couldn't we exercise a bit down by the wharf?"

"I exercise so much during the week," she said with a languid smile, and he remarked that her cheeks were whiter than he had ever seen them before. At that instant he could have done battle with the man who had made a game of her affections.

"Just wait till I get my hat," she relented.

She had turned the sheet over in an ineffectual effort to conceal the lines she had been reading.

"Please don't!" he urged. "It's divine here, if they'll only leave us alone."

"Rosie's gone for a walk with Mr. Kratz," she explained. Never before had Barbara implied that Rosamonde was other than a boon.

"I'm going away this afternoon," began Casper, taking a rocker beside her.

"Oh, you'll be coming back soon?" Her little eyebrows went up like punctuation marks.

"Probably not. I expect to be on the road a long time."

"Isn't Patchogue a good place for automobiles?"

"Not so very—not my sort."

He reached over to fold away the book supplement which had blown across the porch, then he went on, "Miss Troy, I think I ought to say a few things before I go. I hope you won't be angry."

Her brown eyes were looking dreamily across the freckled lawn. He was not sure that she had heard him.

"Maybe I'm not old enough to be your father," he persisted, "but I could be your uncle very easily. And a chain of circumstances"—he paused here, fearing that he was growing too literary for the part—"a lot of things have made it so that I've seen more, maybe, than I should. Do you understand?"

Still gazing away, she nodded her head almost imperceptibly.

"I think I do," she said in a sweet, sad little note.

A robin perked his way across the lawn. A boy on a bicycle spun by, whistling Sweetheart, Sweetheart, Sweetheart. Great Scott! Spring comes to Patchogue just as insidiously as to Stratford-upon-Avon or the Vale of Tempe!

"You're a very sweet girl," admitted Casper Wing Green. "But you've seen the world in such a way—well, you might trust too much and take too much for granted."

"How?" she asked, and her eyes were so soft and so stricken that he lost courage again to tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

"Well, you don't know anything about this man. You scarcely know his name. He just drifted in from the outside, much as I have."

He paused to let this suggestion take effect. Undoubtedly he had some definite plan in mind when he persisted, "How can you tell, for instance, that I'm not an impostor?"

She laughed one of her small, sparse laughs, and her eyes were merry for an instant as she regarded him. The idea of Casper's inventing an *alter ego* plainly amused her.

"You don't think I have sufficient imagination to play a part?" he insisted.

"You wouldn't think up such a story," she told him. And added passionately, "But you mustn't talk like that about him! I know he wouldn't play a trick!"

"Faith!" he exclaimed.

She merely looked down at the small hands folded in her lap.

"It isn't my fault that I know so much about you," he said gruffly. "Can you trust me with the secret?"

"Oh, yes," she replied quite simply, looking up.

"Will you tell me how you came to know him?"

The robin on the freckled lawn ruffled out his fancy waistcoat as a gentler and a grayer robin flew down to hop along at his side. Presently the two, as if by appointment, flew away. The whistled note of the boy on the bicycle shrilled distantly through Sunday Patchogue.

"He just came into the store," she said at last. "I knew the minute I saw him that he wasn't like other men. I don't mean he was just handsome—he has a way of looking at you. I always knew the author of Men of Mercy would be like that."

"Like what?" prompted the author of Men of Mercy.

"He seemed to understand everything. He talked just like the book. I knew he would be like that."

"So he introduced himself as Casper Wing Green?"

"Oh, no! He's very modest about his work. It just happened that I found out. I don't think he wanted me to know—at first."

Her soft mouth quivered into the ghost of a smile. He sat there, flattered by her confidence in him, yet afraid that she would say no more.

"You see, I'm in charge of the cigar counter when Mr. Hammond's away," she went on. "The first time I ever laid eyes on Casper he came into the store asking for a special kind of cigarette. He's very particular about cigarettes—he's that way about everything. After a while he said he'd take the kind we carried and when I'd got down a package he brought out his cigarette case."

"Brought out his cigarette case," echoed Casper, clearing his throat.

"And he said that he had his gloves on, and wouldn't I fill it for him. He told me later that that was just an excuse to talk. He seemed to take to me the way I took to him. So I opened the case—it was a grand case, gold and platinum—and was putting the cigarettes in when I couldn't help noticing the words engraved along the edge on the inside. There was his name and the title of his great book and the name of the club that gave him the case—'in admiration,' it said.

"He didn't like it a bit when I found who he was. But he was real nice about it—the way he was about everything. He said he'd come to Patchogue looking for local color for his next novel. It seems he's going to stop writing about lords and ladies. He says it's getting out of style."

"Oh!"

"So his next novel is going to be about the pirates and Indians that used to live at Patchogue."

"That is interesting," admitted Casper.

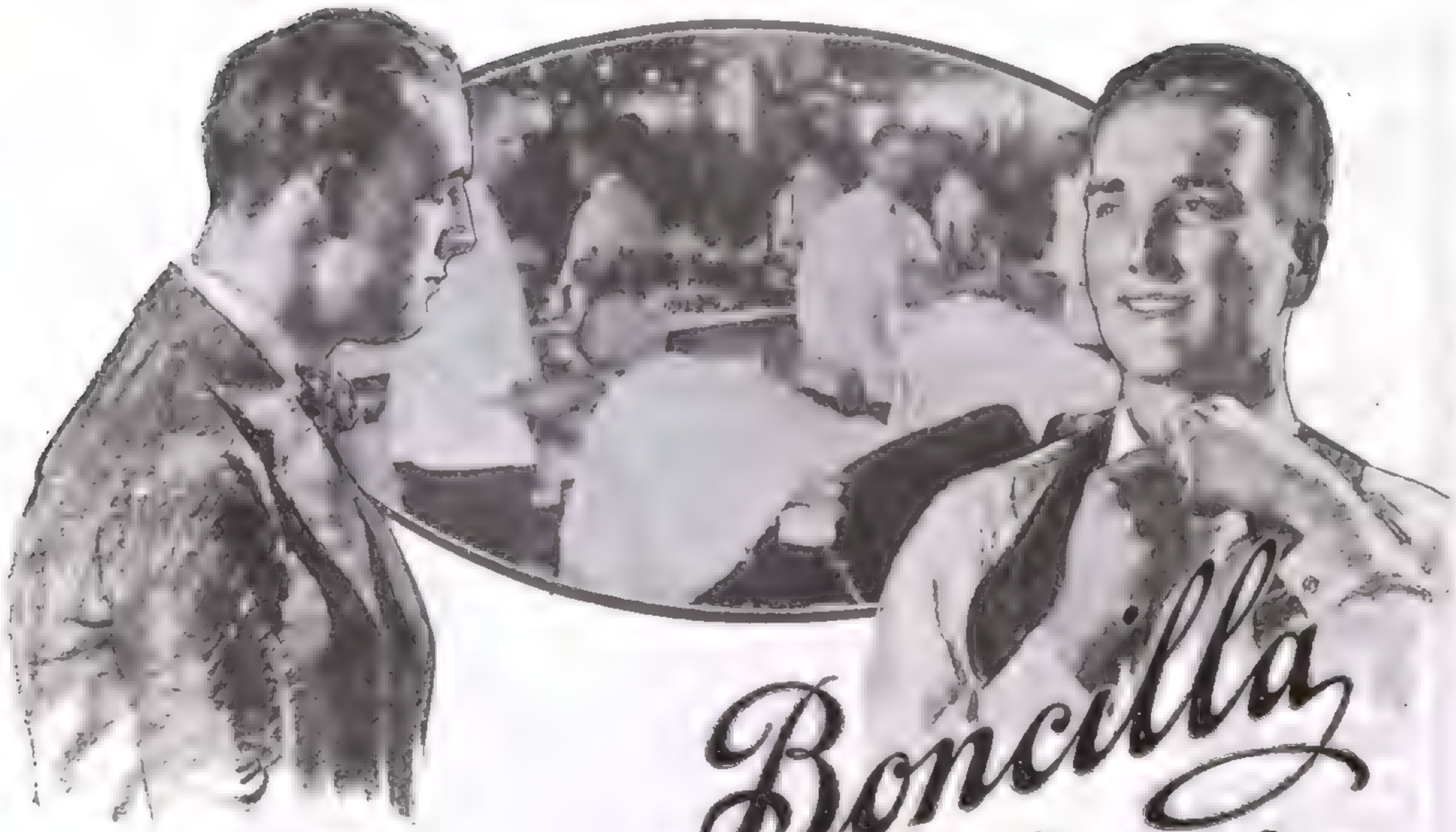
"I don't suppose I ought to have told you that," said Barbara. "He's keeping it a secret. He says that writers steal ideas from each other, and the next they know they're in the movies."

"The writers?"

"No, the ideas. It's wonderful how we got on together! He took me out to lunch that day, and told me all about his work and his plans just like I'd known him all my life. It seems he's been writing novels ever since he was fourteen. It's wonderful how he's got on for one so young. He gets his best ideas when he's asleep—just dreams them. He has a wonderful mind. He asked me not to tell anybody who he was and why he was here. He stopped at the hotel for nearly a week, and—and——"

"Then he was called away," prompted Casper, fearful lest this gush of confidence should cease.

(Continued on Page 74)



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3—When thoroughly dry remove by using a very wet Turkish towel—tepid (not hot). Press the water from the towel into the application until it is soft. It will then come off with practically the one towel. Go over the face with hot towel, cleansing thoroughly.

4—Next apply BONCILLA Cold Cream, steamed in with hot towel.

5—BONCILLA Vanishing Cream is then used, massaging the face in a thorough manner, until almost dry, as this cream closes the pores.

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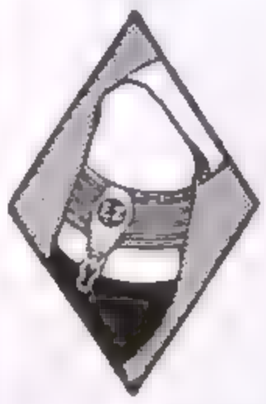

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(21-6)

(Continued from Page 72)

"His publishers wanted him in New York. He asked me to marry him the night before he left. I couldn't believe that he had taken a fancy to a girl like me. He wanted to put me in his new book. He said that I was his inspiration."

"Rather a talented talker, I fancy," said Casper, striving to keep hardness out of his tone.

"He's wonderful!" she whispered, holding that same rapt expression.

"What did he talk about?"

"Everything! There's not a corner of the world he hasn't visited. He's had adventures just like the heroes in his books. He seems to see everything in such a wonderful, beautiful way. And he says that I'm the girl he's been looking for all over the world."

She gazed again at her folded hands.

"I could hardly believe it," she said again in a soft little voice.

Then, if ever, was the time to thrust the truth home in a savage impulse to save or else to kill. The author crossed his fat knees and sat studying her long and curiously. Fate had put a lancet into his hands and urged him to cut away—what? The sweetest illusion of her life!

"My dear child," he said gently, "you are too good and too lovely to be wasting yourself. This is a fine dream, but you've got to go on living in this world. We can't get along on poetry, however much we like it. Do you still believe that your author will come back?"

Her head was bent, and she made a little sound, but he was not sure whether she had said no or yes.

"The men who make women happy are the men who stand on a solid foundation. They live up to their obligations. They pay their bills. They respect all their contracts, marriage contracts included. Take myself, for example—I should never think of courting a girl with a lot of fine words about books."

"No," she said, "and I would never think of marrying you."

There was no intent to hurt in her tone. It was merely the rebuttal in a purely impersonal debate.

"Why?" asked Casper with a smile, although she had cut him not a little.

Her dark eyes were brilliant with illusion, and her lips parted to a smile as she looked over far groves of scrubby trees burgeoning with spring on the flat edge of Long Island.

"You'd understand if you knew him," she said. "After talking to him and being with him and enjoying his fine mind, how could I ever care for a business man?"

Suddenly she turned, her eyes full of tears, and laid one of her hands over his.

"Please don't be mad at me," she begged. "You've been awfully good—I don't know why, but you have."

The chirping voice of Rosamonde returning from her Sunday walk could be heard round a corner of the veranda. Their season of confidence had come to a close.

IV

"THE Countess of Dorne stood at the leaded window in her great hall at Yselwilde and gazed over the perfect picture of spring. Something like a sigh fluttered the silken whiteness of her fair young bosom as a slender, graceful hand toyed thoughtfully with the garlands of her brilliant hair. Her eyes were all adream. Could it be that Cyprian Fitzgerald, of no pretensions to noble blood, had aspired to love her? Could it be ——"

Casper Wing Green, back in his New York study—which felt somewhat close and stuffy that morning—wheeled in his chair and himself gazed over the picture of spring which he found to be far from perfect. Another drizzle had set in on Park Avenue, and many miserable souls slopped by under open umbrellas, appearing from his high viewpoint like so many poisonous toadstools endowed with legs. How like fury he hated the Countess of Dorne and her leaded window and her meaningless Tudor hall! How he detested that opening paragraph of Chapter XXIII, defying completion!

Three weeks had gone by since he had quit Patchogue. He had scarcely arrived back in New York before deciding that Barbara was a dear, mistaken little thing who had managed to waste his time as wantonly as the editor's brown-eyed daughter had done so many years ago. He had resolved to plunge himself brain deep in his work and forget that which was not worth remembering. Yet what of that accursed paragraph and the listlessness which kept him forever gazing away from his typewriter and toward his study window, which, like an enchanted mirror, seemed to reflect visions of sea-blown oaks and of robins on a mottled lawn and of a girl in a fluffy dress who lolled back in the obscurity of a chicken-wired veranda?

"Silly!" protested Casper, and resolving to be wise he planned to call that very afternoon upon Maizie Maclaren, his intellectual equal, who lived in Sixty-third Street, belonged to the Colony Club, consorted with the best minds of Europe and had been willing—according to her friends—to marry him any day of the past fifteen years.

Those three weeks since the comedy of Patchogue had been annoyingly aimless ones for Casper Wing Green. Not only his heart but his temper had been disturbed. That wretched counterfeit who had stolen his name had been busy, as events proved, in other parts. Letters in artless feminine hands had been forwarded to him by his publishers. They had numbered a half dozen, and had come from Philadelphia, Newark, Trenton, Greenwich, Hartford and Providence. They had asked many plaintive questions in prayers which were often misspelled and always ungrammatical. Why had he gone away so suddenly? When was he coming to town again? Had he ceased to care for poor little me? There were Marys and Irmas and Dorothys who signed their names to queries monotonously alike.

One or two of them admitted by implication that he who miscalled himself Green had financed his amours at the expense of his victims.

There came to him also an inquiry from a Philadelphia bank asking him why he had indorsed a check for two hundred and twenty-seven dollars and permitted it to be returned with the damning stamp "No Funds." A Hartford hotel required to know why he had paid his bill with a scrap of worthless paper.

One morning—he had at that time endured about a week of reading and answering these exasperating letters—he made up his mind to be gently cruel to the girl in Patchogue. She stood in his mind a being apart from that cheaply clamorous crew, the six or seven unwise virgins whom the masquerader had fooled. But Casper still lacked heart—poor old idealist!—to tell her blankly, as he had the others, that she had been the victim of a vulgar fellow with a trick of juggling hearts.

Finally he conceived the idea of a mildly subtle hint in the form of documentary evidence. It was no trouble for Casper, having been before the public for twenty years, to find the facts of his life in printed form. From a fat red volume of condensed American biography he tore the page headed "Green," and under the item which gave the name Casper Wing Green, together with date of birth, parentage, literary achievements and New York address, he underscored in blue pencil the telltale line, "born September 4, 1873." In order that there might be no room for error he pasted the page to a sheet of paper and plainly labeled it "From Who's Who."

Out of an old file of magazines he cut an advertising page which announced the serializing of his novel Pan's Kingdom, a literary event five years ago. The glowing tribute was centered by a reproduction of his best photograph—the one which made him look a little young, perhaps, but was an undeniable likeness. He had folded these identifying scraps into a long envelope and was about to seal the flap when a shred of printed matter attached to a bill from the Evening Telegram caught his eye as it lay in an open drawer:

> Lost, about February eleventh, in or around Grand Central Station, gold and platinum cigarette case, engraved on inside edge, "To Casper Wing Green in admiration of Men of Mercy from the Midnight Club." Finder will claim liberal reward by returning case to Casper Wing Green, Altruria Apartments, Park Avenue.

It had been a simple matter to drop this into the envelope before licking the flap and addressing it to Miss Barbara Troy, Leffman's Drug Store, Patchogue.

Upon this dull and drizzly morning, his forehead against the damp pane of his study window, Casper felt older and tireder than ever before in his industrious life. How useless all his plottings and romancings had been, his revels among countesses and dukes, the like of whom he had never met in the flesh! He had lived his years in a sort of rosy fog, self-induced. The men he met and gambled with at the University Club belonged, some of them, to the American aristocracy—if there be such a thing. But none of them strutted and posed according to the literary formulas of Casper Wing Green. Had he been, then, on the wrong track all his life?

The world of realism—he had touched it for the first time during his week in Patchogue. It was a retail world, full of five-and-ten-cent stores, motion-picture palaces and Leffman's pharmacies. Yes, but there were Barbara Troys in it, too, and they were beating their fragile wings against their ugly bars, reaching up toward some such perilous ideal as had made the books of Casper Wing Green so great among the many.

But so much for dreams. After a spell of fruitless voyaging into nowhere, Casper looked at his watch. It was nearing the hour of noon. He would have time to telephone Maizie Maclaren and make an appointment for lunch. He was finding more and more comfort in Maizie's companionship, and he needed her to-day. There would be a symphony concert somewhere—music drunkard that she was, Maizie could always find a symphony to satisfy her thirst. Casper's quick imagination had already sketched out their afternoon. They would choose a box a little removed from people.

In one of the breathless pauses between numbers he would find his chance. He should have spoken his mind long ago. Maizie was thirty-five, and didn't look it. Indeed, she was charming always. It would be a distinguished match, a handsome reward for his years of success.

"Excoose, prease!"

Casper turned to find his servant, Hondo, hissing at the door.

"What is it now?" inquired the master harshly.

"Lady now," admitted Hondo.

"What lady?"

"Pretty lady."

"Tell her I'm not at home," commanded the author. Then with a flash of masculine intuition—"Hold on, Hondo! Better send her in."

He had just time to put on his coat and adjust a tie to his flapping collar when a shadow fluttered across the doorway. Then he saw her, poised on the sill like a wild thing about to take flight. Her finger tips touched the door casings, her soft eyes were wide and frightened.

Casper's heart ceased to beat. It was as if his thoughts had summoned that little ghost that she might upbraid him for some deed undone.

"Barbara!" he began. Then shaking himself back into the commonplace, "Well, good morning, Miss Troy. I'm mighty glad to see you."

"Thank you," she replied, and without another word sank into a padded chair, giving one little sigh of exhaustion.

He noticed then how white she was under the small hat incrusted with feathers like the robin's breast. Her lower lip, which was short and full, trembled slightly, but her voice was controlled as she said, "I just had to come, Mr. Green! I got Rosamonde to take my place—I just had to come."

"I'm ready to do anything you want, Barbara," he volunteered, raging against the man who had caused her so much hurt.

"There isn't anything to be done, thank you," she answered, half turning her head. "Except—well, I've brought it to you."

"Brought it, Barbara?"

He asked the question twice, but she made no attempt to answer. Here was puzzle laid upon puzzle. Her slim hand went fumbling into the flimsy bag she carried and came out with a square of gold and platinum which she offered timidly as though fearful of doing wrong.

"That's your cigarette case," she announced.

Casper stood dumbly turning it over and over. It required no close inspection to identify it as the cherished bauble which had caused him so much chagrin.

"That's it," he agreed with the calmness of complete surprise. "Nobody can mistake that. But, Barbara, how in the world ——"

"He gave it to me," she replied by way of an explanation which did not explain.

"Do you mean to say that puppy, that little pretender, has dared to come back?"

He could see the soft curve of her cheek and a wisp of yellow gold at the nape of her neck, for she had turned her head.

(Concluded on Page 77)

Don't ask fool Questions!

Every man who ever smoked Velvet in his pipe knows why a fellow sticks to it.

Velvet is crammed full of the natural goodness of Kentucky's finest Burley tobacco, aged two years in wooden hogsheads. Nothing harsh or "bitey"—just mild and mellow.

You, too, will like this tobacco—aged in the wood for two years—nothing like it.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

America's smoothest smoke

"Heavy-Duty" Tubes Deserve Their Name

Converse HEAVY-DUTY Tube

The tube that won't stick—

PURE rubber tubes, unless cleverly tempered, will stick to the tire. This is particularly true when heat develops during a long run. The result is fatal to the tube.

The Converse Heavy-Duty Tube is one tube that won't stick. Our zinc-tempering process makes this pure rubber tube proof against high heat or sudden cooling.

We warrant Converse Heavy-Duty Tubes not to crack or check, or tear unduly when punctured, and above all—not to stick to the tire after long use.

These laminated tubes are nearly white; they are "oversize"; their tensile strength is over 1¾ tons; their texture is smooth as a baby's cheek, defying friction.

The tube of yesterday for fabric tires is not adapted to the "oversize" Cord Tire of today. If you would avoid tire trouble, use the Converse Heavy-Duty Tube, which is made to fit the modern "oversize" Cord Tire—*and will not stick—ever.*

Send for free copy of our illustrated booklet, "Your Silent Partner"—it's a thrift story for car owners. Address Converse Tire Division, 801 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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CORD TUBE
Converse Heavy Duty Tubes are equipped with trim looking Whistler Safety Tire Valve Gauges that make putting in air easy. Just set regulator for air pressure desired. Proper inflation is thus assured.

HEAVY DUTY
Converse Cord Tubes

(Concluded from Page 74)

Once before, he remembered, she had turned away like that. Something about her seemed to call for his indulgence and his aid. A rush of pity came over him, for he could see how she was fighting to keep back her tears. She twisted the flimsy bag between her hands. When she looked up at last her eyes were shining.

"He came back," she said. "That was the day before yesterday. Almost as soon as you left Patchogue I had a feeling that there must have been something the matter. And then those pages out of the books came by mail—you sent them, didn't you?"

"Yes, I sent them," admitted Casper.

"Then you knew, and you didn't tell me. You didn't tell—oh, why?"

This came in a far-off wail, small and haunting. She had pressed her lips together as if to stem a torrent. Casper cleared his throat and clutched the arm of his chair before he replied. "I tried to. I went to Patchogue to tell you that the man was a faker. I tried every day to tell you, but it got harder and harder. You were so different from the sort of girl I'd expected to find."

Her fingers were again groping at the limp silk bag. It almost seemed to symbolize something she had lost and could never replace.

"He came back," she repeated in the low voice of confessional. "That was day before yesterday—it seems longer than that. It was hard to believe those things about him, once he began talking. But I kept telling myself how wrong I'd been to let him—let him like me so well. I'd just put on my hat to go to supper when he came into the drug store. I didn't make any objection at first, and he walked down the street with me a ways. I couldn't think of anything to say.

"He must have noticed the difference, but he went right on talking, telling a lot of stories about how he'd been lecturing in Boston and couldn't get away. At last I couldn't stand any more. 'You needn't keep on lying,' I said. 'Casper Wing Green's been in Patchogue and I know all about you.'"

She paused again to weave that aimless pattern on the limp silk bag.

"He tried to make up some more stories," she began again, "but I wouldn't listen. Then he broke down and cried. It was terrible. He told me the truth—the truth about everything."

"What's his real name?" asked Casper inexorably.

"That's the queer thing about it. His name's almost like yours—Casper W. Green. He said he was a traveler for an agateware concern, and one morning in February he picked up your cigarette case. He didn't want to keep it, he said—just intended to carry it round for a while. He'd always been crazy to be some sort of celebrated person. And then that day when he came into Leffman's and met me—well"—another pause—"he saw how I took him for you. He fell in love the very minute he saw me, he said, and the temptation was too much. That's what he told me day before yesterday. He said he'd only done it because he wanted me to think he was a great man. He's never liked any other girl."

"You believed that—the wildest fairy tale of all?" Casper was about to ask, but his heart failed him. How could he tell her of those scrawled and misspelled letters from Philadelphia, Trenton, Hartford, almost laughable betrayals of the man's cool knavery?

"Even then he wanted me to marry him," she went on; "but I just told him there couldn't be anything between us after that.

"He was very sad, and swore he'd do anything for my sake. But when I asked him to give back your cigarette case he changed like that!"

"What did he do?" inquired Casper.

"At first he told me not to be foolish, and that he'd left it at a jeweler's to be fixed. But I could see a corner of it sticking out of his vest pocket. Then I got mad, and I said, 'If you don't give me that case right away I'll run straight to Mr. Petty and tell him all about you.'"

"Who's Mr. Petty?" asked Casper.

"Oh!" Her eyes widened in surprise that there was anybody who did not know Mr. Petty.

"Why," she announced, "he's our chief of police! And when Casper—I mean the other Casper, you know—heard this he sort of shrunk up and looked around as if he was going to run away. Then without another word he put the cigarette case in my hand and walked down the street."

"A reformed character," said Casper rather dryly.

Her next comment was sweet with the mercy of women.

"I think so. It wasn't as if he had been going round getting money and flirting with other girls."

Casper, who had taken a chair beside her, came suddenly to his feet.

"Barbara!" he said accusingly. "Look here—look at me!"

The eyes she raised were as candid and questioning as a child's.

"Are you still in love with that man?"

"With him?" Her lips moved to a sad little smile as she shook her head. "How could I be in love with him—now?"

"But he's the same man you've been dreaming of and worshiping!"

"Ah, no!" Her lips came apart and her gaze was held in the thrall of as far a vision as she had looked upon that day when the robins wooed on Mrs. Beevin's lawn. "The other man was big and wonderful," she whispered. "Everything he said was like that—big and wonderful. But this one is different. He isn't even handsome. He's cheap. I don't even like his clothes. There isn't a thing about him now ——"

Casper, twenty years suddenly shuffled off his shoulders, leaned down to ask very gently, "Was it when you learned that he wasn't an author that he seemed to become so cheap and ugly?"

"Oh, no!" There was no shyness in her eyes as she gazed up at him. "That wouldn't make any difference."

The blow struck to the center of his vanity, and he straightened up.

"I think you've thrown something very valuable away," he said, not without bitterness.

"In him?" There was open scorn in the question.

"Youth," he persisted, "and imagination. The man has genius. At a moment's notice he can invent better tales than I can think up in a year's time, cudgeling my brains until my head is bald. What am I? Just a minor spark, wired and attached to a bell. But he's a great, lawless flame like the lightning. Genius! He's the Play Boy of the Western World!"

"I don't know what a play boy is," she told him earnestly. "But if that's genius I don't want it round. There's one thing—one thing you said to me I'll always remember."

"What?"

Her tone and her inviting beauty brought him back to her side in an ecstasy of hope.

"You remember that last time we talked in Patchogue?"

"That pleasant Sunday morning when the two robins flirted on Mrs. Beevin's lawn and the boy on the bicycle whistled Sweetheart?"

"You remember that too?" she exclaimed. "I'd been going on so, raving about Casper's fine qualities, and you told me about the sort of man to marry."

"I think so. I said ——"

"You said"—she interrupted to display a feat of memory—"'The men who make women happy are the men who stand on a solid foundation. They live up to their obligations. They pay their bills. They respect all their contracts, marriage contracts included.'"

Giddy with the compliment she had paid him, he was too far gone to realize how short of the truth his little sermon fell; how many pure and beautiful women waste away their lives and are happy in the service of undeserving men.

"Barbara, I didn't think you'd remember that," he said through the brilliance which seemed to be whirling round him.

"You know how I always admired your thoughts," she whispered, and their eyes were not far apart.

"My darling child, can you ——"

She told him that she could, with her lips and with the slim young arms wound tightly about his neck. And in the youth that seemed to flood him with the message, "There is no time, no age, no death," the raw questions of life were gibbering unanswered, savage mockers upon a shore from which the tide had borne him out to [redacted]

Gulf in age, in intellect, in achievement—they had spanned that with a kiss.

For after all's said, Casper Wing Green was no realist, but a slave to that eternal truth which is romance.

They Fight Film

Those people you see with white teeth

Wherever you look you see today uniquely pretty teeth. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. Twice a day they fight the film which made their teeth look dingy.

This is to urge that you test this modern film combatant. A test is free. Watch the effects in your mirror.

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Even the most careful people find that teeth discolor and decay. Very few escape. Statistics show that tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

The cause lies largely in that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. There night and day it may do ceaseless damage. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and they cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Some are alarmingly common.

How to combat film

Now dental science, after diligent research, has found ways to combat film. Able authorities have amply proved it. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste is fast bringing, both in Europe and America, a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch the change in a week

Pepsodent quickly proves itself. The ten-day test we offer will be a revelation. It will change your whole conception of clean teeth.

Pepsodent attacks the film in two effective ways. Then it leaves the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

It also aids Nature in ways now considered essential. It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's teeth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Pepsin is also applied.

The effects come with every application. So the teeth's great enemies are constantly combated in a most effective way. Cut out this coupon now, and learn what these new methods mean to you and yours.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, bringing five effects now considered essential. Approved by highest authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

The visible results

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as film-coat disappears. Then read the scientific purpose of the other three effects. You will be glad you learned of Pepsodent.

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Only one tube to a family.

Relieve those Dreadful Callouses-

PERHAPS you know the day-long hurt of callouses, and the sensitive throbbing at night when the shoes are removed.

But do you know that painful callouses on the sole of the foot are caused by the pressure of lowered bones, and—

Relief can only come when the pressure is removed and the lowered bone gently raised to its proper position, and comfortably kept there?

There is one device that brings instant and lasting relief from painful callouses—

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ARCH BUILDERS and CALLOUS RELIEVERS

Made entirely of leather and containing no metal, Wizard Lightfoot Callous Relievers form a cushion-like support, with just enough "give" to allow a normal flexing of the ligaments and muscles.

Soft rubber inserts of the proper thickness are placed in pockets so located that they gently restore the lowered bones to their natural position. The pressure gone, the callous instantly ceases to hurt and ultimately disappears.

Wizard Lightfoot Callous Relievers are but one of the Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders designed to relieve sufferers from foot troubles. They are sold by leading shoe dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write us. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charges.

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Wizard Exclusive Features

All arches are different, all feet are different. Any device to effectively correct foot troubles, must be adjustable to the conditions surrounding the individual foot.

Wizard devices are made with a series of scientifically arranged overlapping pockets. These are so located that soft inserts of varying thicknesses placed in them will build a comfortable support of the exact height required and in the exact location to restore the bones to normal.

No other devices can employ the Wizard Adjustable overlapping pocket principle.

You can get Wizard devices with any series of pockets desired to relieve callouses, fallen arches or run-over heels. These may be had separately or in combination.

TRAINING MEN FOR THE NAVY AND THE NATION

(Continued from Page 24)

who wins their confidence, and they go to him as an elder brother and friend with their problems and troubles. They are not perfect, these men who sail the sea, but there is not wanting genuine faith in a Providence that rules the waves.

As a result of my early study of the duty the Navy owed the young men who had enlisted, after consultation with both progressive officers and ambitious seamen, I issued this General Order looking to educational instruction of enlisted men:

GENERAL ORDER No. 53

NAVY DEPARTMENT, Washington, D. C., October 1, 1913.

1. The Navy Department wishes to put into effective operation an educational and vocational training system for the benefit of the enlisted men of the Navy, both ashore and afloat. As a beginning such schools have already been inaugurated at the training stations, and steps are being taken toward their early establishment on board all naval vessels. In carrying out this system it is the department's purpose that every recruit shall be given at the outset the line of training he wishes to pursue, and when he has made his choice, he shall be assigned to a regular course and be given regular training and instruction along the line of work that he has selected.

2. The needs of the men in the groundwork necessary to their instruction and training along trade or vocational lines will, of course, vary, and as a first step this need will be determined in the case of each individual, and such educational groundwork as is necessary will be given him.

3. After the recruit has been under instruction and training for a sufficient period to determine in which direction he should, with better advantage to himself, be further trained, the commanding officer of the ship or station will cause him to be assigned to the kind of instruction and training for which he has demonstrated an aptitude.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, *Secretary of the Navy.*

That order, about which there was much discussion and no little criticism at the time, was elaborated in General Order No. 63, which gave the details for carrying out the policy. It provided that every day except Saturday and Sunday all enlisted men not well grounded in the common-school branches should attend school. Instruction by naval officers was provided in reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography and history, as well as in practical and technical subjects; textbooks were furnished, and opportunity was afforded for special instruction of those who were ambitious to qualify for promotion. It was an inspiring sight to see the youths hasten to books at the daily school call, and it was a liberal education in American response to instruction to see how quickly many men improved themselves. It was equally gratifying to see the interest the right type of officers took in directing the studies of the more ambitious and how helpful they were to those who found it difficult to master the lore of the books. Every day at 1:15 school opened; until two o'clock the ship was converted into a schoolhouse, and with the impetus given, many youths obtained the rudiments of an education, thereby increasing their efficiency as sailors and securing better employment in civil life when their enlistment expired.

A Young Officer's Protest

The school aboard ship was not universally popular when the system began on the first of January, 1914. In fact it was hailed, in and out of the Navy in certain quarters, as an impractical innovation. One critic said to me: "You are going to lose all the enlisted personnel if you make them go to school"; and he asked, "Don't you know that most boys who enlist in the Navy do so to escape going to school?" I did not. He insisted that it was true, and daily looked to see desertions increase and enlistments decrease. He was wrong in both predictions. Desertions fell to the lowest point, enlistments increased so rapidly and were of such fine material that it was not long until the quota of the Navy was filled and we had a waiting list—something never before known.

I do not mean to imply that all the officers or all the men liked it. Naval tradition was against it. Not a few men lacked ambition to learn, and there were officers who were not attracted by the prospect of teaching geography and history and the three-R's. I remember one story that had wide publication at the time. The plan was to ask every seaman what special branch he desired to enter for instruction. A sailor on the Texas, then speeding to Guantánamo, replied, "I wish to study to be a veterinary surgeon." And there wasn't a horse or even a horse marine on that ship!

As I boarded the car going to Annapolis one day shortly after schools aboard ships had been inaugurated a young officer saluted and we fell into conversation. He had just been ordered to a ship, had obtained his instructions, and was told that one of his duties would be to give an hour each day to teaching the enlisted men. He did not like it, and, encouraged to talk freely and frankly, this young officer said, "Mister Secretary, I did not enter the Navy to become a school-teacher."

It was a protest against doing something which he felt in some way, quite inexplicable, was not quite in keeping with the dignity of his profession.

"Is that so?" I queried; and added: "But since the people of the United States have elected a school-teacher to be President of the United States and have made him your commander in chief and mine, it has come to be regarded the world over as quite an honor and privilege for anyone to teach school."

Teaching History in the Making

I ventured to tell him that the new order would be very helpful to him and quoted a statement which is attributed to President Garfield, that every college graduate ought to teach school for at least a year or two, having observed in his own case, and that of his fellow collegians, that by the time they graduated they had forgotten almost all they had learned in arithmetic and geography and sometimes had forgotten how to spell. Teaching these subjects necessitates rubbing up in them, I pointed out to the officer, and is worth as much to the teacher in refreshing his memory and testing his power to impart knowledge as it is to those he instructs.

On one ship in 1915, when the Mexican situation was acute and American ships had carried thousands of sailors and marines to Vera Cruz and other Mexican ports, the young Annapolis graduate assigned to teach history made a map of Mexico. By combining the past history of that country with its then disturbed condition he made the subject so interesting that his whole class asked for more. Another officer, upon the breaking out of the war in Europe, instead of teaching the text in the geography lesson, drew a map of Europe, showing in different colors the Central Empires and the Allies. This enabled every man to visualize the seat of war and to understand how difficult it was for France and Russia to work together effectively when separated by the bristling guns and wide expanse of Germany and Austria and Turkey. The sailors he was instructing were intensely interested also in the history of wars that had been waged in the cockpit of Europe, in the wars which had torn the Balkan States, the importance to Germany of the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad and the history of the Franco-Prussian War.

Teaching history and geography in the making is fascinating, and young officers who entered into the task with keen interest found willing and responsive hearers. If only this spirit could actuate all teachers and classes! What that officer did can be repeated every day on every ship by men with knowledge and capacity and interest, and is being done daily on some ships in the Navy. It must be the common practice on all before our Navy measures up to its duty to the youths who make up its personnel.

When America entered the World War every man who had followed that officer as he graphically told the story of the European conflict knew far more about the field of action and the war than the average man ashore; knew why we entered the war and what we were fighting for.

Some months after the school aboard ship had become a part of the regular routine of naval life a visitor called at the

(Continued on Page 80)

These Manufacturers Factory Equip Their Products With AC Spark Plugs

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

There is no reason for you to make a mistake in getting the correct spark plugs for your car.

When you specify AC's you are following the example of makers of the costliest cars.

Examine the list on this page. Every manufacturer here uses AC Plugs for standard equipment.

As you know, also, AC's are used by most racing men, aviators and speed-boat pilots.

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No matter what car you drive, there is an AC Spark Plug specially designed for it.

Reliable dealers everywhere handle the complete AC line and will be able to give you the correct size and type for the car you drive.

If you want performance from your car, be fair to your engine. Give it a chance—equip it with a complete set of AC Spark Plugs.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, Apr. 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

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(Continued from Page 78)

Navy Department, sent in his card, was admitted, and said he had just returned from the South, where the fleet had been assembled, and wished to give the result of his association with the officers and men.

"Do you know," he asked brusquely, "what the officers and men think of the primary schools you have established?"

I knew, but I let him have his say. He declared with emphasis that none of them liked it, none of them believed in it, and as for himself he thought educating seamen was going to destroy the efficiency of the Navy.

I had always believed that knowledge helped efficiency in every field of human endeavor. More: I know it does. I never saw an educated blacksmith who could not, other things being equal, shoe a horse quicker and better than an illiterate blacksmith. I know a gun pointer is helped by the training which mastery of books imparts.

It seemed to be a voice from a long-gone century to hear any educated man say that the mere fact of teaching the rudiments of education to sailors would reduce naval efficiency.

But my visitor continued: "How do you expect a coal passer to be satisfied shoveling coal if he gets the idea of an education in his head?"

"I hope he will not be satisfied," I replied. "It is part of the plan to give him more knowledge and therefore better skill, so that while he is a coal passer he can do his job better. But we do not wish any American boy to be satisfied all his life to remain a coal passer. We wish him to have his mind fired by ambition so that he will study to become a gun pointer, a mechanic, a petty officer, a warrant officer, a commissioned officer, and, if he has the brains and the stuff, to be able to win his stars and be advanced to the rank of an admiral."

He seemed astonished as I poured forth, with the feeling that dominated me, the faith in the American idea of a fair chance for all boys and my abhorrence of the thought that doors of education and advancement should be closed to any youth for fear he would get dissatisfied with his humble job and by sheer brains and study rise to a higher position.

The Teachings of Horace Mann

We did not speak the same language. As he rose to go, unconvinced, he said: "I must tell you, in all frankness, you will ruin the Navy if you insist upon educating coal passers. Your idea may sound well, but it will not work. You cannot run a navy with such ideas. Education does not help them; it only makes them dissatisfied, and you will soon have nobody to shovel coal on your ships."

"You do me too much honor," I replied, "by saying that the idea that education helps the laborer and the toiler originated with me. I am not the originator of that idea."

"Then," he asked, "if you didn't start these schools to ruin coal passers by putting the idea of education into their heads, who in goodness"—only he did not say "goodness"—"did start the idea?"

"It was Horace Mann," was my answer. "He taught the people of Massachusetts that education would help the dray driver and the stevedore and make them more efficient. At the time Horace Mann was preaching that vitalizing and revolutionary creed in Massachusetts, in some parts of the country educated men had not appreciated the truth that educated labor alone is proficient. The result of his teaching was that Massachusetts, without rich lands, but with educated labor, became rich while other states with rich land and uneducated labor remained poor."

Give me a fleet manned by educated and ambitious men, who have trained minds as well as trained hands, in any engagement with a fleet equally strong in material, manned with an uneducated and untrained crew, and the latter fleet is as sure to be sent to the bottom of the ocean as that mind triumphs over brawn. Every sea victory has been won by superior intelligence allied with dash and courage. Knowledge gives confidence, and confidence helps to win battles.

There was never a better proof of this than in the Battle of Tsushima. In that engagement the fleets were well matched. As a matter of fact in material strength if there was any advantage it lay with the Russian fleet. Its leading ships represented the last word in naval construction. They had marked superiority, too, in the number of armor-piercing guns. Neither speed nor armor nor guns won the battle. What won it? Intellect, education, training, discipline, teamwork—made possible only by the exercise of cultivated brains. The Japanese crews were well disciplined, every man keen to do his job, and every man doing what was expected of him. Keenness and alertness and knowledge were on the side of the Japanese officers and men. The Russian ships, superior to those of their foes, were manned by officers of little experience, with uneducated and untrained crews, many of whom were making their first voyage in a warship.

When enlistments in the Navy in 1913 were nearly 5000 short of the number allowed by Congress, the system of instructing enlisted men aboard ship was adopted. In announcing it the Secretary of the Navy said: "By inspiring confidence that they will really have the double opportunity on shipboard of mastering a useful trade, and at the same time enlarging whatever educational advantages they have had, we will attract the very best of our youth to the Navy. And that is what we want, young men who will enlist in the Navy for the very love of the career, combined with whatever practical advantages and opportunities there may be that will protect them in a financial way, in case of detachment from the service, by giving them qualifications to take up a definite line of work."

Lew Wallace's Argument

It has always been my conviction that our Navy should not only be powerful enough to make a war with the United States too unpleasant in its consequences to be seriously considered by any foreign power, but at the same time should be a power for good in the national life. A navy that receives young boys with untrained habits and little technical skill and transforms them into trained and disciplined men, physically fit, with practical and technical knowledge, will exercise a tremendous influence toward making our nation the greatest in the world. When this training extends to the entire service our Navy will no longer be regarded as a regrettable but necessary expense, but as in a large sense an economic asset to our country—a good investment in peace and war.

When the plan of schools on shipboard, as well as on shore, for sailors was adopted in 1913 I supposed the idea was original, but later I found that Gen. Lew Wallace had proposed a somewhat similar plan for the Army just after the Civil War.

In a letter which Senator Charles Sumner presented, with his approval, to the United States Senate in March, 1866, General Wallace set forth the necessity for making "the service what it ought to be to every private soldier, viz., a place of personal as well as public advantage, and in the highest sense honorable." Concerning this educational policy he pointed out that "a board of officers, not idolatrously joined to the old régime, can reduce it to form," and went on to say: "After having prepared the private soldier, there can be no sound objection to a law by which the officers of the Regular Army shall be drawn from the ranks exclusively."

Was it because of this democratic suggestion by General Wallace that his educational plan was not put in practice in the Navy until 1914, and not adopted for the Army until Secretary Baker secured it fifty-four years after it was first proposed? Or was it because there were too many officers and administrators who were "idolatrously joined to the old régime"? Perhaps both.

I must incorporate the closing argument of General Wallace because he compresses into brief space the fundamental principle upon which any efficient military system in a republic must be based. He wrote:

"The results of the proposed extension are self-apparent. By it you make the service honorable and advantageous to the private soldier, and by holding out inducements, such as education and commissions, you will attract to the ranks the flower of our youth and in that way assure to the Government reliability under all circumstances. By it you will be able speedily to fill your proposed regiments. By it as a general result, practical military knowledge (not limited to a select caste, few in numbers and not always faithful) will be scattered broadcast over the country. By it, and by no means least among the considerations, the discharged regular soldier will not be a vagrant or an idler whom society, from fear and distrust, thrusts back to his barracks; on the contrary, his honorable discharge will serve him as a certificate of fitness and ability for any civil pursuit and make him a welcome addition to every community. By it you will not only get better military service, but as an act of wisest statesmanship you offer in a constitutional way the coveted opportunity for education to every lad in the land."

These were words of a distinguished man of letters who won fame as a military leader in the War Between the States. They ought to be blazoned in letters of light and read every week by every official and officer and private in the military service of America.

Since Secretary Baker put into effect the new educational system in the Army I have had the pleasure of visiting some of the army posts and seeing the schools in operation. They have already more than justified their creation, and the idea and the principle are now enthusiastically approved by the wisest officers in the Army. I have recently read extracts from reports of such distinguished officers as General Liggett, General Summerall, General Harbord, General Bell, General Shanks, General Bullard—all enthusiastic in telling of the great value of the system. What a difference it would have made if in 1866 the views of Lew Wallace and Charles Sumner had prevailed instead of an idolatrous acceptance of age-old, hard-boiled methods which denied proper incentive and opened no doors to deserved promotion to men in the Army and Navy! Lew Wallace and Charles Sumner were only ahead of their time. Men with vision plan great things, but it is a pity so many years elapse before their dreams are converted into realities.

In October, 1919, shortly after their return from France, where they had rendered distinguished service, Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune was ordered to Quantico, Virginia, to command the post, and Brig. Gen. Smedley D. Butler to command the expeditionary brigade to be organized. When these two officers arrived at Quantico they found a perfectly natural situation. Thousands of men trained at marine posts had gone overseas and won glory, and those who remained in the greatly reduced ranks were more or less discouraged. There seemed no incentive such as had made Quantico a center of energy and patriotism during the war. New recruits were raw, old marines felt the morale lowered, and there was a lack of a common objective.

Marine Schools at Quantico

These two officers, who had remained on duty in Europe nearly a year after the signing of the armistice, had observed the large educational program carried out before the troops were brought home from France. They saw that it had strengthened the esprit among men and officers and had prevented deterioration of morale and physique. General Lejeune, who had been in command of the Second Division of the Army of Occupation in Germany, had conducted technical schools there, as well as a college with 2000 students. General Butler had been in touch with the school at Beaume, in France, where 33,000 soldiers were in attendance. And so when these officers began the after-war task of recreating a strong Marine Corps they came to the conclusion that the best way to build up and maintain the morale of the marines was to give them a chance to get an education.

In time of peace you cannot drill men all the time. They get stale and tired. After their first intensive training two or three hours a day is all a man will take and keep up interest; yet if left idle men are likely to get into mischief.

The schools were opened, the day divided into two periods. In the forenoon there is military training and instruction, and in the afternoon the bell rings and the school is open to all who desire to learn. Emphasis is placed on vocational training, but one of the principal purposes is to give a common-school education to every man who enlists in the Marine Corps. At night there are entertainments, so that work, study, recreation give the ideal daily requirement at Quantico and other marine training places. Attendance upon these schools is voluntary, and opportunity is offered for additional instruction at night to those who desire it.

(Continued on Page 83)

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(Continued from Page 80)

Marines at Quantico are given an opportunity to learn Spanish, the teacher being a private, a graduate of a Mexican college. Our marines frequently have to serve in Latin-American countries and a knowledge of Spanish is of the greatest value. In 1913, the then Secretary of War, Judge Garrison, returning from a visit to Panama, told me that General Butler, in charge of the marine detachment there, had an organization worthy of universal adoption, and emphasized the fact that the marines were being taught the language of the country.

What is all this instruction for? Not to give something to the marines for themselves. That would be beneficent, but the Government has no funds for such purposes. It is to secure the highest efficiency, to enable the men taught to be better fighters, to perform more difficult tasks, and to go from enlisted men, by demonstration of ability, to noncommissioned officers and to commissioned rank, in the hope and belief that in a reasonable time all officers in the corps will come up from the ranks, the goal for the Marine Corps which General Wallace set for the Army in 1866. No military organization is truly and thoroughly American until it makes certain that merit can win promotion to the highest rank.

As instructors the officers get in close touch with privates, forming a bond between them that is beneficial on the drill ground and in all military service. "The closer contact an officer can maintain with his men, provided he is a proper man to hold a commission, the greater will be his influence over these same men," said General Butler to me, "and it naturally follows, the better leader he will be. If he is of such character that he cannot stand the close contact of men in a classroom, he will never learn to lead them in battle. Ninety-five per cent of war is leadership, and you can learn it in charge of a squad digging ditches just as well as in charge of a squad marching along a parade ground." The officer who wishes a wide fixed chasm between himself and his men lacks the essential quality of leadership.

War, of course, made it impossible to continue the schools on naval vessels, but it proved their value. They were inaugurated to train men to think and act quickly and intelligently, and experience showed that those who had been given this training were better prepared to discharge their duties efficiently than were those with untrained minds. After the armistice the wholesale exodus of men enlisted for the duration of war made regular schooling impracticable. Men who enlisted after the armistice were given longer training at shore stations, and there the schools were conducted regularly. A voluntary system aboard ship has been tried out with excellent results, but experience has shown that the only way to secure the proper education and training of the men of the Navy is the system put in effect on the first of January, 1914. To secure the best results it must be universal and compulsory at every shore station and on every ship.

Subjects of Study

When demobilization, after the armistice, made possible more attention to education, the services and advice of eminent educators were obtained. Correspondence courses were selected from nine state universities, five correspondence schools and eighteen miscellaneous sources.

Fifty-six courses, in addition to common-school subjects, were adopted to promote efficiency of enlisted men in their various ratings. It was determined to try out an experimental school embracing the courses adopted.

The cruiser Rochester was selected, and 225 out of a crew of 400 began taking the instruction. An educational officer and several assistants were appointed, and soon the enlisted personnel was going to school. Forty-four studied reading, 14 writing, 131 arithmetic, 16 algebra, 4 geometry, 30 spelling, 63 English, 9 history, 2 international law, 10 French and 15 Spanish. A large number took mechanical drawing, steam engineering, gas and oil engines, magnetism and electricity, navigation and other technical subjects. The captain of the Rochester reported that the educational system on his ship "added much to the contentment and happiness of the crew" and said: "The Navy will certainly be able to get a better class of recruits when the public at large can be definitely told that systematic instruction will be given throughout the whole Navy."

The Dixie, the Oklahoma and the Tennessee were the next ships to adopt this new volunteer plan, the Tennessee, our latest dreadnought, enrolling 738 out of 1200 men. Later, at the request of the chief of staff of the destroyer flotilla at Charleston, the system was made part of the scheme of training the destroyer flotilla.

The Navy's library system has been installed on a larger and better scale, and 150,000 books have been placed in the libraries. More significant, however, than numbers of books is the fact that the enlisted men are eager to learn. This is not true of all, but as education is seen as the sure road to advancement, more and more sailors will take advantage of the opportunities offered. The Navy's principle is: "Military training that does not send men back into civilian life better trained, better educated and better fitted is a failure and will not attract the finest young men of America."

Democratizing the Navy

In the old days, without schools, opportunity for advancement from enlisted to commissioned rank was rendered so difficult that very few enlisted men secured such promotion, and the capable few had to display the most exceptional qualities. The acid test of war taught that many enlisted men of long experience, though lacking Annapolis education, had mastered the secrets of the naval profession. War brought out the latent qualities of leadership. What they lacked in book learning they made up in practical mastery of naval practice and the direction of men. A large number of these men, promoted by merit from the ranks, have been given permanent commissions. War opened wide the door for their advancement and peace must keep it open with plenty of opportunity for the fit to rise to the highest rank. Commending this broader policy of the United States inaugurated in 1914, a distinguished English statesman declared that "Great Britain must find a way by which advancement from the lower to the upper deck can be obtained." Steps have already been taken in that direction. No navy can attain the highest efficiency unless the same opportunity for rising from the lowest to the highest place is given which obtains in civil life in democratic countries.

When the enlisted men began to go to school on board ships the question arose as to how to insure them a chance to rise. The law gave them the right to become ensigns if they could pass the severe examination, but the mathematics required made it impossible for youths with little schooling to qualify. In February, 1914, I asked Congress to authorize the appointment annually of twenty-five enlisted men as midshipmen to the naval academy. The House promptly voted the authorization, but it struck a snag in the Senate. Just before the Naval Bill was to be placed on its passage, near the close of the session, when a single objection would have been fatal to the new legislation, I learned that one senator was going to object. Believing earnestly that the new educational policy and democratization of the Navy depended largely upon giving enlisted men a chance to go to the naval academy I made a personal appeal to the senator.

"I do not believe in it," he said, and advanced the age-old argument that has cursed every navy from the day the ark settled on Mount Ararat. He thought the midshipmen selected and appointed by congressmen would have better education and make more suitable officer material than could be found in the enlisted ranks. He expressed the fear that it would lower the standards. Though he did not put it in words, his opposition was based upon the idea of caste, the thought that youths who lacked early advantages could not become as good officers as those who had these privileges. I am ashamed to admit it, but the fact was that a few ancient naval officers—the sort President Roosevelt called "onion-eyed admirals"—had voiced opposition to the measure on the ground that men from the enlisted force were not of the "class" from which naval officers should be selected.

I could not convince the senator. Then I made an appeal to him on this line: "Senator, we are trying to build up a great Navy. I know your interest in strengthening the Navy. The right of well-qualified

(Concluded on Page 85)

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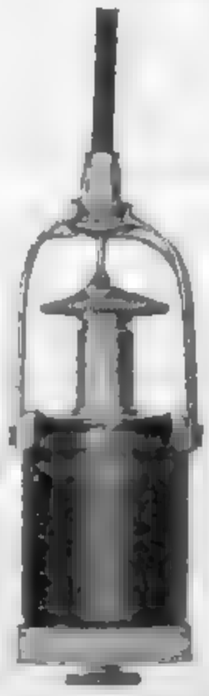

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(Concluded from Page 83)

enlisted men to promotion is the foundation of the policy I am trying to establish. I plead with you to give it a chance."

That seemed to reach him, if not to convince him.

"I do not wish to stand in the way of what you think will help the Navy," he said at last. "I will tell you what I will do: If you will agree to reduce the number from twenty-five to fifteen, I will offer no objection, and the bill will go through unamended."

I was quick to agree. It was not any particular number my heart was set upon. It was the principle of the thing I had so much at heart. The schools had been going only a few months and I knew that very few men could pass the rigorous Annapolis examination. As a matter of fact, of those who applied that year only eight attained the required marks. But the successful applicants increased every year, and in the Naval Bill of March, 1917, the number was increased to 100 annually. I believe the day will come, and it ought to be near at hand, when all midshipmen who enter the naval academy will secure their appointment by competitive examinations after a year's service afloat. It will be an improvement on congressional appointments and will insure getting men who are in love with the Navy as a profession.

Most of the midshipmen who won appointment to the naval academy from the enlisted rating have made good at Annapolis.

Wesley McLaren Hague enlisted as an apprentice seaman at San Diego on February 18, 1915. He passed the entrance examination and was admitted to the naval academy as a midshipman in August, 1916. He graduated in 1919 at the head of his class, standing number one in a class of 501 members. He was not only the star man in his class but also made a record in his studies that has seldom been excelled at this famous institution.

There is a rule at Annapolis that when a newly commissioned ensign obtains his first assignment he must not disclose to anyone on what ship he is to serve. On the day Hague graduated, in company with the superintendent of the naval academy and the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, I walked over to the place where the young man was standing to congratulate him, to congratulate the Navy, and to rejoice in the first fruits of my policy. After talking together a few minutes the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, who is charged with the duty of making all assignments, inquired, "By the way, Mr. Hague, to what ship are you assigned?"

Promptly he replied: "I am not permitted to tell you, sir!"

The joke was on us. Here was this ex-enlisted man, star graduate of his class, declining to tell the Secretary of the Navy, the superintendent of the naval academy and the chief of the Bureau of Navigation where his duty was to take him. We congratulated him upon such fine obedience to orders.

Though the Secretary of the Navy is authorized to appoint to the naval academy each year only 100 from the ranks—and it takes ability and hard study to win one of these prizes—every man in the Navy can aspire to such an appointment. His success depends on himself; there is a fair and open field, and the best men win.

Making Better Citizens

The moral effect on the service is much greater than the number appointed would indicate. The fact that promotion to highest rank is possible, that it can be won by study and effort, stimulates the ambition and increases the pride of all who wear the uniform. But it would be a farce to hold out the possibility of such appointments if those in the ranks were not provided with educational facilities. Opportunity is useless if men cannot take advantage of it. The Navy must have an educational system that enables its men to study aboard ship as well as ashore, and to carry on their studies so as not to interfere with their regular duties. This is not primarily with a view to appointment to Annapolis, for only a small proportion of those who enlist can expect to become officers. But the better trained and educated a man is, the better is he fitted to perform his duties. It makes him a better citizen as well as a better seaman, and if he decides to leave the Navy after his term of enlistment it gives him a trade or profession that fits him for civil life and makes him a useful member of society. That is an important object of our educational system, which trains men not only for the Navy but for the nation.

"I was trained in the Navy," is about as good a recommendation as a man can have when he is seeking a job. Some time ago letters were written to hundreds of leading business men, automobile manufacturers, the heads of factories, steel and machinery plants, shipyards, electrical corporations and employers in almost every line inquiring as to their experience with men who had served in the Navy. The replies were more than satisfactory; they were enthusiastic, many of them declaring that navy men almost invariably made good in their work, and that their training gave them a decided advantage over the general run of men coming from civil life.

Not long ago a lumber manufacturer said to me: "I owe much to the Navy. My most trusted employee, who virtually runs my mill, came from the Navy. Our force is contented, our whole organization works smoothly, and it is largely due to him. He is not only a splendid workman himself but a real leader of men."

Our War-Training Record

"He who would lead must know what it is to serve," runs an old proverb; and naval training, in addition to expertness, tends to develop leadership. The average American boy needs discipline in home and school as well as in shop or ship. He is inclined to be impatient of restraint; it is hard to get him to stick to his job. Service in the Navy steadies him; he is part of a big organization, every part of which must work together; he learns coöperation, consideration for others, to carry out directions promptly and correctly.

And all this develops character and makes for personal efficiency.

Have our naval training methods proved successful? During the war we recruited and trained more than half a million men for the Navy and Marine Corps. This was accomplished in eighteen months, and when it is recalled that in former days it was considered good work to train 5000 to 10,000 a year, some idea can be gained of the immensity of the task and how well it was carried out.

Our success was the wonder of other navies. It was the first thing remarked upon by the distinguished British officers who visited this country in 1918, and Sir Eric Geddes, then First Lord of the Admiralty, said: "The dauntless determination which the United States has displayed in creating a huge trained body of seamen out of landsmen is one of the most striking accomplishments of the war. Had it not been effectively done, one would have thought it impossible, and words fail me to express our admiration of this feat undertaken and accomplished by your Navy Department."

In the past two years the task has been almost as difficult, for with the release of hundreds of thousands of men who served during the war the Navy has had to build up almost a new personnel. Recruits by the thousand have been enlisted, trained and put into service. When recruiting was suspended in February, there were more than 130,000 men on the rolls, and they were pouring in at the rate of 2000 to 3000 a week.

The service has been made desirable and attractive to young Americans. The day has come when the Navy does not seek recruits—it has a waiting list.

They are splendid young fellows, these boys of the Navy—bright, alert, animated by the true American spirit.

When the Archbishop of York visited the Great Lakes Naval Training Station during the war, 30,000 men gathered to hear him speak. Their vigor and enthusiasm, the ringing cheers, the snappy drill of these youngsters who a few weeks before had come from farm and factory, made a profound impression on him.

As they filed out at the word of command, the regiments formed and the biggest band in the world blazed forth the marching songs of the Allies, the archbishop, profoundly moved, turned to Captain Moffett and said: "Now I know we are going to win the war."

The Navy is made up to-day of men of the same mettle. The country's investment in them is its best asset.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by ex-Secretary Daniels. The next will appear in an early issue.

It Gave Electric Heat to Home and Factory

It had long been known that electricity, flowing through wire which resisted its passage, generated heat and caused the wire to glow red. But all available base metals burned out after being red hot for a few short hours. So electric heat could neither be applied to the toaster, percolator, iron, etc., nor used by industry, which was awaiting a clean, even, closely controllable furnace heat.

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A PROHIBITION DRUNKARD'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 9)

quite that, because I expected to be rid of the danger so soon—to have the temptation removed from Fred entirely.

And instead of reforming Fred, prohibition made a confirmed, mad drunkard of him!

Now do not imagine for one instant that I am decrying prohibition. I am attacking the farce of its enforcement—that practically nonexistent thing, and what I have to say about it was learned through actual experience. I know only too well the truth of my statements, and I am making them because apparently nobody else will. We all know that prohibition is not enforced; that in the big cities particularly, little or no effort is made even to conceal the sale of alcohol. This is not even debatable—it is so. But to read the newspapers one would suppose that prohibition was an established fact, whereas it has been so far merely a screen for illicit dealers and their exorbitant prices and their inferior goods. Any real drinker who desires liquor can get it in practically any part of the country. It takes someone with a sincere thirst to find the source of supply in some places. But, good heavens, it was to protect these real drunkards from themselves that the law was originally passed!

The man who does not particularly want a drink won't find it. He will not look hard enough. It is high time that we acknowledged this to be true. A drunkard can still get liquor, and does. It is bad, often poisonous stuff, but that is all the difference prohibition has made to him. To say that the poor man cannot get it is also untrue. He can and does. Where his wealthier brother pays a dollar for a drink that used to cost fifteen cents, the poor man is paying fifty cents for one which used to be five. And the result on the individual who most needed the protection which prohibition was intended to offer is worse than ever, owing chiefly to the vile quality of the things they are drinking now.

But it is sheer nonsense to pretend that no drinking is going on, and as a woman I want to protest and to beg for enforcement. And in doing so I know that I speak for the vast majority of the women in this country.

Now for my experience with Fred, which was, of course, the means of my information.

A Man and His Thirst

After our marriage we settled down to a normal, happy life. We had no cellar or even cabinet of reserve stock. Ordinarily I might have put in a little illness whisky before the Volstead Act became law, but under the circumstances I had not done so, and Fred had backed up my decision. He wanted to reform all right, and just as long as he thought he couldn't get anything to drink he remained sober. Then one evening he came home in high spirits, bringing a case of rye whisky in the car. He had wrapped the rug around it and was as tickled as a bad small boy. My heart sank.

"Where did you get it?" said I.

"You'd never in the world guess!" said Fred. "I got it from Ed Glass. He's got a cellarful, and we can get anything we want from him. And only one hundred and fifty dollars a case!"

Ed Glass was formerly a big saloon keeper in town. His saloon was still open. I now knew why.

This incident needs no comment, and it was only a beginning. Fred got drunk and got over it, and promptly, as soon as the craving came over him again, discovered a new source of supply. This time it was one of our leading hotels, where inferior whisky could be carted away from the back door through the connivance of the head waiter. Then Fred discovered that several of the restaurants—first-class houses all of them—which we frequented would serve us drinks in teacups, a practice which is at this moment—January 28, 1921—in general usage in the majority of our first-class restaurants in all our leading cities.

But the most striking evidence of how much in contempt the Eighteenth Amendment can be held lay in Fred's procuring a gallon of gin through the aid of our local assistant police commissioner. He was Fred's close friend, and apparently both men seemed to think that fact justified the transaction. Our grocer, an otherwise most respectable person, would supply us if we wished, and the butcher and the steward of the club likewise blossomed out as bootleggers. The utter contempt, the complete disregard in which the Eighteenth Amendment was being held amazed me. Worse than that, it began to loom up as a terribly serious menace as far as I personally was concerned, for instead of stopping, Fred now began to drink more heavily than ever.

Desperately anxious about him, and further troubled by the deleterious effect upon his health of bad liquor, I determined to take him away with me for a week, during which time I intended to talk with him and endeavor to help him get straightened out. We went to Atlantic City to a first-class hotel. We brought no liquor with us, and I felt safe for a few days. But before we had been in the hotel two hours Fred had paid twenty dollars for a quart of whisky, which he obtained from the head bell boy. Fred stayed drunk all week, and nothing I could do or say stopped him.

Then we had to go back to our respective jobs, and the whole wretched business went on, daily growing worse—all the nightmare life which I had foreseen during the early part of our courtship, and which I had trusted our Government to keep from ever becoming a reality, was developing. And before long what had once been a weakness in my husband had become a disease. He was a sick man—sick with an illness which made it impossible for me to desert him. I became afraid to let him go on the road alone. Something that one of his superiors in the silk concern said made me tremble for his job, and so on his next trip I turned over my work at the school to my partner and went with Fred.

Bootleggers on Every Corner

We made Eastern territory this trip—Rochester, Buffalo and later Baltimore. In every place Fred got whisky. A few months later he had to go West, and I went with him, only to find the same situation in Los Angeles and in San Francisco. This is true! Remember that I have seen the thing I am writing of. In New York wine and cocktails were and are served openly on the tables in many places, and in one good restaurant where Fred had a charge account he used even to sign for what he had to drink, and at the end of the month the slips would come to him with his receipted bill, the date and the sum paid and the name of the drink all plainly written out. It was just like preprohibition days, only the stuff they served was poor and expensive and the drinker had no choice.

We moved into a new neighborhood where nobody knew us, and within twenty-four hours two bootleggers, both absolute strangers to us, had solicited our patronage at the kitchen door. In less than a week Fred could point out six shops within a radius of ten squares where he had been able to get liquor that "wasn't nearly as bad as that last stuff!" These blind tigers included two druggists, a grocer, a pawnshop and a garage.

Now I am not going to dwell at any great length upon the personal sorrows and difficulties which prohibition drunkenness brought into my life. There is nothing new and nothing elevating in the description of a drunkard's deterioration. It has all been told before. Nor do I state that prohibition is responsible for Fred's going to pieces, for his sprees becoming more frequent, for the loss of his job and the ruination of our happiness. Prohibition is not responsible for these things. Lack of enforcement is responsible for it. Lack of enforcement is also directly responsible for the large increase of drunkenness among moderate drinkers. Because where prohibition is enforced to any extent it is a cure for drunkenness. I know this because I have seen it work. I have been seeing it work every day of my life for the last ten weeks. I am living in a small town where each householder is an enforcement officer; a small Middle Western town where every man knows every other man's every move. And Fred hasn't had a drink since we came. He may eventually get one, but I do not believe he will get drunk again. He will have to go to the city, sometime, but general enforcement of prohibition may be brought about before this happens. He has lost his job and he cannot afford to import liquor. And I, having to give up my day school in order to bring him out here away from temptation, am teaching school instead. My salary, which is our sole support, needless to say does not afford such luxuries as alcohol. My two boys are among my scholars, and I am happier, we are all happier, than we have been since my marriage to Fred.

Mind, I do not say that even this pretty little mid-Western village is wholly dry. It is said that one or two delinquents do a little home-brewing on the quiet. But fortunately they are decent enough to be ashamed of the fact.

We are all of us Abel's keeper. We may not like a law, but if that law exists our flouting of it cannot affect ourselves alone. And though undoubtedly I am struggling toward a new future, and my husband with me, we are equally, without a doubt, the victims of our million-odd respectable fellow citizens whose light disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment is making its enforcement practically impossible.

Because they, many of them good, solid, otherwise law-abiding folk, are treating this one Federal law as a joke, as part and parcel of the thing they have been seeing for years in the comic papers, not only by refusing to comply with it, but by regarding the evasion of it as a sort of amusing and exciting game, they had very nearly victimized me and my family. Because they refused to be my keeper, and thereby keep their own faith, I have been driven from my established work and forced to begin my life anew, while my husband's one chance for reform has been all but snatched from him.

Now I don't want to moralize or complain; but there really and truly is no getting away from the fact that we are, each individual citizen of us, responsible for the state of the public health. Drunkards are sick people. Prohibition is a law to cure them. To evade this law or to make light of it is like refusing to recognize a smallpox quarantine.

When I read Mr. Samuel Blythe's article about prohibition in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I felt that, just as the story was, it told only the masculine viewpoint on the subject. And, after all, women always have had the reverse side of the drink question. They necessarily see its ugliness and feel its evil consequences more. And so it occurred to me to add my own personal story to his observation. My case may be an unusually clean-cut one. It is very possibly in some points exceptional. But at any rate it is an excellent example.

The Hard-Drinking Minority

Again I want to point out that I started neither as a temperance advocate nor as a prude. I know how much fun it is to sneak a little drink with friends. I think I understand the almost childish spirit of mischief in which much illicit drinking is done. But the fact of my understanding does not excuse me or the objects of my understanding from our fault or release us from our public obligation.

I have had, as may well be imagined, a good many opportunities for observing the so-called increase in drinking among my husband's friends—and among my own, for that matter. And it is quite true that many of them confess to drinking more since prohibition than before. But these were drinking people, anyway. They are the minority. And on the other hand, I could name offhand a dozen women who, like myself, drank a little two years ago, and who have given it up entirely. Also, I know some people who distinguish in their own minds between drinking illicit liquor and drinking from the well-stocked cellar of a host whose supply antedates the law. I expect these last don't drink enough to hurt them.

The Volstead Act is far from perfect. Its wording is clumsy and leaves many loopholes, as well as infringing upon a few rights. For instance, it does seem absurd that one cannot buy in a wine shop a light beer while in that same shop there are openly offered for sale tonics containing from 20 to 60 per cent alcohol—tonics, mind you, of simple herb foundations and selling in many cases around two dollars a quart. But imperfect as the Volstead Law is, it is a good law, and it is my conviction that the vast majority of the people really

(Concluded on Page 89)

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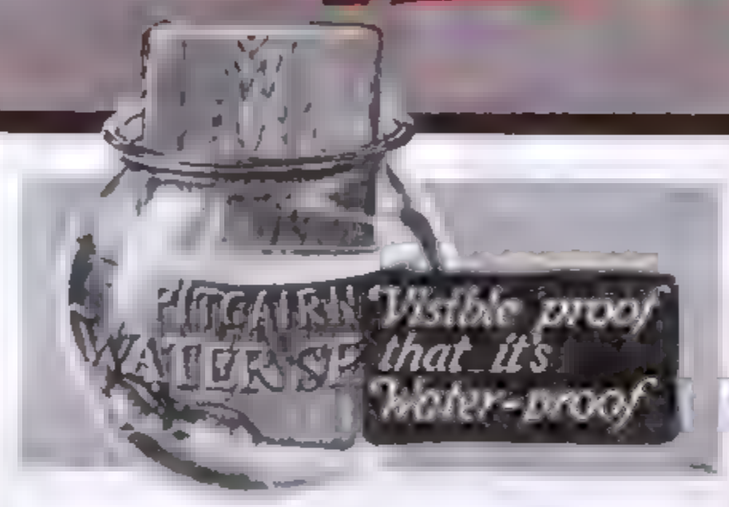

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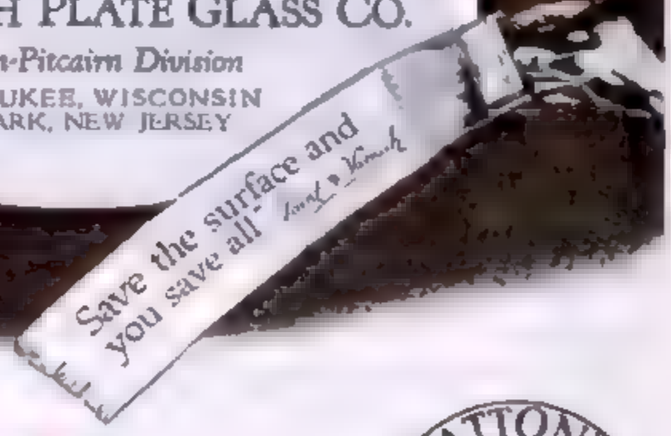

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(Concluded from Page 86.

want it. The end it can attain is worth a struggle, surely!

I have puzzled and puzzled over the question of why there exists such obvious disrespect for a law which pretty nearly everybody acclaims as a good law and then promptly proceeds to disobey. Of course, the race has a long habit of mind regarding drinking. To consider the consumption of alcohol as wrong is certainly something new under the sun, and the racial mind does not change quickly, even when tempered with American adaptability. Then, too, there has always been the idea of jollity in a broad sense associated with drinking, and this idea of jollity detracts from and overshadows the serious consequences of alcoholism in the mind of the average person. We have not learned seriously to consider or even to know of the physical dangers, both to the individual and to the race, which result from the unrestricted use of alcohol. When we think of drinking we think of a gay time, and so even a Federal law cannot as yet impress the people seriously, and they, not surprisingly, do not realize that they are making a game out of mocking our court of last resort—the Constitution.

Probably the most serious mistake made in the attempt to abolish liquor was the fact that it was not done by a direct vote of the people in all the states, and consequently they have a feeling that something was put over on them, and they resent this.

We Americans are very fond of thinking we make our own laws, particularly those which immediately affect our personal life. And so we resent the Volstead Act in much the same way that we detest the ill-framed and unjust Federal Income Tax Law. The instinct to evade the one is almost as natural as the desire to evade the other. Of the two the income tax is undoubtedly the more unpopular and yet the more seriously regarded. People were taught to take their pocketbooks seriously long before they learned to respect their stomachs. But in the framing of both laws we would like to have been consulted.

There has been desultory talk of a referendum to the people on the liquor question, and I for one believe firmly that it would be a good thing. Furthermore, I am equally certain that an overwhelming majority would be returned in favor of a dry country.

So let us have a referendum if that seems best. It would be a landslide to the right, and very possibly such discontent as lies at the bottom of the evasion and disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment would dwindle to the vanishing point if it were amended by the voice of all the people.

Would you admit to having voted against prohibition? Would you like your family and your neighbors, your employer, to know that you had voted against it? You, individually, would not take the responsibility of turning down the Eighteenth Amendment, but your vanity tells you that it would be a pleasure to O. K. it. So does mine.

It is still easier and simpler and far less expensive, however, to O. K. it by giving it the stamp of your active approval. I beg that you will do so. Have courage to face the truth about the liquor problem as it stands to-day. I ask it of you, the readers of this paper, for my sake and my family's sake, and I am but one of many women whose hearts are crying out the same thing to you, but who have not the words with which to tell it to you or the opportunity for reaching you with their message. All we ask is that you obey and help others to obey the law of the land. If you don't want the Volstead Law, rescind it in proper form, instead of allowing it to stand and then throwing mud at it. There is machinery at your hand for changing the law if you wish to. Use it. But keep the law clean.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

Of The Saturday Evening Post, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1921.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of — Post Office Address

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
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Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

Managing Editor, None

Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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The Curtis Publishing Company,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of February, 1921.

(SEAL) W. C. Turner,
Notary Public

(My commission expires April 1, 1923)

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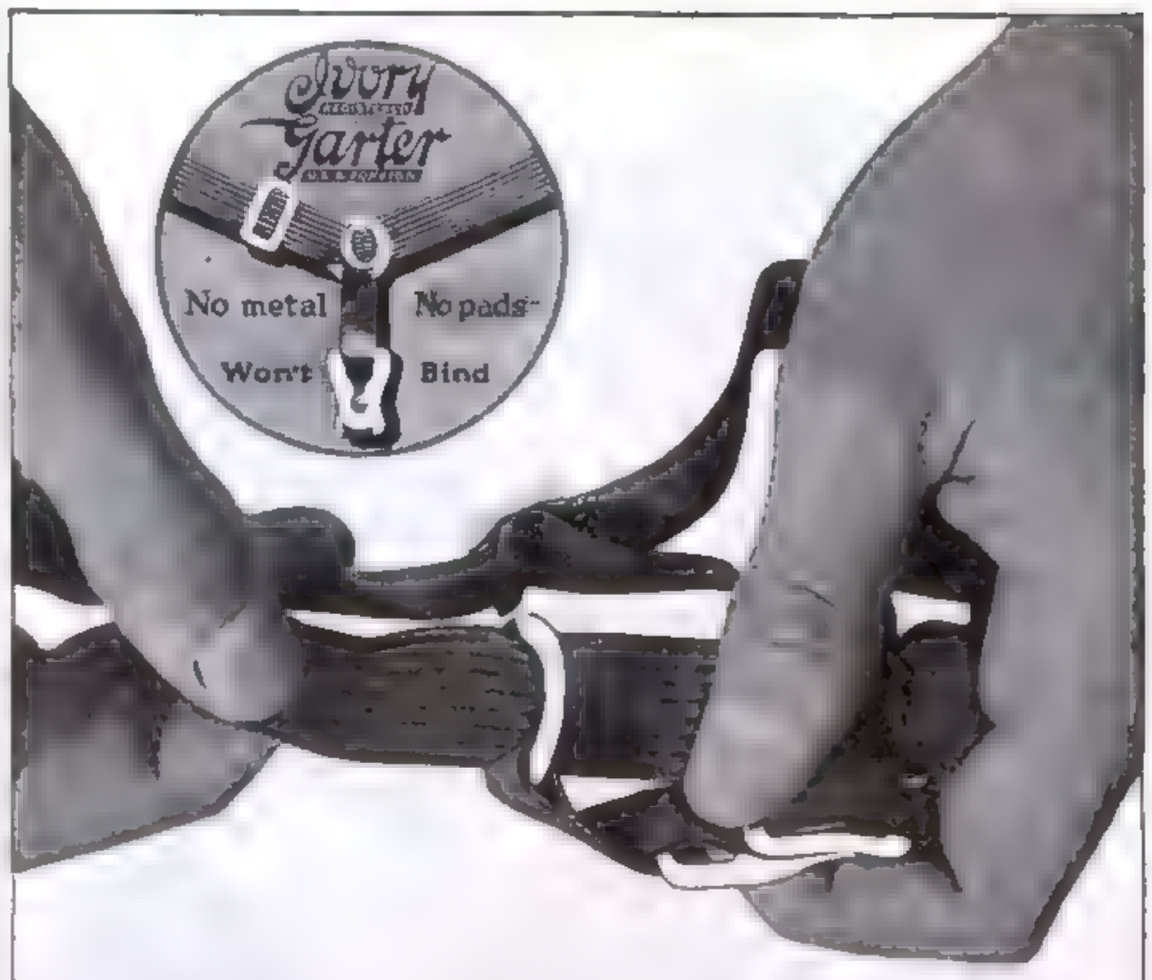

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THE DREAM TREE

(Continued from Page 11)

thing that she wanted most in the world, was coming a little nearer too.

Far away up the track she heard a faint shrill sound. It came clear through the evening air; the late train, leaving the Falls. It would soon be here. She sat up and watched. The street looked empty and lonely. It felt late. The Palace Hotel looked as far off as the stars, and the stars looked very bright, like real gold or fairy gold. Suppose the new boy should come on the train to-night; a tall slender boy with light curly hair and blue eyes. He would drive past and look through the dark at her and say ——

"Half past eight, Sally Belle."

Mother was calling from the house. Sally Belle put both arms round her tree and hugged it tight and said just two words.

They were beautiful, like a song, though she said them very softly:

"Going together."

"Happy, baby? Will you save me a dance? People don't dance with their fathers? I see. Well, I can't get back here till eleven. You won't get too much of it by that time? Wait down here for Lillian and don't go inside till she comes. She'll be here soon. The world is yours. Sure you're happy? Then, good luck."

Father was leaving her on the steps of the hall. He held her hands tight, then dropped them and walked away very fast and did not look back. Father was very slender and tall. She was proud of him and he had little jokes with her and nobody else. He was sweet. But she was glad he was gone, for now she was really here and nothing could stop it. The day was over; morning at school, short like a dream, a nap when she could not sleep, meals she could not taste, and getting dressed to go, which was worst of all. Mother made her turn round to be looked at, and took stitches and put in pins and basted a tuck in a petticoat and caught her powdering her nose with cornstarch and rubbed it off.

"I don't care what Lillian does; this is your nose," she said; and: "Keep your skirts pulled down and don't dance more than twice with the same boy. Evening parties are all wrong. They put boy-and-girl nonsense into children's heads, and I can't have that. Father spoils you. We ought not to let you go."

But she was here. She had on her white dress, and her braids were looped up with pink ribbons. She had fifty cents to pay for her ticket. She held it tight in her hand. She was at the ball.

She drew back against the wall, out of the light from the doorway. She was happy, of course, but she did not feel happy yet; only excited and afraid, like before you spoke pieces at school. Things were happening fast, and making a great deal of noise. The hall was the center of the world. It was just halfway down Main Street; below was the square, then the bridge across the river, then Schoolhouse Hill, sloping up and away, mysterious with scattering lights; above was upper Main Street, her own house, near, though just now it felt so far off; then the station lights, and Carr's Hill beyond, where there were no lights at all. And down both hills and from dark little side streets, from everywhere, people were coming to the hall. They came all at once, so that you could not watch them.

They came in pairs, arm in arm, and whispered and giggled; in groups, and laughed loud and talked. They came in buggies, in a buckboard that rattled down Schoolhouse Hill, with girls sitting in each other's laps, and boys standing on the steps; in the Carrs' automobile, the only one in town. The horn was out of order and they were blowing a tin Fourth of July horn. Madgie Carr wore a pink worsted fascinator with crystal beads.

Some of the boys waited outside the hall and smoked, but the girls all hurried in, holding their light skirts high. They went up the dusty, dimly lit stair to the hall above, and the lights and flowers and music. The band was tuning up; Higgins' Orchestra, but they had a new violinist from out of town; perhaps he made that long, clear, wailing note. Across the street on a high stone wall a row of little boys swung their feet and whistled and watched She had sat there with Pig last year. Now she was grown up and going.

Lillian was late. They were not coming so fast now. One of the double doors was shut. The band had stopped tuning up and was playing real tunes upstairs. The crowd round the door was thinning out, and she could see boys she knew: Tissue Doyle, Stubby Giles. They would both dance with her. She did not expect to dance every dance. If you did not have a fellow you could not. Jud had the first dance with Minna Carr and the second with Lillian, but he would give her the third, and find someone to take her on for the first dance, the Grand March and Circle. He had promised.

Freeman Foster, Jud's friend, stopped to stamp out his cigarette and saw her and spoke to her.

"Hello, kid. Does your mother know you're out?" he said.

"I—I guess so. Free, will you dance with me?"

She ought not to have asked, but she wanted to know. She was afraid of Free, but she liked him. He was dark and tall, almost as tall as father. He looked very tall to-night.

"Sure."

"Will you dance a round dance, Free?"

"If I've got one. I'll look at my card. See you later. You'd better get a move on, kid."

Lillian was very late, but she had promised to wait and it was pleasant out here. All the boys had gone in and both doors were shut. You heard the music very faintly. It was beautiful. It was something in march time, something that Sally Belle knew. What was it? It stopped, and there was laughing and clapping; then it went on again. What were they doing upstairs? Making out dance orders? It did not matter. She sat down on the steps. This was her ball. They were getting it ready for her. Pig had said that no boy would dance with her, and Free would, and Free led his class, and was going to teach in high school next year; everyone would dance with her.

Pig would not speak to her in school to-day, and she did not know where he was to-night. She did not care.

Free was too old for her, of course, but perhaps when the new boy came, the boy from away, her boy, he would look like Free, and have dark hair, not light.

It was very pleasant out here, but how quiet it was! Where was Lillian?

She stood up and stared at the windows above her. They were corridor windows outside the hall. They were brightly lighted and stood out square and big, and no people passed them. They were all inside, in the hall. No new people had come while she sat there, not one since the doors were shut. All the little boys but one were gone from the wall across the street. He got down and walked off into the dark. Upstairs the faint music stopped, and just as it stopped she knew what tune it was. It was the march, the High School Cadets' March, the tune for the Grand March and Circle. They played it every year. Then—then the first dance was over. The ball—her ball—had begun without her. She pulled at the big closed doors and pushed through them and ran upstairs.

The hall door was closed and the corridor was empty. There was a table draped in rose-and-gray bunting, the class colors, where they had sat to take tickets, but no one was sitting there. The door would not open. She knocked. Lillian had come early and was waiting for her inside. She had missed only one dance. She was not so very late. She had been here to dancing school, but she had never been here at night before. It looked different, large and strange. The floor was scrubbed and smelled of soap, but it was dusty again. The wall lamps were turned high and smelled of kerosene. She stood in a circle of bright light, but there were shadows on the stairs below, and dark shadows on the stairs above, that led to the gallery entrance. There was a noise of talking in the hall, but no music now. The noise went on just as if she had not knocked. It did not stop or change. She knocked again, but nobody heard her or came.

This was her ball and they would not let her in. Lillian had run away from her Lillian did not want her Nobody wanted her. She could not walk in there alone, among all those strange, talking people.

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 90)

She could not stay out here. Somebody would come and find her here alone and late for the ball, and laugh at her. She had waited outside and let the ball begin. Somebody was coming now. She heard steps downstairs. She shook the door and rattled it.

"Who's there? Use side doors coming in. This door is locked," called a voice inside. It was not Jud's voice. She did not know who it was. "Chase yourself, you kids, or I'll come out and attend to you. Micky Murphy, I hear you. This will be all from you."

Little boys rang doorbells at houses where there were parties, and knocked on the windows and ran; little boys from Paddy Lane. That was what they thought she was; and this was her ball!

"It's me!" she tried to say. "Me!" But her voice would not come. There was a rattling of keys. Somebody was coming out, somebody very angry, and people were coming up the stairs. They were almost here. On the floor above it looked dark. The door was opening in front of her. She put both hands against it and pushed it shut, and turned and ran away up the gallery stairs.

She was safe up here. Only one lamp was lighted and it was turned low. There was nobody here. The gallery door was shut. At the left, in the corner, there was a little door, which was shut, too, but not locked. It stuck, but came open, and she slipped inside. Her skirt caught on a nail and tore when she pulled it away. She shut the door tight and sat down on the floor against it. She was in the closet under the eaves. She had found it one day with Pig. It was big, though you could not stand up straight. It was full of old magazines and lantern slides and other things that you could not see now. You could not see the walls, it was so dark. She listened. Somebody came out of the hall and ran down the stairs to the street door and came back, stopping to talk to the new people who had come, then they all went into the hall again. Nobody followed her. Nobody knew she was here. There was a hole in the wall of this closet and you could see the hall through it, but she did not want to look. She sat still, crying a little.

This ball was not her ball. She hated it. She was safe, but she did not know what to do next. She could not come out, all dirty and torn, and dance, not if Free asked her, not if the boy from away came out of nowhere and found her. She did not want to dance, not ever again. But she could not go home. Not yet. She might meet someone on the stairs. What would they say at home if she came back so soon? She could never tell them that she hid in here. She could never tell anyone. She would have to stay here a long time—until the ball was done.

She stopped crying and sat up and found a pile of newspapers and pulled them under the peep-hole and kneeled there and looked at the ball.

It was all there. She and Pig had worked at this hole and made it bigger. It was round, like a picture frame, and the picture was the whole ball. People danced off into corners, out of sight, but they had to come back again. You could not see faces very plainly, but you could see lovely colors, pink, rose and blue, pale and soft, like flowers. You could see bits of wall, draped with bunting, and part of the stage, banked with green, and the orchestra, sitting behind it, just as if they did not have any legs, and their arms going back and forth when they played. You could see everything. You did not get tired of looking. You could not look away. It made you dizzy to look, but you rested and looked again. You could not tell how long you had been looking. You looked and looked.

The people down there were not like real people at all. It was all like a show set going for you to see, as if you played with dolls and they came alive. One girl had a white ruffled dress and a shiny pompadour. It was Lillian. How pretty she was! She was waltzing with a tall dark-haired boy, but it was not Free. Free did not seem to be there at all. Madgie Carr's green dress was too bright. Her blond curls bobbed when she danced. A new dance was starting now. The floor filled with people pushing each other about, then they straightened out into two long lines, facing each other. Late couples crowded in. The benches along the walls were empty. Everybody danced this. It was a contra dance.

She had never seen one before. They were not taught at dancing school. They were old-fashioned and common. But this one was beautiful. The music was queer, but you liked it. It got into your head and stayed there. There was not much tune to it, but there was a splendid swing, a steady beat, like a big watch ticking. Old Higgins, the orchestra leader, called off. He was a funny little man, with pink cheeks and waxed mustaches, but he did not look so funny standing up there very straight in his tight black clothes. His voice was big. You could almost make out what he said, up here. They all did just what he said, the same things over and over, as if they would go on forever and not stop. It looked silly, but you wanted to do it too. You felt as if you were doing it. Your feet moved. Your heart beat hard and you had to put your hands on it.

"Swing partners!" You held your partner very tight, and went round and round, with your hair flying and your skirts sticking out. Then the two lines got all mixed up and you got lost in them, then they came straight and you swung down the center with a splendid rush, as if nothing could stop you. And then you swung partners again. That was the best of it. It looked wonderful—so light and free. The girls' faces got very red. They laughed. She could hear Madgie Carr's laugh. It was very shrill and high. She loved this dance.

It stopped and she dropped down on the floor, away from the peep-hole, and put her head on the newspapers and shut her eyes. She was tired, just as if she had danced. Another dance began, a waltz, but she did not want to watch. The waltz was some very old tune; the music whispered and sang; it was very sweet. All the noise of the ball, the music and talking and calling, sounded pleasant up here—a big noise, but dull, like the sea a long way off. But the ball was up here too. It was everywhere. Couples were sitting out in the gallery, more and more of them all the time. When you kept still, like this, you could almost hear what they said. Once or twice steps had come up the gallery stairs and gone away again, and there had been talking out there. Someone was out there now. She heard the floor creak and smelled cigarette smoke. She lay very still. She heard more steps on the stairs, and then two voices talking. One voice she did not know, but the other voice was Free's.

"Ah, there!"

"Greetings. What's the idea, Free? Holding your own hand? Wake up and join the ladies. This is the second extra."

"Sure it is. I had it saved for a kid. She asked for it. Now I can't locate her. That lets me out."

"Oh, you cradle-snatcher!"

"Well, she's a good little kid. . . . Say, listen here. Old Higgins wants ——"

They moved away, so that she could not hear, then off down the stairs. She curled up on the newspapers. She felt very comfortable. If she were at home she would sleep now. Free had saved her a dance. He did not know that she was not there. He did not miss her. But she did not mind that. She did not mind anything. Things looked bad, but they would get better. They always did. The waltz music was sweet, but it was hard to hear. It was faint and kept getting fainter. She could not hear it at all.

This ball was not her ball, but it was beautiful.

She rubbed her eyes and sat up. She knew at once where she was, and came wide awake all at once, but she had slept. She had gone to sleep in here and she had slept a long time. The floor was very hard and the newspapers smelled musty under her head. She felt rested all over, but stiff and sore. She looked through the hole again. She felt frightened at first when she looked. The big room was empty. The round frame was there, but the picture was gone. All the gay-colored dancing people were gone. Windows were open to air the hall, and the bunting flapped in a little breeze that was coming in. It looked wilted and dirty; rose and gray were ugly colors.

What did it mean? Was the party over? People slept all day sometimes when they were too tired and nobody waked them. How long had she slept? Pig said there were mice in here. Sometimes people got shut up in places like this and died, like the bride in The Mistletoe Bough.

But she could hear sounds downstairs, and now a small squeaky sound that came

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from the hall—from the stage. Old Higgins was sitting there all alone, tuning his violin. His collar was wilted. He looked tired and very old indeed. She remembered now; this was the long intermission for supper, and this year supper was served downstairs in the library and reading room. The two rooms opened into each other. They were the whole ground floor. Everybody was down there now, eating, but if Higgins was tuning up they would be back soon.

This was a good time to go, and she must go now. She took one last look at the place where the ball had been.

"Good-by," she said out loud, and old Higgins looked straight at her across the hall, just as if he heard. She got the closet door open and gathered her torn skirt round her and held it high, and went out into the silent corridor and down to the closed door of the hall. She tried to go quietly but boards creaked under her feet. The lights hurt her eyes after the dark of the closet. She stood still. In the supper rooms below they were not making much noise but they did not hear her. Nobody came out. She could get away. She did something without knowing why. She untied her handkerchief and took out the fifty-cent piece that was knotted there and laid it on the table by the hall door. It was all by itself there, looking quite bright and big. The money box was gone. She went on down the stairs and out, closing the doors gently behind her. She had been to the ball.

It seemed a long way up the street. She hurried, but her feet felt heavy. The wind blew cool in her face and felt good. She could hear the town clock striking over on Church Street and it sounded farther off—miles away. It was striking ten. She had never been out alone so late at night before, but things looked just the same. The Palace Hotel lights and the Sewalls' porch lantern were burning last night and they were burning now. She was glad to get home. She would tell father and mother all about the ball; she would have to, but she would tell everyone else that she was sick and could not go. She would tell father first. He would be home soon. She would wait under the big tree for him.

Her own front yard looked just as it always did. Up in her corner room a lamp was lighted and both windows were open for a cross draft. The white ruffled curtains were blowing. It was dark on the lawn and darker under the tree, black velvet dark. She crossed the lawn and stood looking down into it. Something moved there. Someone was sitting there. Had she dreamed the whole ball? Was it last night instead of this? He was sitting there just as he always sat, hunched into a kind of heap, with his head poked forward. He made room for her but did not speak, and she sat down beside him. It was Pig.

"Hello. You here?" she said.

"No, I'm in Africa. What are you doing here? Ball over?"

"No. What are you doing here?"

"Nothing."

"How long have you been here?"

"Since eight," said Pig in a loud, cheerful voice.

"What for?"

"For nothing. Can't I sit here if I want to?"

"I don't care."

"I don't have to sit here."

"Yes, you do. Pig, I want you to. I—I'm glad you came."

She was glad. He looked little and funny and fat, and it would be awkward explaining about the ball, but she was glad to see him. She wanted him to be there. She moved close to him. He felt warm beside her, and behind her she could feel the firm strong trunk of her tree.

"It's nice here," she said.

"Was—was it all right?"

"What?"

"Oh, the ball." Pig asked as if he did not care very much, but his voice sounded low and a little queer.

"The ball was lovely," Sally Belle said firmly.

"What made you come home early?"

"I thought I would. I—I felt sick. I feel better now."

"Did you dance every dance?"

"Yes."

"Extras?"

"Some."

"Who with?"

"Oh, everybody. Free Foster."

"Who else?"

"I don't know."

"You'd better know. You didn't dance all the extras with Free?"

"Yes," said Sally Belle recklessly, "I did. And the supper dance too. He—he said I was a good little kid."

"I'll knock his block off."

"Harold Plummer!"

"I will. Fool! Stuck-up prig! Teaching school next year. I'll teach him!"

"What—what for?"

"Fool! Can't get a girl himself, and then thinks he can dance with another fellow's girl. Thinks he can dance with you, when you and I are going together."

"You and I are what?"

"Going together. I speak English, don't I? I came over here last night to get you to go to the ball with me. They told me I could go and take you. They gave me the money and I came right over to show it to you. You wouldn't let me ask you. You said you were going. I wouldn't go without you. I had to get dressed up and pretend to go. I can't go home till it's over. I've got to stay here."

"I didn't know that."

"You know it now. I'll knock Free Foster's block off. And I'll never speak to you again."

Pig did not mean that, but he acted as if he did. He did not speak to her again. He did not speak at all. He did not move. He just sat there, angry. Well, he had talked enough. What things he had said! She could not think about them all at once. She could not think at all. She put her arm over her face and turned away from him, against the tree. She felt tired all over, down to her toes, more tired than she ever had been. Everything that had happened to-night was all wrong. Everything else was all wrong and everything hurt her. She did not know what hurt most. She wanted to cry and she could not cry.

She could hear Pig breathing hard beside her. He wanted to make up. In the tree above her she could hear the wind blowing the leaves, making queer little crying noises, like somebody dying a long way off. It was only the wind, but the boy from away was dead. She would never see him. Down in the hall they were playing the oldest and sweetest waltz of all. She heard the last strains of it, very faint, as if it were dying too.

The ball was a beautiful ball and she had been to it in a beautiful way. Nobody had ever been to a ball like that before. Nobody would ever know just how beautiful it was. It was her own secret, all warm in her heart. She felt for Pig's hand and found it and held it tight, then she turned and looked at him. Even in the dark he looked fat, but there was something nice about the way he poked his head forward. Nobody else did it. She liked it.

He was not angry now. He was ashamed, and he was afraid to speak until she spoke to him. Poor Pig.

"I'm all right," she said.

"You crying?"

"No."

"You can cry if you want to."

"I don't, Pig. You're not mad now, are you?"

"No."

"Pig, I didn't go to the ball."

"You didn't?"

"No. I'll tell you all about it sometime. I don't want to talk about it now. You don't care, do you? And you won't ever tell that I didn't go?"

"Cross my heart."

"That's good. . . . Pig, did you mean what you said just now? That you and I were—you know—going together?"

"Sure."

"Do people know it?"

"Sure."

"Madgie Carr?"

"Sure. She's getting up a whist club, and going to ask you and me to join."

"She is? Pig, how long have we been ——"

"Oh, always."

"We—have?"

"Sure."

"Oh!"

There was silence under the tree. Pig's hand felt hot and Sally Belle drew hers away, then she put it back again. Across the street the lights of the Palace Hotel were going out one by one, like stars. You could hear no music now, but the lights in the hall still burned. You could see them through the trees. They looked very far away. Sally Belle sighed.

"Well, Pig," she said, "I'm glad we are."

"Glad we're what, kid?"

"Going together."

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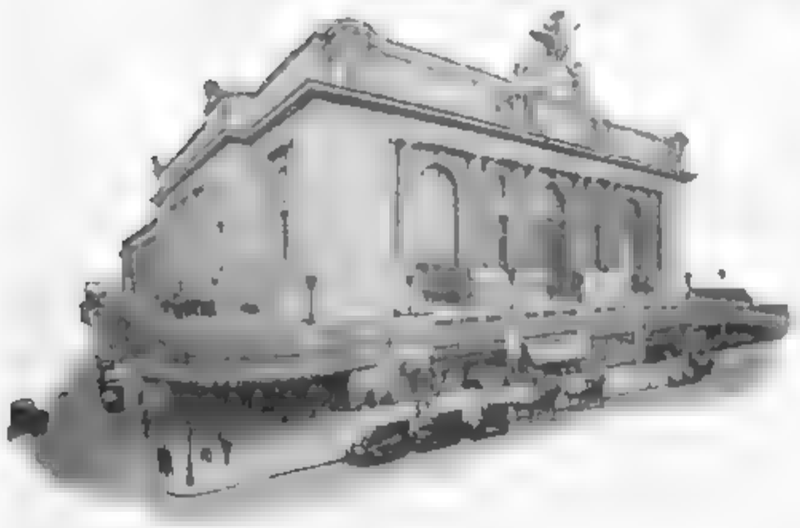

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WHAT'S COMING?

(Continued from Page 30)

houses, the wage earners and those receiving small salaries are the ones who have been hit hardest.

Of no less importance than the housing problem is the railroad question. We are hearing very little about inadequate transportation facilities to-day, due to the slowing down in business. If we were to have a speedy revival in industry throughout the land the railroad situation would be acute, for little has been done to bring our national transportation system up to a point where the carriers could take care of a normal output in our American industries. In viewing the railroad situation to-day with complacency we are only living in a fool's paradise.

This brings us to the question of what the future holds for America when we again start ahead in normal fashion. The press is filled with optimistic talk concerning an immediate return to a sound business basis and renewed prosperity. In many such expressions the wish is father to the thought. Anyone who is pessimistic concerning America's long-distance future is certainly shortsighted. However, more harm can come from premature enthusiasm than from conservative reasoning. There is every reason for confidence in the nation's ability to tide over our present troubles. But just as the urgencies of war made it necessary for us to give close attention to ways to win a military victory, the present necessities for an economic readjustment demand that we study ways to win a greater victory in peace.

Just as science revolutionized life in the past, we must prepare for equally great changes in the future. A short time ago our principal means of travel was in railway cars drawn by steam locomotives and in ships with comparatively simple power plants. Now we are going over paved highways and are commencing to journey via the air. What motor-car travel in this country now amounts to is clearly evidenced by the fact that while the passenger mileage of our railroads in 1919 was 46,000,000,000, the passenger mileage of American automobiles was 68,000,000,000. Though it is doubtful if 90 per cent of our motor cars are used more or less for business, as some authorities state, there is reason to believe that 40 per cent of our automobile mileage is utilitarian, and the full service of our 1,000,000 trucks is wholly devoted to commercial efficiency.

Adequate transportation in the United States is without doubt one of the country's most important problems. This being true, the question that concerns us most is the matter of proper and sufficient highways to carry the nation's future traffic. The present organization of society renders it vital that a great country shall not be dependent upon a restricted system of railroads which might cease to operate through the arbitrary exercise of power on the part of a small group of labor leaders.

The Flying Map-Makers

Supplementing other modes of travel will come passenger and freight traffic through the air. Although the industry is now small, the growth will be rapid. During 1920, 1000 airplanes employed in commerce in the United States and Canada flew 6,000,000 miles carrying approximately 225,000 passengers and hundreds of tons of package freight. An average of thirty-five cargo airplanes aloft every day flew a total of 1,500,000 miles in the air-mail service carrying 103,000,000 letters. Last year the Aërial Forest Patrol in California and Oregon discovered upward of 1000 fires, enabling ground forces to extinguish the flames quickly and thus saving timber having an estimated value of more than $30,000,000. In 1920 the army air service flew more than 6,000,000 miles, while the naval planes flew 1,500,000 miles.

Though the foregoing figures show plainly the practicability of air travel, it must not be forgotten that the United States has fallen behind several other nations in world aeronautics. Practically all the leading nations have subscribed to the International Aërial Convention, but the Congress of our own country has not as yet even considered an aërial code. In the meantime, commercial aëronautical enterprise in America is without the assistance or protection of law, in credits, insurance, and the like. No carefully considered, comprehensive attempt has been made toward the establishment of air routes and terminals. This is probably due to the fact that twenty-one distinct governmental agencies have more or less to say concerning aëronautical measures. The result is that cooperation is difficult to obtain. Even the existence of the air mail, the chief source of inspiration for the infant industry, is now threatened in Congress.

Airplanes fitted with aërial cameras are now remaking the map of the world. The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey is revising the entire coast line of the country by air. Explorers have added aircraft and cameras to their equipment. City planning is gaining through the use of the aërial view, and the logging industry is commencing to use airplanes with much success. Fishing companies are using seaplanes to spot schools of fish which would otherwise be missed. The United States Coast Guard has established a flying corps to save life and property at sea. The guards plan to shoot relief lines from aircraft guns over wrecked vessels, and possibly send large flying boats to the sides of the ships in distress. Negotiations are under way that may result in one of our big express companies joining hands with the Government, so that the machines used to carry mail may also be utilized to carry a considerable percentage of the 1,000,000 packages this company handles each day.

The airplane is the world's present greatest hope for decreasing the cost of armament. Many regard it as certain that the air will soon control the water, and it is altogether likely that if we must have a military air reserve in order to keep pace with the offensive preparations of other nations we shall surely be wise enough to use the same planes as a civilian commercial reserve. One battleship alone now costs $40,000,000, which amount would provide the nation with the nucleus of an efficient flying-corps equipment.

The Energy of the Future

No problem concerning America's future is more interesting or is fraught with greater possibilities than the development of great sources of supply of energy to utilize for power purposes in our industrial life. The nation uses about 50,000,000 horse power at the present time in carrying on industry, and there is reason to believe that before one or two decades have rolled by we shall need no less than 200,000,000 horse power to carry on our normal business. The earliest development will likely be the elimination of practically all shipments of coal. The United States will be divided into six or eight power zones, each having a complete system of transmission lines carrying current to every point where it is wanted. Perhaps these zones will eventually be tied up into one great national power system. This would overcome any trouble from a lack of power in any one section of the country. All the nation's water power will be tied into the system, and this alone will add as much additional horse power to the quantity available as is now being used by all the industries in the country.

The first power zone will be in the East, and the system will have as a base the superpower line now being projected under government direction from Washington to Boston. W. S. Murray, who is directing the investigation work for this first superpower line, recently gave me a definite idea of the purpose and scope of the proposed work. Modern life depends on power and transportation, and, if anything, power is the greater of the two. Electricity is the agent of power. High-pressure water is the nearest competitor of electricity, but the best performance of water is that of the high-pressure system in London, where 5000 horse power is transmitted twenty miles. By using electricity we can transmit 500,000 horse power 300 miles with only a 10 per cent loss. Just now steam is prime, but it is lost without electricity.

Said Mr. Murray: "In this proposed power zone there is a population of 24,000,000 people, but the district represents only 2 per cent of the total land area of the United States. Within this 2 per cent of area there is burned 40 per cent of the total coal produced in the country. There is no doubt that this territory is the finishing shop of American industry. In this zone 80 per cent of the skilled labor of the country is assembled. At the edge of the region

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"In the region in question there are 365 different kinds of industries and twenty-five railroads. There are 30,000 miles of railroad track in the zone, and by 1930 8000 miles will probably be electrified. In this superpower system it is proposed to erect at tidewater and at the mouth of mines large steam electric-turbogenerator stations; and finally to erect on the hydro-electric points of the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Potomac rivers plants of comparable capacity, so that the whole may be put together in a system of transmission and distribution for the joint use of the industries and the railroads. This will result in an extremely low operating cost per unit of electricity generated, and secondly a very high load factor, thereby reducing capacity in generating equipment.

"It is interesting to note what the projected coal savings will be, using superpower. The coal savings in the zone in 1925, if the superpower system is in service, will be approximately 33,000,000 tons, with only a part of the superpower system in operation. By 1930 it is estimated that 53,000,000 tons of coal will be saved each year. The proposed power system will tend to stabilize the coal-mining industry through permitting the storage of large quantities of coal in the vicinity of power stations. The superpower system will not be a competitor of the present utilities. It will be absolutely the reverse. The central stations make possible the superpower system, and the latter will merely carry on to a higher degree and with greater economy the work that the utilities have already begun. The system will cost at least $1,000,000,000.

"Although the Government is bearing the cost of the extensive survey for the superpower system, the report when finished will be presented to the people, and it is likely that the Treasury of the United States will not be asked for a single dollar to finance the building of the system."

So much for this project, which is the greatest venture of the kind yet undertaken, and which when completed will undoubtedly become the starting point for a system of national power transmission that will eventually reach every important community in the land. Perhaps before the system is finally completed we shall find a way to harness the tides of the ocean or the energy of the sun, and these possible sources of power supply will then be linked into the system, creating industrial opportunities that one may not imagine to-day as being possible.

Music by Wireless

It is only a step from cheap power to the thought of its application in the average home. Simultaneous with such an advance in engineering will come equally remarkable developments in the use of wireless and other scientific applications of a practical nature. Without going far out of the realm of present reality, it is possible to forecast the home of to-morrow. Instead of the old-fashioned telephone there will be the wireless device. At first we shall have difficulty in using it to talk to our friends, because much experimentation will be necessary to devise a system whereby it will be possible to talk over the wireless with privacy. However, the wireless will be a mighty useful instrument, for it will give us news, weather reports, market quotations, bulletins of interesting events, educational information, plays, music and anything else that is audible.

Nor will it be necessary to listen to the entire program of a musical recital in order to receive only some special part of it. So great is the selective power of wireless that each kind of message can be sent out by means of waves of specific lengths, and by simply turning a pointer on a dial one will be able to tune the instrument to deliver any desired variety, to the exclusion of all others. During breakfast we can listen to the general news. During the day we can set the dial to news of foremost importance, or to stock-market reports or the price of hogs or the movement of steamships or the doings of society leaders, as our taste or needs dictate. In the evening we can enjoy at our leisure vaudeville sketches, concerts or grand opera.

In conversation with William H. Easton, who has made a close study of the possibilities of wireless, and who that same day was supervising the installation of an outfit on a Hudson River steamboat which was to reproduce on the boat that night, while en route up the Hudson, a vaudeville concert to be held in an armory in New York City, I gathered the following remarks: "The wireless telephone is peculiarly well adapted to the transmission of music, for it produces sound waves that are free from the distortion inherent in the ordinary wire phone. Hence the sounds are clear, pure and distinct. It is certain that many of our great singers and musicians will in time desert the stage, with its limited audience, and will perform mainly before wireless receivers for the benefit of half the world.

"In connection with this far-talking system in all likelihood there will be also a far-seeing one. We apparently have the elements in our possession, for just as the resistance of the carbon disk varies with the pressure of the sound waves striking it, and thus makes the telephone possible, so the resistance of the metal selenium varies with the intensity of the light waves that fall on it. The problem of transmitting scenes electrically is not yet solved, but when it is we shall be able to sit in our homes and travel through the Grand Cañon or down the streets of Peking. When that time comes we shall be able to witness plays and motion pictures as satisfactorily in our homes as we do to-day in theaters. The combination of these two devices, one serving the ear and the other the eye, will manifestly revolutionize the entire amusement industry."

The Light of To-morrow

Artificial illumination in the next generation or sooner will be quite different from what it is to-day. Notwithstanding all our advances in lighting, we still are unable to develop light for practical purposes except by raising some material to a very high temperature, and in doing this we waste in the form of heat almost all the energy supplied.

Some clever fellow one day will discover the secret of the little firefly, which has ability to make light that is not only cold but is practically 100 per cent efficient. When the secret of the firefly is discovered the science of illumination will have to be built anew. Then there will be no lamps, but instead entire surfaces of ceilings and upper walls will be made luminous at will. The development of the new art will make it possible for the painter to create pictures and decorations from pigments that will not merely reflect light but will actually produce it themselves.

The kitchens of to-morrow will have only electric stoves, and since the electric cook is not apt to spoil anything by overcooking, undercooking or burning the food, the disposition of the human race will be materially benefited.

In coming times each home will have electric refrigeration. Machinery will make laundry work so cheap when performed in big central plants that household laundering will be abolished. Vacuum machines for cleaning rooms will respond to the pressing of a button. The next development in house heating will be the use of gas, and the new system will need only to be started in the fall and turned off in the spring. Electricity will follow gas for heating homes, but that step is in the more-distant future. Our houses will be artificially cooled in the summer, and of course ventilation will also be supplied by an automatic system that will wash and filter the air.

Life in factory, office and home ten or twenty years from now will be radically different from what it is to-day. I have before me dozens of scientific discoveries, many of which eventually will find practical application in everyday life. Marvelous advances are being made in the field of medicine, and these will tend to add to our health and happiness. Diseases that have ravaged the human race will be overcome one by one. In the coming to-morrow there will be less individual action and greater coöperative effort. The result will be greater progress and less wasted effort. Any American to-day who can look to the future without a quickening of interest and a kindling of hope must be lacking in understanding and devoid of imagination. The United States may have its serious problems which will require earnest attention, but it also has opportunities which eclipse those of any other country on earth.

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SELF-DETERMINATION

(Continued from Page 7)

In the Treaty of Saint Germain with Austria the Austrian Tyrol was ceded to the Kingdom of Italy against the known will of substantially the entire population of that region.

In both the Treaty of Versailles and the Treaty of Saint Germain, Austria was denied the right to form a political union with Germany, and when an article in the German constitution of August, 1919, contemplating a union of German Austria with the German Empire, was objected to by the Supreme Council, then in session at Paris, as in contradiction of the terms of the Treaty with Germany, a protocol was signed on September 22, 1919, by plenipotentiaries of Germany and the Five Principal Allied and Associated Powers declaring the article in the constitution null and void. There could hardly be a more open repudiation of the right of self-determination than this refusal to permit Austria to unite with Germany, however unanimous the wish of the Austrian people for such union.

It should be remembered that the Treaty of Versailles was signed by President Wilson and the territorial settlements in the Treaty of Saint Germain were arranged before he left Paris for the United States on June 28, 1919.

But Mr. Wilson even further discredited the phrase to which he had given currency, by adopting a policy toward Russia which ignored the principle. The peoples of Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, the Ukraine, Georgia and Azerbaijan have by blood, language and racial traits elements of difference which give to each of them in more or less degree the character of a distinct nationality. These peoples all possess aspirations to become independent states, and yet throughout the negotiations at Paris and since that time the Government of the United States has repeatedly refused to recognize the right of the inhabitants of these various territories to determine for themselves the sovereignty under which they shall live. It has on the contrary declared in favor of a "Great Russia," comprising all the vast territory of the old empire except the Polish province and the lands included within the present boundaries of Finland.

An American Example

I do not mention the policy of President Wilson as to an undivided Russia by way of criticism, because I believe the policy was and has continued to be the right one. The breaking up of Russia into small independent states would be, in my judgment, a grave menace to the future peace of the world, as these states would become the prey of intrigue and the victims of powerful neighbors who might, by political pressure, by economic penetration and possibly by the threat of force, seek to gain mastery over those states for the sake of advancing their own interests or ambitions. A united Russia, either as a republic or as a confederation of autonomous states, could never be dominated by a foreign power. Its territory would be too vast, its population too great, its resources too limitless to fall under such domination.

From the cases referred to, which show frequent departure from the declared standard for the determination of political authority and allegiance, it seems to me that President Wilson by his own course of action has proved that self-determination is in truth "a mere phrase," which as the declaration of a fundamental right of human society, as the declaration of "an imperative principle of action," should be discarded, because it cannot be practically applied.

It may be pointed out as a matter of special interest to the student of American history that if the right of self-determination were sound in principle and uniformly applicable in establishing political allegiance and territorial sovereignty, the endeavor of the Southern States to secede from the American Union in 1861 would have been wholly justified; and, conversely, the Northern States in forcibly preventing the secession and compelling the inhabitants of the states composing the Confederacy to remain under the authority of the Federal Government would have perpetrated a great and indefensible wrong against the people of the South by depriving them of a liberty to which they were by nature entitled. This is the logic of the application of the principle of self-determination to the political rights at issue in the American Civil War.

I do not believe that there are many Americans of the present generation who would support the proposition that the South was inherently right and the North was inherently wrong in that great conflict. There were at the time when the sections were arrayed in arms against each other, and there may still be, differences of opinion as to the legal right of secession under the Constitution of the United States, but the inherent right of the people of a state to throw off at will their allegiance to the Federal Union and resume complete sovereignty over the territory of the state was never urged as a conclusive argument. It is true that on occasions "the consent of the governed" was cited, but its impracticability as a working principle of government, which had been so constantly manifested in the annals of history, deprived the phrase of persuasive force and discouraged reliance upon it.

It was the legal right and not the natural right which was emphasized as justifying those who took up arms in order to disrupt the Union.

Territorial Rights

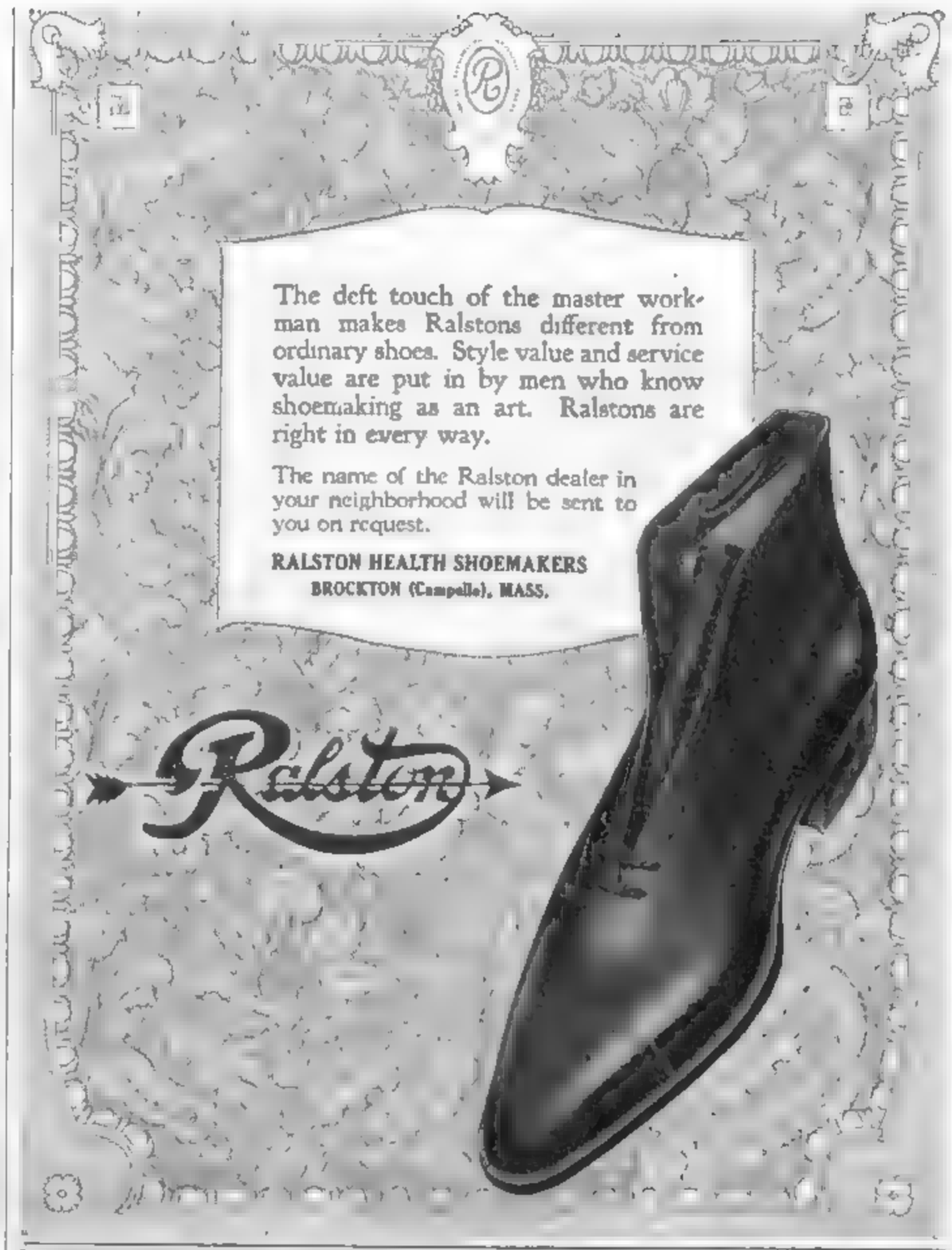
But if an American citizen denies that the principle of self-determination can be rightfully applied to the affairs of his own country, how can he consistently maintain that it is a right inseparable from a true conception of political liberty, and therefore universally applicable, just in principle and wise from the practical point of view?

Of course those who subscribe to self-determination and advocate it as a great truth fundamental to every political society organized to protect and promote civil liberty, do not claim it for races, peoples or communities whose state of barbarism or ignorance deprives them of the capacity to choose intelligently their political affiliations.

As to peoples or communities, however, who do possess the intelligence to make a rational choice of allegiance, no exception is made, so far as words go, to the undeviating application of the principle. It is the affirmation of an unqualified right. It is one of those declarations of principle which sound true, which in the abstract may be true, and which appeal strongly to man's innate sense of moral right and to his conception of natural justice, but which, when an attempt is made to apply them in every case, become sources of political instability and domestic disorder, and not infrequently causes of rebellion.

In the settlement of territorial rights and of the sovereignty to be exercised over particular regions there are several factors which require consideration. International boundaries may be drawn along ethnic, economic, geographic, historic or strategic lines. One or all of these elements may influence the decision, but whatever argument may be urged in favor of any one of these factors, the chief object in the determination of the sovereignty to be exercised within a certain territory is national safety. National safety is as dominant in the life of a nation as self-preservation is in the life of an individual. Self-preservation is an instinct of human existence; and self-preservation is an even more compelling instinct of national existence, since nations do not respond to the impulse of self-sacrifice. With national safety as the primary object to be attained in territorial settlements the factors of the problem assume generally, though not always, the following order of importance: The strategic, to which are closely allied the geographic and historic; the economic, affecting the commercial and industrial life of a nation; and lastly the ethnic, including in the term such conditions as consanguinity, common language and similar social and religious institutions.

In the application or the attempted application of the so-called right of self-determination the chief considerations with individuals are naturally ethnic—the least important factor, as a rule, in the problem of deciding political allegiance. This is not always so, but the exceptions are few. If the right conflicts with national safety, with normal geographic frontiers or with the economic life of a nation, it has been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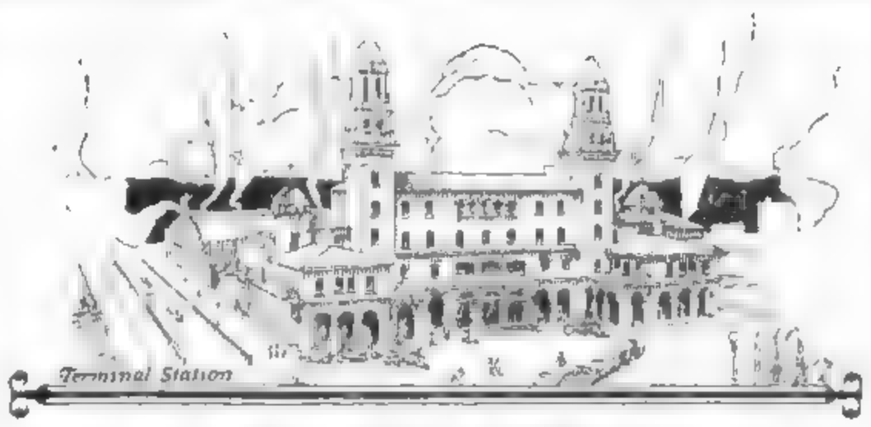

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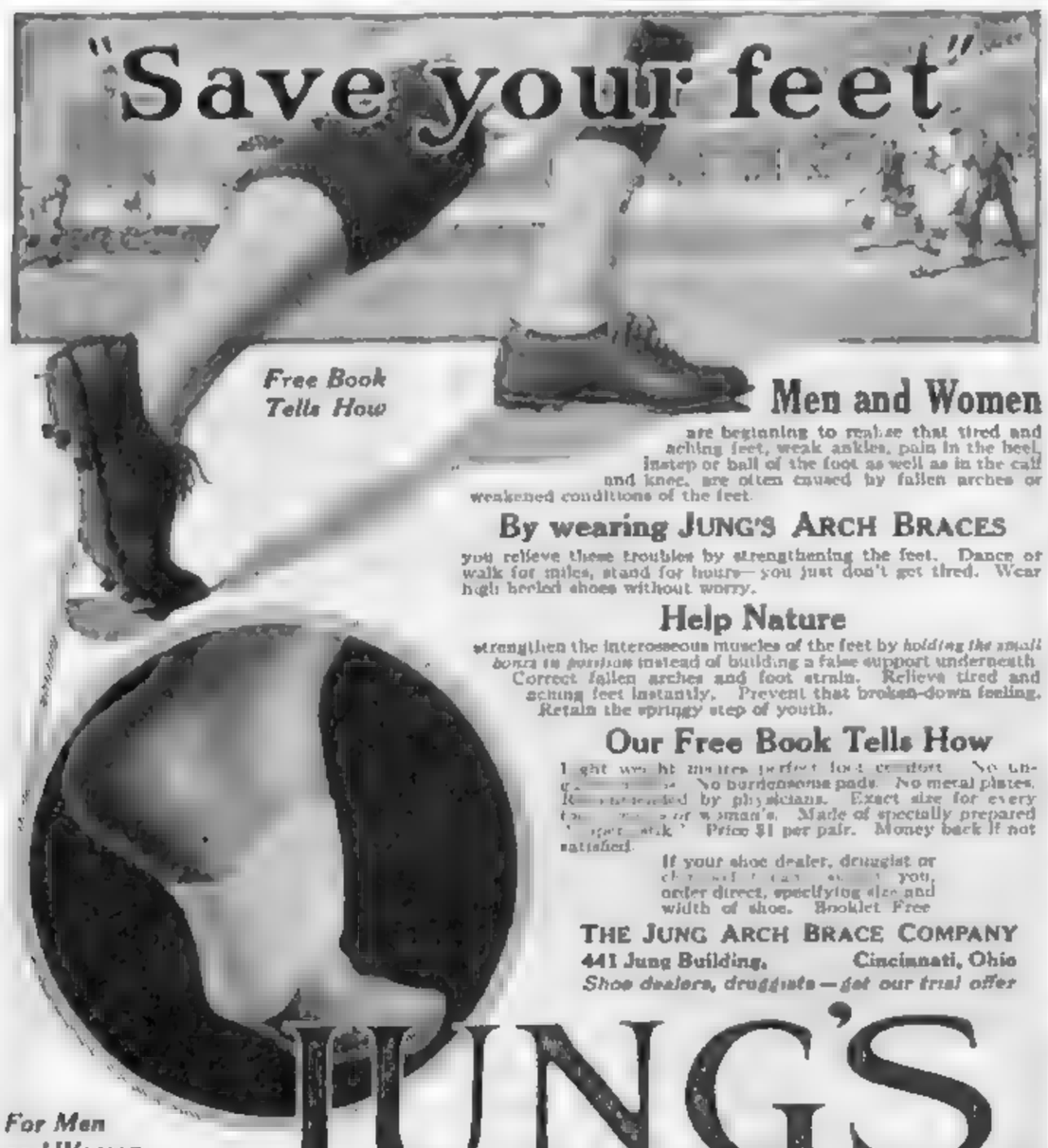

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and it will continue to be disregarded; in fact the cases are few in which there has not been this conflict. The attempt then to make self-determination a right fundamental and constant to the exercise of sovereignty over territory is bound to be denied in practice. It cannot be uniformly followed if the territorial integrity and the political stability which are essential to a nation's peace at home and abroad, to its growth and development, are to be preserved.

The national safety and the economic welfare of the United States were at stake in the War for Secession, although the attempt to secede resulted from institutional rather than ethnic causes. The same was true when in the Papineau Rebellion of 1837 the French inhabitants of the province of Lower Canada attempted for ethnic reasons to free themselves from British sovereignty. Had the right of self-determination in the latter case been recognized as "imperative" by Great Britain the national life and economic growth of Canada would have been strangled, because the lines of communication and the commercial routes to the Atlantic seaboard would have been across an alien state. The future of Canada with its vast undeveloped resources, its very life as a great British colony, depended upon denying the right of self-determination. It was denied and the French inhabitants of Quebec were forced against their will to accept British sovereignty, although they seem to have possessed the characteristics of a "people" such as President Wilson referred to, and even of a "nation" as the word is used by General Smuts.

Few thoughtful men will, I believe, have the hardihood to deny that the experience of the past three years has demonstrated the unwisdom of having given currency to the phrase "self-determination." As the expression of an actual right the application of which is universal and invariable the phrase has been repeatedly repudiated or at least violated by many of the terms of the treaties which brought to an end the World War.

As a righteous maxim, provided no stronger motive interferes with its application, it may influence governments in arranging territorial settlements, but as a rule to be always imposed it menaces international peace and the orderly life of society as to-day politically organized.

Vague and Undefined

Even if the right should be limited to a nation with the understanding that no lesser organized body of individuals possesses it, there immediately arises the old and frequently debated question as to the meaning of the word "nation." Certainly Fiume, Dantzic and the Aland Islands do not fall within the term, however broad it may be.

Do they come within the meaning of "a people"? It would be difficult, I think, to prove that they do by any accepted definition of the word. But these small groups of individuals have seized on self-determination as a right which they possess regardless of the vastly greater interests of the states from which they seek to be separated, states the independence of which is recognized by the world.

The trouble is that the phrase, even if it could be considered to state a right possible of practical application, has never been limited as to the character of the territorial or political unit which may demand that it be applied. It was left in the vague and undefined form in which it was proclaimed, furnishing opportunity to the disaffected, the ambitious and the reckless to give to it their own interpretation. It has thus become the excuse for turbulent political elements in various lands to stir up popular indignation against governments and to conspire, if not to rebel openly, against them when no just cause for revolution existed. Civil discord and in some cases civil strife with all its attendant evils have resulted from the endeavor to give expression to self-determination when the right has been properly denied by the possessors of the sovereignty.

Not only has the unqualified affirmation that self-determination is a fundamental right introduced into the domestic affairs of certain nations a new spirit of discontent and disorder but it has in international affairs formed the basis for territorial claims by avaricious governments, which intrigue with the nationals of their neighbors to assert the right on the ground that these nationals are of the same blood and language as the claimant nations. If the right applies to such cases—and there seems to be a disposition so to interpret the phrase—emigrants might easily be sent into a desired region with instructions to demand at the opportune time a plebiscite in order to decide their political allegiance. This is not a new idea. It was attempted during the latter years of the nineteenth century and the early years of this century in Macedonia, where it caused a state of confusion and lawlessness through the massacres and brutal outrages of rival Christian nationalities, each of which sought to drive out the others and secure for itself a majority of the population. This practice, which made Macedonia a land seething with violence and disorder, a land of terror and sudden death, will in other regions find a new impulse in the proclaimed principle of self-determination.

Merely a Phrase-Made Right

It is manifest that the uniform application of this phrase-made right would, in view of the almost constant ebb and flow of populations across international boundaries as a result of normal economic processes, cause the boundaries to fluctuate with the variations of these populations. If the sovereignty over a region were transferred whenever the inhabitants demanded it, territorial instability and political chaos would be the result. This would be the logical consequence of the universal application of self-determination. The principle is clearly impracticable; and to give countenance to it is most unwise in view of the menace it is to international and domestic peace throughout the world.

Mr. Wilson, who gave currency to this dangerous phrase, unfortunately never qualified it in meaning or application. He declared it to be a right which must be recognized by statesmen. Without protest and without attempt to restrict its application he has permitted the words to excite the activities of political agitators and even of armed insurrectionists. His silence has been interpreted, possibly erroneously, as approval of the way in which the phrase was being converted into action; and this seeming approval has given to many courage to support a cause which they otherwise would have hesitated to do, since it seemed contrary to the desire of the world for universal peace.

The time has come when the belief in self-determination as an inherent right which ought to be applied in all cases and under all conditions should be denounced by the nations. The futility of attempting to apply it has been repeatedly proved during the past two years. It is an evil thing to permit the phrase to continue to dwell in the minds of men as expressing a principle having the apparent sanction of the civilized world, when it has been in fact thoroughly discredited and will always be cast aside whenever it comes in conflict with national safety, with historic political rights or with economic interests affecting the prosperity of a nation.

Self-determination should be forgotten. It has no place in the practical scheme of world affairs. It has already caused enough despair, enough suffering and enough anarchy.

It should be laid to rest with other epigrams and phrases which have led men astray from the practical things of life and sent them forth in pursuit of visions which can never be realized so long as human nature remains unchanged.

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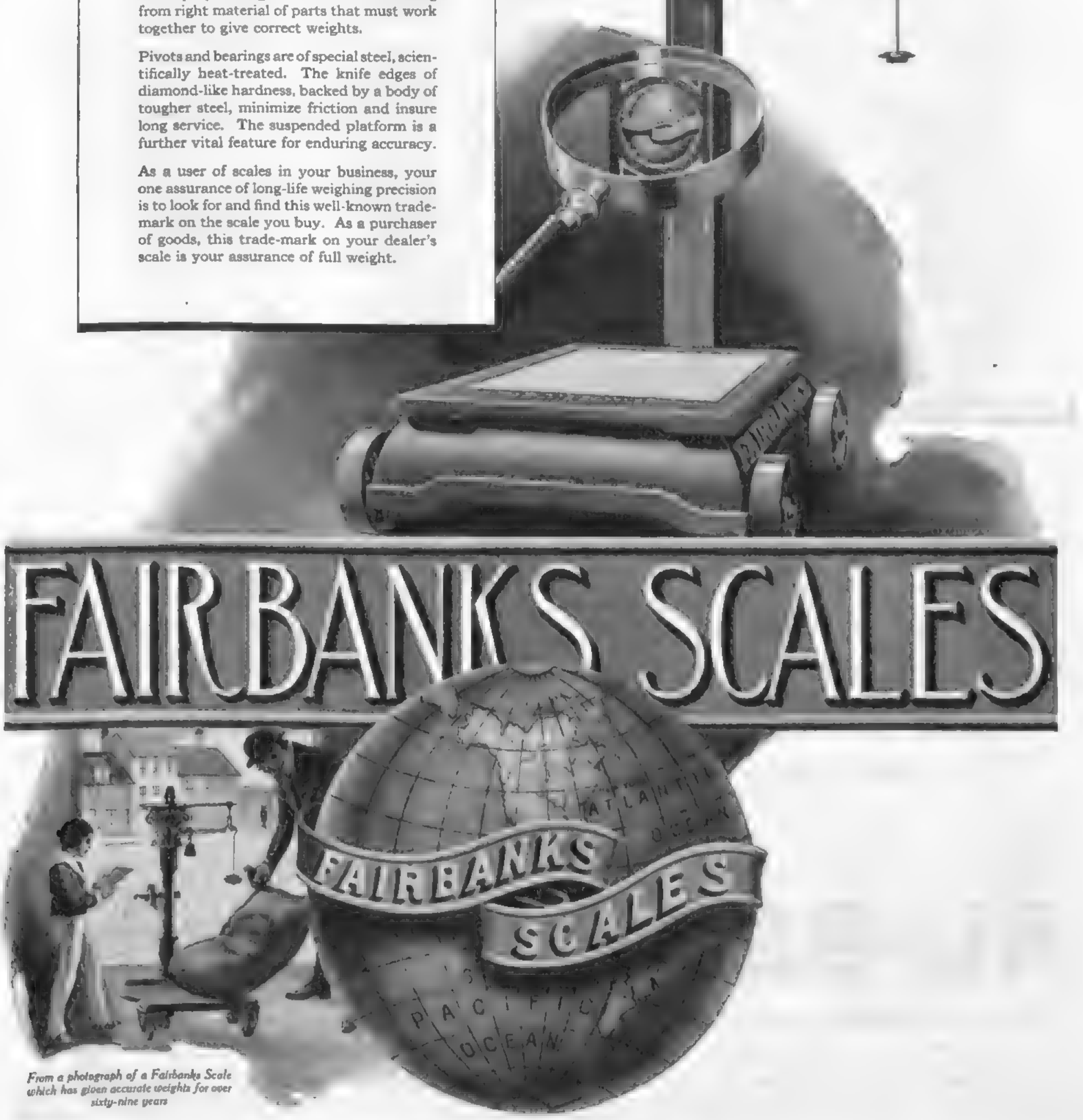

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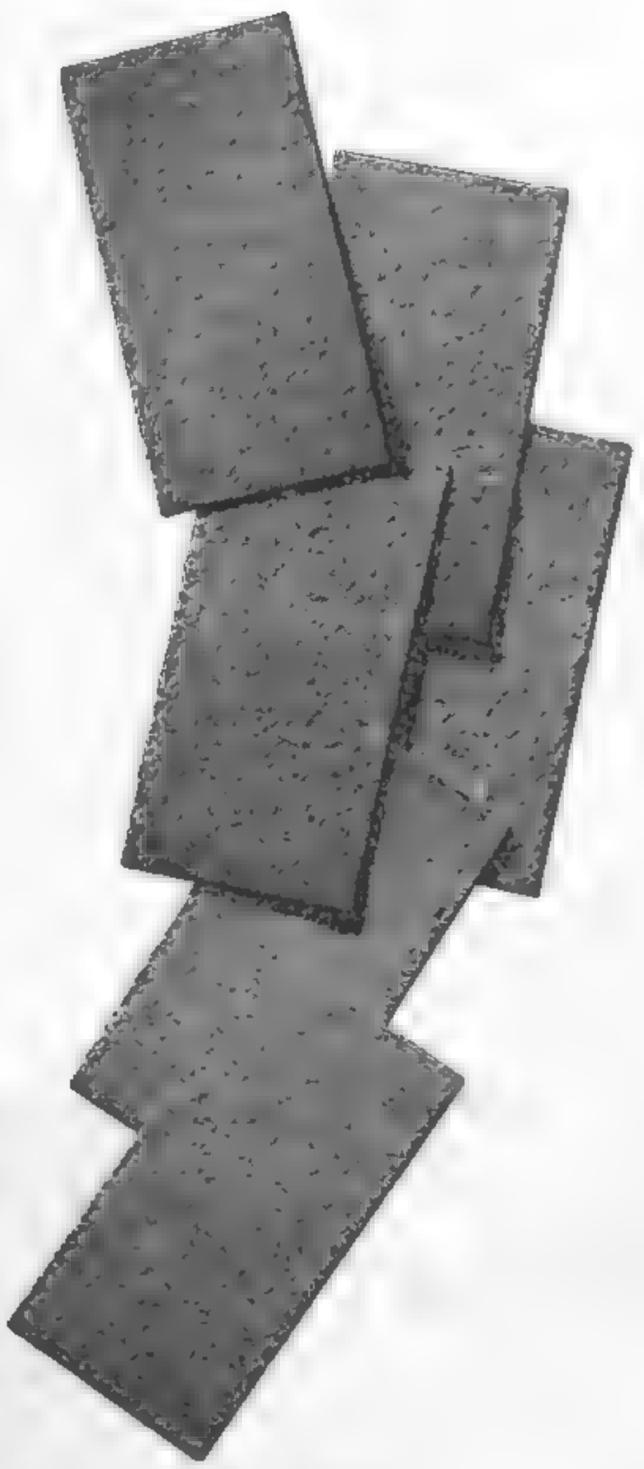

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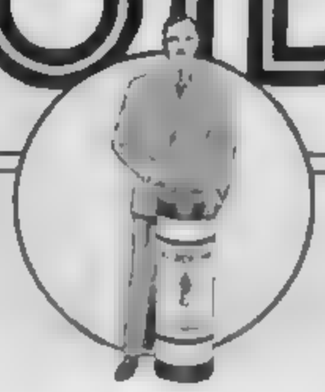

SHINGLES ROLL ROOFINGS BUILT-UP ROOFS BUILDING PAPERS
FELTS PAINTS VARNISHES PLASTICS

MICHING MALLECHO

(Continued from Page 5)

had already lighted his big lamp in the front of the store inside, and its light shone down upon them. As Judd approached, Luke, who had been watching his colloquy with the stranger, asked, "Who 'uz that?"

Judd had no mind to tell the whole truth in the matter of the little man with the long hair. There were men in Fraternity village sufficiently quixotic to hurry after the Italian and set him right. Judd did not wish that to occur, so he told Luke the foreigner was a tramp.

"Walking through," he explained.

"Whur's he bound? Anywhere special, did he say?" Luke pursued. Judd shook his head.

"Said he aimed to sleep over t' North Fraternity to-night. Asked me the way."

"He better not try my place. The old woman'll lay him cold," Luke remarked; and Judd nodded and sat down on the steps beside him and spat into the dust of the road. The topic expired. Zeke Pitkin, on the other side of Luke, was a fearful little man, not much given to speech; but he had news this night. He had been on the point of telling Luke about it when Judd came up from the bridge and interrupted him.

He said now, "Have you heard about George Freeland—him and the moose?"

Luke looked at him sidewise, whittling tobacco from a plug to fill his pipe.

"He see a moose?" he asked.

"Gosh, I sh'd say he did!" Zeke declared. "Come right on him, coming in f'om Augusta this aft'noon. Bigger'n a horse, and horns as wide as the road."

Judd said acridly, "If George did see a moose in the road he went right back to Augusta."

Zeke protested.

"No, sir! No, sir! George told me the moose was standing a little one side of the road; and he didn't move any, and George says how he just give her the gas and went right at him. He told me his fender went and hit that moose right on the hind leg and swung it round like; and he says the derned critter's shoulder pretty near knocked the top off'n his car when he went by it."

Judd chuckled slightingly.

"Guess George didn't stop to look right close—didn't take any measurements or anything. And I'll bet he was alone when he see all this too."

Zeke, after a moment, sheepishly echoed Judd's chuckle. He felt that his sensation was exploded.

"Yes, I guess he was alone all right," he agreed.

Luke, who had been in the beginning ready enough to believe in the not improbable story, felt bound to fall in with the majority now, and he said, "Sure he was alone! George sees a lot of things when he's alone."

If George had been there at the moment they would have united in ridiculing and discrediting him; yet if he had told any one of them individually of his encounter with the moose, they would have accepted the tale readily enough and without cavil, as Zeke had done. Because Judd chose to disbelieve, the others aped him. Because Judd sneered, they sneered. It is the way of a mob—and this little group of three men was in all essentials a mob—to descend a little lower than its lowest member. The more decent individuals in such a group are ashamed of their own decency.

Presently Gay Hunt came across the road from his home opposite the store and dropped on the lower step, a little to one side, and began to draw fine shavings from a new cedar shingle with his knife, spitting occasionally from a full mouth. He had been there only a minute or two when they heard the sound of a horse's feet, the rattle of iron-shod wheels on gravel as a buggy came down the hill from the Ridge Road that led southward from Fraternity to Freedom.

They all looked that way, and Luke Hills said, "Saladine, ain't it?"

Gay Hunt, his eyes dropping to his whittling again, nodded.

"Bert's with him," he agreed.

Judd made a sound suggestive of smothered mirth.

"Poor old Bert," he commented—"him and that wife o' his. Guess she got her fill of him quick enough."

Zeke Pitkin nodded assent, but Luke Hills said, "I sh'd think she'd rather stay with him than be all alone with that crazy woman in the Castle."

Judd chuckled sneeringly.

"Guess her and that other woman don't get any lonesomer than they want to. Them Camden fellows that come up fishing hang around there pretty much."

His listeners made no protest at this; but Zeke Pitkin said, with tremulous importance, "She'd best watch out for Bert, though. He gets awful mad awful easy sometimes."

Judd said, "Sho! She's showed Bert where to head in 'fore this."

The buggy was near them now. They might be overheard, and so fell silent. Jim Saladine, driving, stopped his horse just below the store and tied it to a tree there, and he and Bert, his brother, came toward the group upon the steps. All save Judd held their tongues, obeying that instinct which commands silence when the subject of a conversation comes within hearing; but Judd looked up at Bert and asked impudently, "How's the missus, Bert?"

Bert Saladine was the younger of the two brothers; and as Zeke Pitkin had suggested, he was a man of temper. The hot flood surged up over his cheeks, and he stood very still, staring down at Judd so threateningly that Luke Hills slid a little away from the lame man's side. But Jim Saladine touched his brother's arm.

"Come along inside," he urged quietly.

Bert said, in a voice husky with his anger, "You'd best mind your mouth, Judd."

"Why?" Judd demanded with the bravado of invulnerable helplessness. "Can't I ask a civil question?"

But before Bert could answer, Jim half led, half dragged him away; and the brothers went up the steps and into the store together.

When the door had closed behind them Judd laughed, and the men with him made uncomfortable sounds meant to echo his laughter. They feared Bert, but they feared Judd more.

For a fairer understanding of this moment on the steps of Will Bissell's store and for a better comprehension of that which was to come, some retrospect becomes necessary; a word as to the Castle on the Ridge south of town; some description of the women who dwelt therein; some record of the brief romance of Bert Saladine.

The house which the countryside calls the Castle was built a good many years ago, upon a jutting shoulder of the Ridge, by a man who had dreams aplenty, but not sufficient vision. It was a huge affair with jutting porticoes and glassed verandas and a turreted tower at one end. There was that in its bold silhouette which made it easy to understand why the country folk half derisively called it the Castle. Yet it was not built, as might have been expected, of brick or stone; it was all of wood, with shingled walls, weathered by time to a uniform and pleasant gray. There were many windows in the place—too many. Some were large and some were small; and they were so arranged that from almost any vantage point, when the blinds were raised, you might see right through the house in three or four places, looking in at one window and out at another. This fact gave the great house a curiously transparent effect. It was like looking through the bones of a skeleton. It was apt to inspire in those of superstitious tendencies something like a shudder.

Yet there was an attraction about the Castle. It stood near the road; and at one side the hill fell away into a sheltered gully where apple trees had been planted, but where the tall grass and weeds had been allowed to grow till they half smothered the trees. Across the road was a thick second growth of birch and alder and evergreen, where partridges might be hunted with success in proper season. This partridge cover straddled the backbone of the Ridge, which fell away on the side opposite the Castle into a wooded swamp, in the center of which, remote and inaccessible, there was a marshy and seldom-visited pond. It was called Moose Pond because a cow moose had once, wading incautiously into its stagnant waters, been caught by the slime of rotting vegetation on its bottom and drowned therein. This pond was a mile or more across the Ridge from the house.

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CLEANLINESS, the use of a trustworthy disinfectant, sunlight and fresh air will go far toward preventing disease. Add Creolin-Pearson disinfectant to the water when scrubbing and cleaning the kitchen and bathroom, and when flushing the drains.

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THERE are millions of people nowadays who never let a corn ache twice.

They stop the pain, then end the corn completely. Thus, year on year, they are keeping free from every corn annoyance.

Their method is Blue-jay, either *liquid* or *plaster*.

They apply it by a touch. The corn is then forgotten until it loosens and comes out.

The inventor was a chemist who studied corns for many years. The maker is a surgical dressing house of world-wide repute.

Blue-jay makes harsh methods unnecessary. It is gentle, yet nothing could be more efficient.

It makes paring ridiculous, for paring is dangerous, and it never could end a corn.

Watch one corn

Watch the effect on one corn. It will change all your ideas. It will win you, as it has won millions, to this newer, better method. Do this for your own sake.

The best time is tonight.

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No. 4—THE BOOKKEEPER
"WHAT! Use Dixon's Eldorado!" answered Jim Morgan, the head bookkeeper. "I thought that pencil was only for artists!"
More words, but I won my point. He said he would try this master pencil.
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Last night I heard him telling some of the boys how he had discovered Dixon's Eldorado and how much easier it made his work! That's the first time Jim and I have agreed in years!
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Below the Castle itself the slopes fell away toward a more pleasant body of water, a two-mile lake which lay above the village of Freedom and was called Freedom Pond. From the tower of the Castle, or from its glazed verandas, there was a beautiful outlook across this pond and along the slopes of the mountainous hills beyond. The builder of the great house had chosen a site of vivid and compelling loveliness, but not fit for farming, as was soon made ruinously clear.

In due course the builder died. His sons abandoned the enterprise. The Castle was sold once, and twice, and then again for the taxes that accumulated upon its barren acres. The third sale brought to the countryside a never-ending sensation; for the Castle was bought by a lawyer from town, who frankly admitted that he was purchasing the place for two women, who would come to make their home on that desolate and forbidden hillside.

A little later the women came. One of them was and remained a figure of mystery. She could be seen day by day at some one of the many windows of the Castle, and she was so seen by any man who chose to go that way. There was an exotic look about her. Her hair was heavy, was jet black, and it seemed always sleek and smooth, as though it had been oiled. She dressed it high upon her head in a fashion that suggested that which is followed by Japanese women. Her eyes were black and unusually large. Her skin was sallow—was almost yellow. She was accustomed to sit beside her window, watching the infrequent passers-by with remote and inscrutable eyes. Farmers driving that way cast sidelong glances in her direction, then whipped their horses and hurried on. No one of them had ever spoken to her, had ever heard her speak, had ever seen her at close range. But because the windows of the Castle were so many and so large, it could be seen that she habitually wore loose, silken garments like kimonos, with flowing sleeves, tied about the middle sometimes with a sash, sometimes with a silken cord. There was about this woman something mysteriously provocative and enticing. She was not beautiful; neither was she ugly. Her age might be guessed at thirty, at forty, at fifty. There was a mystery inherent in her that gripped the slowest imagination, that set a-wagging the most reluctant tongue. It is not matter for surprise that in the talk of the countryside she was usually spoken of as the crazy woman. No one knew her to be mad; but no one could believe that she was sane.

The woman who came with her to live in the Castle was Margaret Dale. It was Margaret Dale who became Margaret Saladine—became wife of Bert Saladine.

Their marriage came about through a sufficiently natural succession of circumstances. The two women found it necessary to have a man's strength for some of the heavier tasks about the house. Bert and Jim Saladine lived as bachelors together upon the Ridge half a mile away; and to them came, one morning as they were breakfasting, Margaret Dale.

They had seen her before, but remotely. When she appeared this morning in their open kitchen door the men were struck silent for a space with their surprise. She was perhaps thirty years old, with an attractive countenance shadowed by some vague grief, and a pleasant figure that was sufficiently outlined by the gingham dress she wore. No girl, but a woman; a woman of most satisfying sort; a competent, kindly, pleasant woman and good to look upon. It may have been the hint of sadness in her eyes which suggested there were depths in her not yet explored.

Appearing in their doorway this day, she smiled at their astonishment and said in a rich and gentle voice, "Good morning, sirs."

Jim Saladine responded courteously.

"Good morning, ma'am. Will you come in?"

She did come in, took the chair Jim brushed off for her, sat down.

"Thank you," she said. "I won't bother you long. You see—you know who I am?"

Jim nodded. The woman smiled.

"I find we are going to need help about the place at times," she explained. "Will you tell me where I can find a man whom I can hire occasionally?"

Bert Saladine till then had not spoken. He had been watching Margaret Dale intently, almost hungrily; and at her question he moved forward.

"I will come," he said.

She stayed a matter of ten minutes that morning, and when she left the arrangement was completed. Thereafter, for a period of months, Bert was occasionally to be seen at some task about the Castle; and as often as not Margaret Dale worked by his side. She was strong, almost as strong as a man; and she was not afraid of working.

There is nothing fundamentally surprising in the fact that she was attracted to Bert Saladine. He was little older than herself, strong, with rugged features that bespoke the native honesty which dwelt in him; he was intelligent, kindly, loyal. And more than anything else, he recommended himself to her by betraying no slightest curiosity as to that other woman, with whom she shared this huge establishment. He never met the other woman face to face, never sought to do so; and Margaret Dale was grateful to him for this respecting of her own reserve.

Their love flowered in a fashion abrupt and startling, when neither expected such a thing to come to pass. The women had bought a cow. There was hay in a lower meadow, and it was necessary to cut this hay for the cow's needs during the winter. There was not much of it. Bert brought his horse, his mower, his rake, his wagon; and he and Margaret Dale did the work together. She drove the horse, he did the heavier tasks. Only in loading the wagon was she called on to exert more than her share of strength. Then he put her upon the load, taught her to stow the hay as he tossed it up to her. Her skirts would have hampered her unspeakably. She wore knickerbockers and stout woolen hose.

The late afternoon was, for Fraternity, unspeakably hot and sultry. The air was filled with a faint red haze through which the red sun glared. Their faces were flushed with their own exertions; their garments were wet. It seemed to the woman at times that she could no longer breathe at all. Yet there would be rain this night, Bert believed. It was necessary that the hay should be brought to cover before the storm. As a matter of fact, they were only half done with loading the last of it when lightning began to play in the west, and a sullen rumble of thunder seemed to charge the very air about them with tingling, hot vibrations.

The hay loaded, Bert swung up beside her and they drove to the barn. The sun was not yet obscured by the clouds of the coming storm. These clouds were almost overhead, but the sun was near the horizon and shone beneath them. It was full in their faces as they drove into the barn, shining through from the wide doors on the western side. Bert brought the horse to a stop beneath the edge of the mow and slid to the floor. There had never been any gallantry between these two. It did not occur to him to help her alight from her perch atop the load. Nevertheless he did stop to watch her descend.

A stake set in the side of the wagon protruded somewhat from the loose hay along the edge. As Margaret Dale allowed herself to slide off the load this stake caught in the loose fabric of her knickerbockers, throwing her to one side. She might have fallen heavily had not Bert been in position to catch her. He did so awkwardly enough, gripping her right wrist with his left hand, her belt on the left side with his right. She fell almost to the floor before he checked her fall and lifted her clumsily to her feet again. She had instinctively sought to cling to him; her fingers had gripped his arm. The sun, shining through the wide, high doors, bathed them in hot red light, and a rumble of thunder shook them where they stood.

Whether by his volition or by hers they never knew, but on the instant they were each caught in close embrace, tight in the other's arms; and Margaret Dale was crying great sobs as though her heart would break, long pent emotion flooding her sorrowful eyes. An overwhelming happiness and relief were flowing through her.

Bert sent Jim Saladine to the village that night, and Jim brought back the minister. Thus were they two married. No hour for consideration, no counting of the cost on either hand. What fears Jim may have felt he hid, for loyalty to his brother was strong within the man.

But the village, and Judd before all others, was not slow to express a belief that only ill could come of it all; and within the month they were justified in their belief. For Bert, who had gone to live in the Castle with his wife and the strange woman,

(Continued on Page 109)

—have you ever noticed the Collars your Banker wears?

If an inspection of collars worn by bankers could be conducted today it would, conservatively, show 90 per cent of them starched — not because bankers are any more "finicky" than other folks, but because they recognize the collar's business value.

In many organizations, in fact, it is a standing rule that every man shall wear a starched collar and laundered linen. And it is a good rule — for is it to be expected that others will entrust us with their business if in appearance we seem neglectful of our own?

The laundered shirt and the starched collar have become the universally accepted marks, not alone of good breeding, but of *good business*.

There's a certain impression of self-respect which the starched collar conveys that seems unobtainable by any other means.

This is reflected in the increasing vogue of the starched collar currently reported in the men's wear magazines.

And every day the 30,000,000 men who wear these clean, starched collars are supplied with them by the modern laundries of America.

Washed by the means in use in modern laundries, the ordinary collar can be laundered 20 to 40 times before it begins to show wear.

Here is an outline of this method as worked out by the Laundryowners National Association:

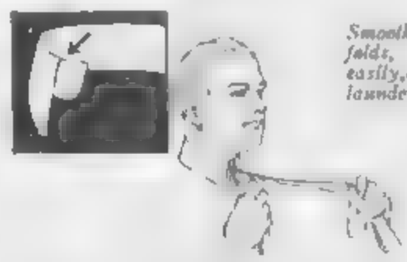
First — a bath of lukewarm water followed by three baths in hot water with selected soap solution; second — a rinse in hot water; third — three more baths in hot water; and fourth — a final rinse in cold water.

Of course there are many other details relating to quantity and temperature of water, and to time required for the proper laundering of collars, too lengthy to give here.

Nor is this all. In modern laundries not only collars but the whole family bundle is thus laundered, never by guesswork, but by exact rules, exactly followed.

People who realize the value of presentability in dress secure it by sending their linen to a modern laundry.

Insure yourself of this service. Send your linen to any of the modern laundries in your city.



Smoothness and space between the folds, permitting the tie to slip easily, are characteristics of collars laundered in modern laundries.

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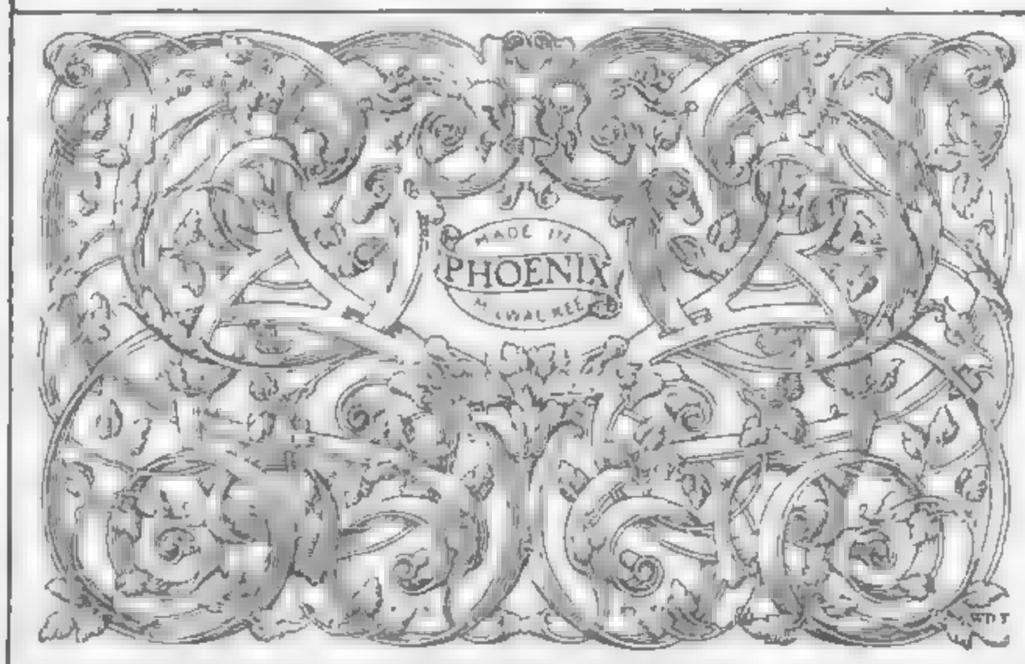


PHOENIX
HOSIERY

(Continued from Page 105)

returned to his brother's house again and stayed there. How much of the truth he told Jim no one knew; he certainly told nothing whatever to any other man.

That he and his wife had quarreled was well enough known; confirmed for all to see when Bert encountered her face to face on one of her infrequent visits to the village. Judd saw this encounter, and Will Bissell saw it, and half a dozen others, men and women, watching from windows here and there. They came face to face. Bert became red as fire, and Margaret Saladine, his wife, turned away her eyes from him.

That had happened six weeks ago, but Judd still found a singular relish in rolling the morsel underneath his tongue.

IV

THE Saladines were not the only men who had entered Will's store during the hour or so since Judd drove into the village. Others had come down the hill or in from the Liberty Road or up across the bridge, passing Judd and Luke and Zeke Pitkin with a word of greeting as they went inside. Dusk had by this time fully fallen, and a few minutes after Jim and Bert went into the store the men on the steps saw the twin headlights of the stage coming down the long hill from the Ridge.

The stage which brought the mail was called stage by courtesy only; it was in fact an ancient automobile of humble origin and arduous destiny. Its mud guards were battered and dented. The one upon the right-hand rear wheel flopped and banged with every bump in the road. Its top was so torn as to be useless, and was folded back out of the way. There was a gash in the radiator through which water trickled in a small stream, making it necessary to refill at every brook along the road; and the hood which covered the engine was spotted with rust. Nevertheless, with the singular pertinacity of the breed, the engine still ran. There were chains on all four wheels, for the roads between Fraternity and the railway were not all they might have been in fairest weather. The tires were decrepit, and three spares, as decrepit as the shoes upon the wheels, were strapped to one running board.

This vehicle came bounding down the long hill, swung abruptly into the area beside the store and announced its arrival by a staccato shriek from its antiquated horn. Andy Wattles came out at once to help the stage driver carry Fraternity's mail into the store; and a short minute later the stage slid down to the bridge, stopped while the radiator was refilled, then racketed away toward North Fraternity.

The mail had come. This was high-water mark in the nightly gathering in the store. Luke and Judd and Zeke rose and climbed the steps and went inside.

Will's store was an establishment of some proportions. It carried in stock everything that a Fraternity man was like to need, from automobile tires to hog feed, from sewing cotton to stock medicine, from rubber boots to hay cutters. As a natural consequence, space was at a premium; and only a small area between the door and the stove was left for the social aspects of the establishment. There were chairs along the counter, four of them, with only one back among them and two seats. The seats of the others had been replaced by boards nailed across. In addition to the stove there was a hot-air register in the floor in front of these chairs; but it was so clotted with pipe droppings, sawdust, burnt matches, cigar stubs and old tobacco that it is hard to believe it added greatly to the warmth of the place. As a matter of fact, the stove required no assistance along this line. When—as now—there were men to the number of a dozen or so crowded in the available space between door and stove the temperature would have satisfied the most exacting snake and was sufficient to stifle any but the hardiest man. Nevertheless, Fraternity folk, wrapped in great sheepskin-lined coats, with wool beneath their rubber-lined coats, with wool Pontiacs beneath their rubber overshoes, seemed perfectly comfortable in this atmosphere.

When Judd and the others came into the store Will Bissell and Andy, behind the grille of mail boxes near the door, were sorting the evening's batch of letters and distributing them. There was only a scant handful for the whole town; the distribution was no long job. Yet each letter had to be slipped into its appointed box, where it rumpled the Box Rent Due sign which most of the boxes boasted.

Judd, moving through the group of men, found Bert Saladine and Jean Bubier, the Frenchman from the head of the Pond, standing behind the stove comparing hunting knives. Jim Saladine was a little to one side, talking with Lee Motley. Judd stopped beside Bubier, looking at the knife which the Frenchman held in his hand. Bubier was saying, "But I tell you, my frien', it is not so good. You can stick wit' it, yes; but you cannot cut. Give me dees broad, sharp knife lak mine."

Bert laughed.

"Oh, sure!" he agreed. "Sometimes you want a knife to cut. But this one will do to slit a deer's neck with—a sharp point and a double edge. You'll see, it'll bleed him proper."

Bert was known to be an enthusiast on weapons. He and Jim were usually credited with being the best deer hunters in the town. They never failed to get one deer or two each fall, according to what the law permitted them. Your fisherman loves his tackle, your hunter loves the tools of his craft. It was so with Bert. He had three rifles—an ancient gun of heavy bore, a more modern thirty-thirty and a twenty-two caliber high-power, recently acquired. He loaded his own cartridges from choice, liked to experiment with different quantities and qualities of powder and with new projectiles, and to study their effect. Bubier was also a good deer hunter.

Judd looked at the knife Bert was now advocating with some curiosity. The blade was very slender. It had in reality three edges, though one was somewhat blunter than the other two. The haft was wrapped with heavy cord and thickly covered with shellac, and it could be seen that the steel of the blade ran through the length of the haft and had been heated and pounded into a button at the end.

Judd said "Looks like a home job, Bert," and Bert, friendly to every man when talk of hunting tools was in the air, nodded.

"Made it myself," he explained, "out of the blade of an old Civil War bayonet my father carried—worked the edges down like you see. Sort of a three-cornered affair now."

"But you could not cut wit' it a piece of warm butter, I say," Jean Bubier protested.

"Ain't meant for cutting," Bert insisted. "It's a deer sticker—that's what that is. And it's light—easy to carry."

Motley and Jim Saladine turned then and joined them; the curious knife went from hand to hand. It fascinated Judd; there was a deadly heft to it; there was a hunger about its keen point which made him wet his lips as he handed it back to Bert. The argument between Bert and Jean Bubier drifted on. Bubier was obviously right enough, but Bert was notoriously stubborn. No one expected him to yield the point; nor did he do so.

But before—the mail having been distributed—the argument was laid aside everyone in the store had heard some part of it, had seen the unique knife which Bert had made. They would remember that knife as a thing of grim significance before two days were gone.

When Will and Andy had finished distributing the mail the men drifted over to get their letters, their daily papers. Judd, as always, asked whether there was mail for him; Will, as always, shook his head in silent negative. Judd took a paper, put down two cents in payment and moved back toward the stove. The Saladines and Motley were still standing there, though Bubier had started as soon as the mail was distributed for his remote farm up the Pond.

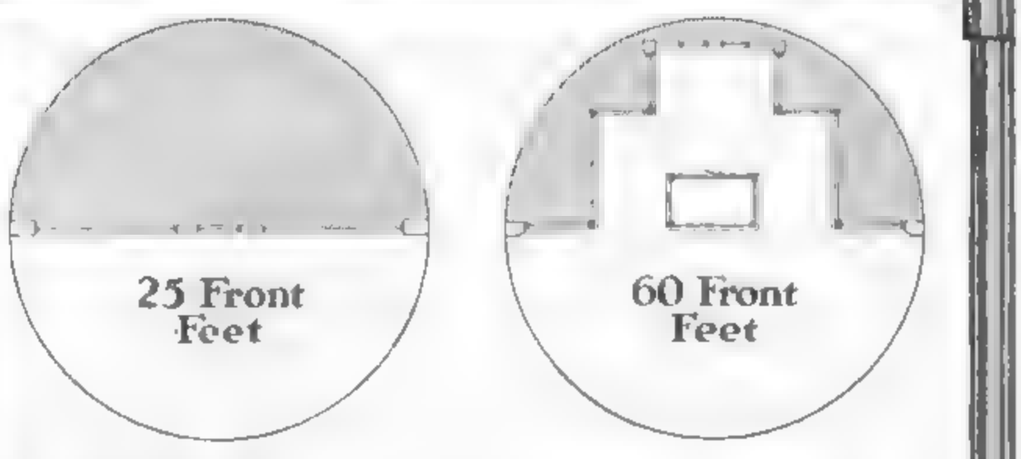
Joe Suter came in. Joe was a boy, fifteen or so; a lean little fellow, known as a successful hunter of partridges and respected accordingly by men of twice or thrice his years. His father was dead. He lived with his mother and did a man's work about their farm.

He came back past Judd to the counter where Andy Wattles was doling out sugar to those who cared to purchase. Judd, a little to one side, heard the boy say, "Ma is putting up. She wants you should let her have as much as you can."

Andy asked, "How much does she want?"

And Joe said, "She'd like to git twenty pounds."

Andy nodded and took a big paper bag from a pile below the counter and set it on the scales, and he scooped sugar into it till the balance tilted, then folded the top of the bag together and tied it expertly and lifted it out and set it on the counter. Judd had wanted a quantity of sugar. Andy had refused it to him, and Judd felt it unjust



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Gentlemen: Please tell me all about the work that Mr. Rockhill discusses in the April 9 *Saturday Evening Post*.

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that the fact that Joe's mother was preserving should give her more than was allotted him. It may have been the malice roused in him by this feeling, or it may have been the natural twist of the man's mean soul which prompted what he presently did.

Joe drew the bag toward him with some care, then fumbled in his pocket for a soiled cloth purse and produced two rumpled bills from it and handed them to Andy. Andy turned to the cash register to make change, and Joe turned with him, his back momentarily toward where the bag of sugar rested on the counter. In this moment, Judd lifted the bag to the top of a cracker box at Joe's very elbow so that he must strike it when he turned.

The boy did as Judd expected. Pocketing his change, he swung around. His arm struck the bag of sugar, it toppled and it fell; falling, it struck against a lower box and burst, the white sugar spilling all across the soiled and dirty floor.

Everyone in the store heard the boy's startled exclamation; heard his hopeless cry. He stooped swiftly as though he would catch the spilling stuff in his hands; he flung erect again, and his face was flushed and furious, and tears were streaming from his eyes. Judd, at the success of his malicious plan, had laughed—once; no one echoed his laughter. He was sober as the rest of them now.

Joe cried: "Who put that there? I didn't put that bag there. Some dog-goned old fool made me do that. By Godfrey, I——"

His despair overcame the lad, his sobs choked him. He groped for words, bent again to salvage the spilled sugar, saw the hopelessness of the task and brushed his sleeve across his streaming eyes.

Bert Saladine said slowly, from the stove, "Judd did it, Joe. Judd put it where you'd knock it down."

The boy swung to his feet, swung on Judd, swept away his tears again.

"You old snake, you!" he screamed at Judd. "You ——"

His teeth set in a fashion that was terrible in one of his years. He flung himself at the little lame man like a tiger. He was, for all Judd's slight stature, smaller than the mischief-maker. Nevertheless, there was such violence and fury in his charge that when he threw himself against Judd's chest, beating at the little man with his fists, Judd was overthrown. His heels caught, he went backward on the floor with Joe atop him. And the men who stood about burst into a roar of whole-hearted laughter and applause that cut Judd like the blows of a many-lashed whip.

But he was, after all, a man, with a man's muscles. On his back beneath the boy, he gripped the child's arms and flung him to one side and got to his knees, still holding Joe and shaking him terribly. He loosed one hand, drew it back to strike.

Jim Saladine caught that free arm and jerked Judd away and to his feet. The boy, his passion all subsided now, stumbled back and began to gather up what sugar might be saved. Judd, ignoring Saladine's grip, tried to leap after him; but the deer hunter held him, said coldly: "That's enough, Judd. You had it coming. Leave the boy alone."

Judd was abruptly sobered by this. The fury that had twisted his countenance was gone. He looked up at the man who held him with a steady, burning gaze—looked past Jim to Bert, stared at Bert venomously.

"Let go!" he said; and Jim released him, watchful still. But Judd made no further move toward the boy. His anger had all been diverted from Joe, his victim, to Bert Saladine, who had betrayed him; and to Jim, who had prevented his revenge for that overthrow which had made him target for ridicule he knew would never die.

He held the brothers for a moment with his eyes, then swung quietly away and went out through the side door of the store. In the momentary silence that followed, those whom he left behind heard the swift tap of his mare's hoofs as he drove rapidly away.

The tension passed. Andy came around the counter to help Joe save what sugar could be saved. Will, from his place behind the other counter, called to his clerk, "Fill the bag up for him again, Andy." Joe looked around toward the storekeeper with a swift, grateful glance.

Will, a little later, found occasion to say to the Saladines, "You'll want to look out for Judd." He did not amplify the warning—there was no need. They knew as well as he that Judd's ingenious malice, intensified by actual hatred, was not to be despised.

Jim Saladine said quietly, "We'll look out." And Bert added, "I wouldn't mind an excuse to handle him."

They were known to be men of strength and courage. Nevertheless, it is probable that each felt more qualms than he confessed to. For Judd was, within his mean limitations, a venomously dangerous man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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What the retail salesman can tell you about ink

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BY THE MAKERS OF LEPAGE'S GLUE

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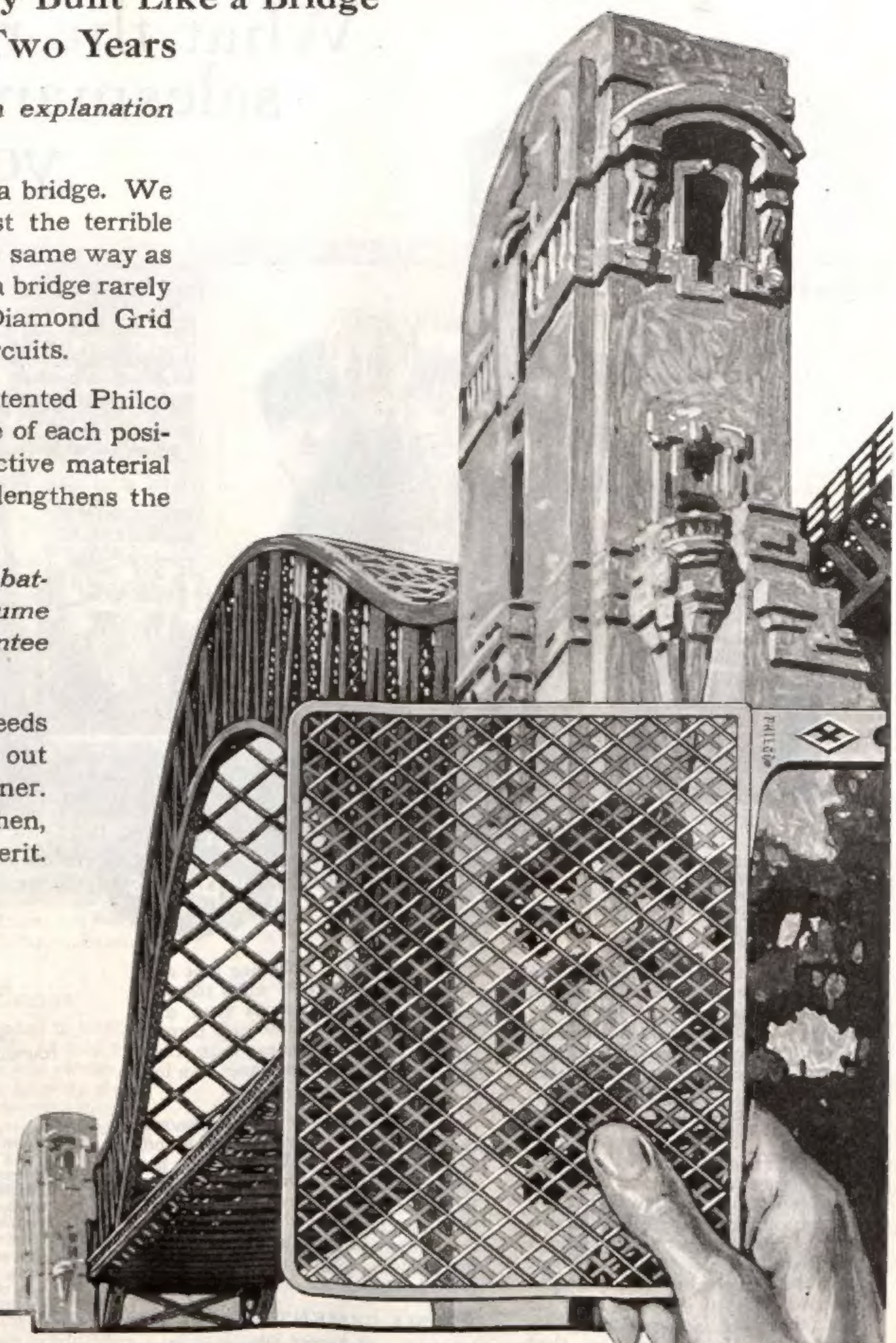

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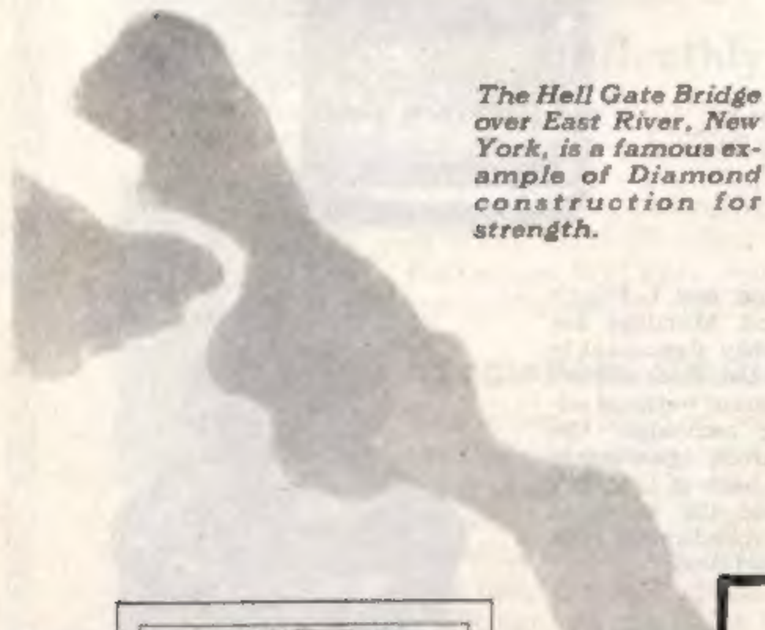

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Harsh, irritating soaps have led many women to omit soap. That is a costly mistake. A healthy, rosy, clear, smooth skin is a clean skin, first of all.

There is no need for irritating soap. Palmolive soothes and softens while it cleans. It contains palm and olive oils.

Force the lather into the pores by a gentle massage. Every touch is balmy. Then all the foreign matter comes out in the rinsing.

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Palmolive is just a soothing, cleansing soap. Its blandness comes through blending palm and olive oils. Nothing since the world began has proved so suitable for delicate complexions.

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TO get a big surprise go to any drug store and ask for the new Double Size tube of Williams' Shaving Cream.

You'll get the biggest lot of shaving cream you ever saw—a huge tube 6 inches tall, and swelled to capacity with rich, luxurious cream. A tube that weighs 4 ounces and contains more cream than any other tube you can buy.

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You will see its economy. With it you can bring down the high cost of shaving, for the *price is less than twice that of the regular size tube* although it contains a double quantity of cream.

It's more convenient, too. The average man is a careless buyer. He seldom buys the necessities that he knows he needs until a crisis drives him to it. Nine times out of ten he'll shop all around the bush, fritter away his loose silver, and carry home a pocketful of small luxuries without giving a thought to his empty tube of shaving cream, his frayed shoe-lace or his lifeless garter.

Haven't you often got all set for your daily shave, ready to lather up, only to find an infinitesimal bit of cream left in the tube or a niggardly stub of stick? You had to make shift with a caustic hand soap that greased your beard but didn't soften it. The shave you got was a nightmare. Your face and appearance suffered. You swore you'd buy shaving soap before night—and forgot to. And again next morning your face had to be raked instead of shaved.

Don't you think you'll welcome this Double Size tube of Williams'—a tube so big that you don't have to think about buying more for months?

You don't need any introduction to the cream. It's the same soap that for over three-quarters of a century has been famous for its rich, creamy lather under any and all conditions. A soap which "won't dry on the face," which conquers every kind of beard, protects every kind of skin, and which leaves a delightful feeling of complete comfort.

As you know, Williams' comes in all conceivable forms—Cream—Convenient Holder-Top Stick with economical Re-Loads—Powder—Liquid—Mug Soap—Barber's Bar.

Send for samples—

your choice of several forms

Cream
Holder-top Stick
Powder
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Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of all four forms, then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

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